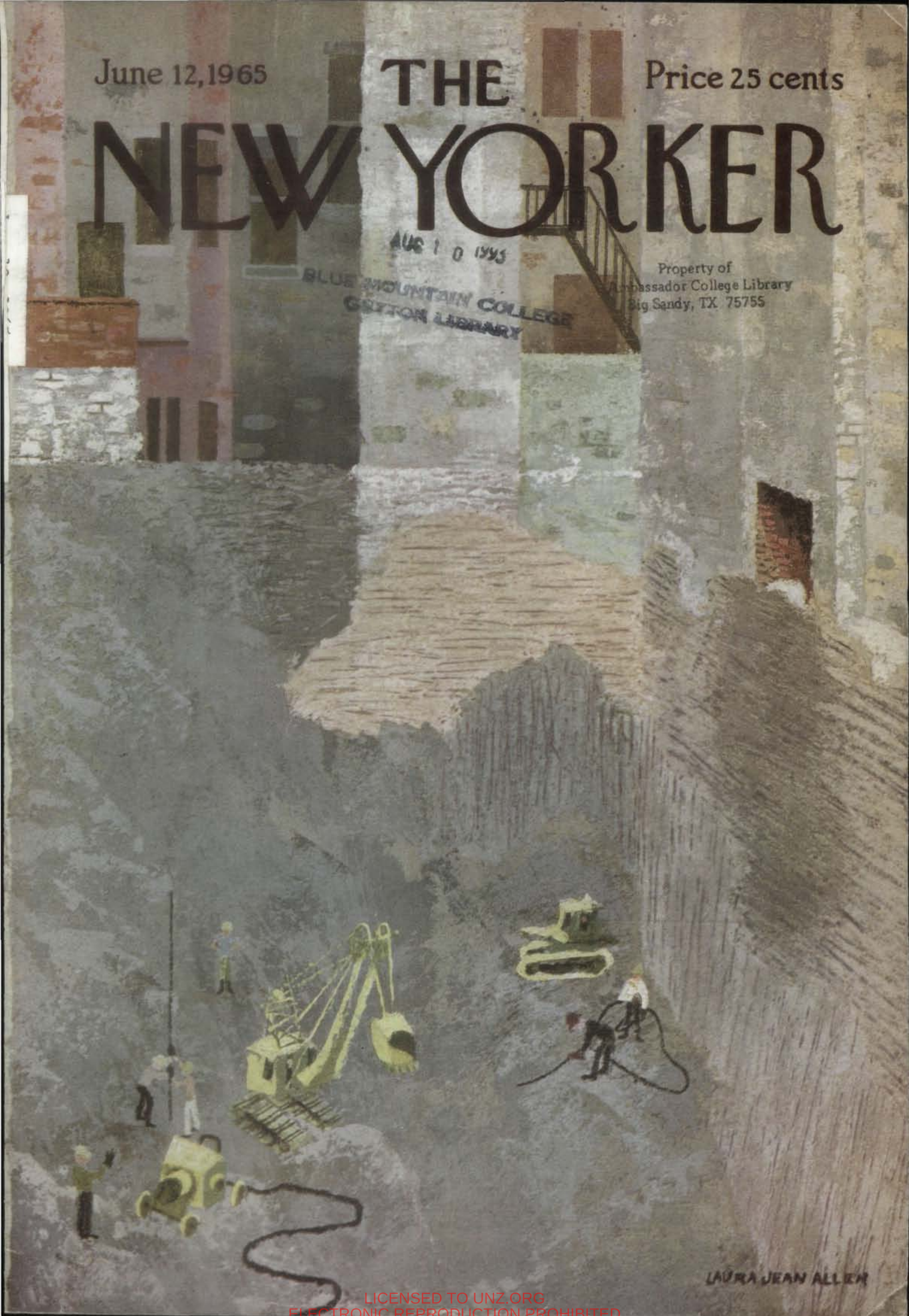
June 12, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents


LAURA JEAN ALLEN

AUG 1 0 1995
BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

Alone at last–

Martini & Rossi Vermouth **all by itself.**

The way she likes it... he likes it... you'll like it.

Sweet or extra dry on the rocks.

Europe's distinguished Vermouth–

this nation's favorite... for years!

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI
MARTINI
EXTRA DRY
M & R
MARTINI & ROSSI

MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH

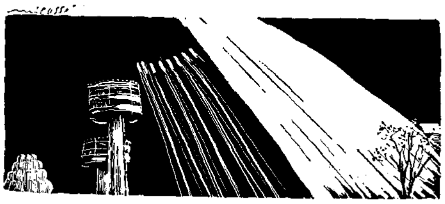
FOR CUFF AND CRAVAT

Cartier exclusive designs in 14kt yellow gold. A. *Cuff links with diamonds*, $125. Tie Tack, $30. B. Links with jade, $100. Tack, $18. C. & D. "Love" and "Prosperity" expressed in Chinese on links with jade, $80 a pair. Tacks, $20 each. E. Links with diamonds, $175. Tack, $31. F. With black star sapphires. Links, $90. Tack, $21. G. With black star sapphires. Links, $90. Tack, $30. All available in white gold by special order. From the Boutique. Mail orders invited.

Cartier

Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street, New York · PLaza 3-0111 | Cartier, Inc., Palm Beach | Cartier, S.A., Paris | Cartier, Ltd., London

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Amen Corner—A meandering account of some sad and funny events in a Harlem store-front tabernacle. Written by James Baldwin a dozen years ago, the play, for all its discursiveness, does occasionally offer an arresting scene. As the pastor of the church, Bea Richards is apt indeed, and so are most of her colleagues in the enterprise. Directed by Frank Silvera, who also figures in the action. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Glass Menagerie—A limited engagement of Tennessee Williams' play, starring George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Maureen Stapleton. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Luv—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a cheerful soufflé by Murray Schisgal. Directed very comically by Mike Nichols. Renée Taylor will substitute for Miss Jackson for one week starting Monday, June 14. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment is by long odds the funniest thing that has come along this season. Mike Nichols (him again) directed it, and everybody in the cast, led by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, is admirable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A comedy by Bill Manhoff that contains two characters—one a pedantic would-be author with a weakness for voyeurism (Alan Alda) and the other a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). Intermittently amusing. Arthur Storch has directed the play most capably. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and George Gaynes. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies having a gaudy time dancing, singing, and swindling in Manhattan. The musical has a book by Ernest Kinoy, who made use of the researches of Joseph Mitchell, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro did the choreography, and Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr lead the large cast through its paces. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. May close Saturday, June 12.)

Baker Street—Sherlock Holmes vs. Professor Moriarty in a musical bout that is only fitfully entertaining. Jerome Coopersmith wrote the book, and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel did the music and lyrics. Fritz Weaver is Sherlock, Inga Swenson a girl who loves him, and Martin Gabel the dread Moriarty. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do I Hear a Waltz?—Richard Rodgers, not at the top of his game on this occasion, has composed some incidental music for a musical rendition of Arthur Laurents's "The Time of the Cuckoo." The tunes are periodically pleasant but not outstanding, and the lyrics, by Stephen Sondheim, are not precisely catchy. Elizabeth Allen and Sergio Franchi play an American spinster and a married Venetian blade in pursuit of her. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel gives a splendid performance in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Jerome Robbins provided the choreography and direction, Joseph Stein did the adaptation, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick created the music and lyrics, which are often effective. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Flora, the Red Menace—The early thirties viewed retrospectively in a musical written by George Abbott and Robert Russell, and directed by Mr. Abbott. It doesn't make the depression days any more stimulating than they actually were, but the cast, headed by Liza Minnelli and Bob Dishy, labors valiantly against the heavy odds. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. This adaptation of an Odets play is distinguished by a couple of fine production numbers but by little else. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Tommy Steele disporting himself happily in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps" that is full of pleasant airs and diverting dances. David Heneker wrote the music and lyrics, Onna White did the choreography, and Gene Saks is responsible for the over-all direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—A mob of drifters at their fun and games on Coney Island. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 12.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A completely foolish attempt, with incidental music, to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Anthony Newley and Cyril Ritchard wander aimlessly about in it, but there is one interlude in which a young fellow named Gilbert Price lines out a song called "Feeling Good" that has the bounce that everything else in the show lacks. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FUNNY GIRL:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Calisthenics with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?:** The life and times of an upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 26.)

Page
BOOKS 153
THE CURRENT CINEMA 102
LETTER FROM PARIS 111
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 143
MUSICAL EVENTS 128
CONCERT RECORDS 134
THE RACE TRACK 105

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

OFF BROADWAY

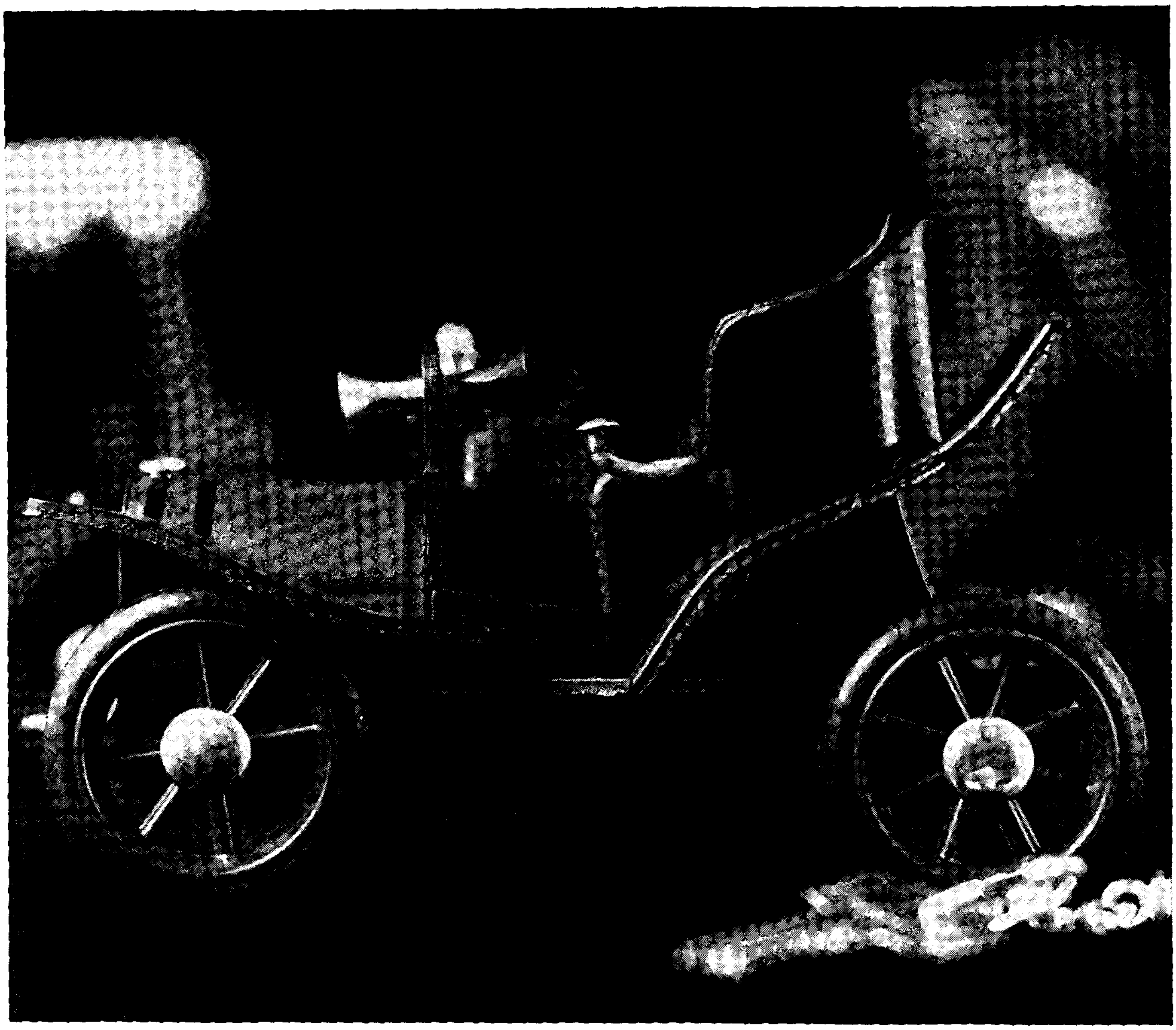
(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY:** Betsy Palmer and Ray Middleton in **SOUTH PACIFIC**, which will play through Sunday, June 13. . . . **THE MUSIC MAN**, with Bert Parks, will be the last in a series of musicals by the company. Preview Tuesday, June 15. Opens officially on Wednesday, June 16, and will run through Sunday, June 27. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday, June 10, at 8:30; Sunday, June 13, at 2:30 and 7:30; Friday, June 18, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 19, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN:** Friday, June 11, at 8; Saturday, June 12, at 2:30 and 8; and Tuesday, June 15, at 8. . . . ¶ Giraudoux's **JUDITH:** Wednesday and Thursday, June 16-17, at 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre,

---

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 17, June 12, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.



do Dad

Salute him with a second car, or third, from our collection of miniature antique automobiles. In leather, from Italy. The model shown is $15.00. From our Answer Shop. Apt offerings of many marvelous things. Leather gout stools, rosewood captain's chests, whimsical carriers of spirits, jeweled cuff links, 19th century French dueling pistols . . . but see them all yourself. Anytime. At Field's, Chicago, The Store for Men, First Floor. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Closes Sunday, June 27.)

Amato Opera Company—Friday, June 11, at 8:15, and Saturday, June 12, at 2:30 and 8:15: "The Mikado."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 8:15: "Pagliacci" and the first performances of George Wehner's "Three Days After." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, June 10-11, at 8:40: "The Mikado."... ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 3 and 8:40: "The Gondoliers."... ¶ Sunday, June 13, at 3 and 7:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 15-16, at 8:40: "Iolanthe."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, June 17-18, at 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 3 and 8:40: "The Mikado." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A revival. Six actors, three of them colored and three white, perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—A play by John Arden, imported from London. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello and **Baal**—Shakespeare's tragedy in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Sundays at 3 and 8:40.... ¶ "Baal": Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen and Henderson Forsythe. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Square in the Eye—Jack Gelber's sharp-edged comedy about a beset painter in Greenwich Village is as original and just as good (to say the least) as his "The Connection" of a few years back. It is helped enormously by the performances of Philip Bruns, Carol Rossen, and Conrad Bain. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

The Wives—Anne Meacham in a silly play by Lionel Abel. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill, with George Bartenieff and Ben Piazza. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Final performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will close out the season. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, June 10-11, at 8:15; Saturday, June 12, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, June 13, at 12:45 and 5:15. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—A two-week return engagement by a hundred and ten dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. Opens Tuesday, June 15, and will run through Sunday, June 27. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Love's Labor's Lost," with Jane White and Rae Allen. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Nancy Wilson, whose soprano is comprised of sulphur, molasses, and ginger, is the gaiety at dinner and supper in the Royal Box. Music all evening, mostly from the band of Lee Evans, which does some nice work. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—George Anaya's Latinos are in the fairly formal restaurant, where, after a spate of at-ease music that runs from eight to ten, they turn to the light fantastic.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The flowering of a New England reclaimed for his queen by John Mills, the London night-club entrepreneur. Colonials who cotton to the idea dance in the principal salon to music by Freddie Jagels' orchestra, among the best in this particular business, and by Freddy Alonso's rumba band. In the Champagne Room, one absorbs sitting-down music by a romantic threesome (Ernest Schoen's). Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Just about as far as the eye of Samuel Clemens could reach. In this happy pageantry, Les and Larry Elgart and their ingeniously complex orchestra operate Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays, though, when the Elgarts are absent, the music is produced by the rubbing together of electronic tubes.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the Seven Hills, a scenic device that can *trompe* the *oeil* into imagining it is in Rome, the important monument is a clutch of Italian dance musicians, the Quintetto di Roma, with whom a tenor named Dino Palermo carols angelically. They start off at eight. Curfew is at one, except Fridays and Saturdays, when it is postponed until two. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale crews works out every night in the Café Pierre, so no dance-lover's foot need ever be idle. Yvette Souviron, who chirps at her work, plays solitaire piano every night but Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—John Gary, quite the fashion in young men today (his voice is both rampage and romance), is on hand during the Persian Room's dinner and supper hours. Music for the customers is done by the peppery small band of Mark Monte and George Cort's Plaza orchestra. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Fiddle and piano tinkle away from four-fifteen to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The duo's holiday is always Monday, when the Edwardian Room makes do just with piano.... ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into a fashionable watering place in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastry-maker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The top of the evening to you—i.e., the sixty-fifth floor and two rooms (cocktail and dining) with a view. Michael Longo's orchestra, an easy, *en-famille* group, does the dance tunes in the second of these cubicles from eight to one every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Wednesday, June 16, is the end of the elegant underground world of the St. Regis, since both the Maisonette, where the bands of Charles Turecamo and Quintero play, and La Boite, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle and Walter Kay's piano ply of an evening, shut up shop that night. They already close on Sundays, anyway.... ¶ On Thursday, June 17, the Roof, which is the St. Regis summer palace, reopens to house the Turecamos and the Quinteros. Also closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Out in the open, there is dancing under the sun, the moon, and the fireflies from seven-thirty until after the theatre every night but Monday. When it rains, everyone just moves indoors and continues to carry on.

Note—Mass participation is no problem at all in **Roseland Dance City**, at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of the playing fields of Eton. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

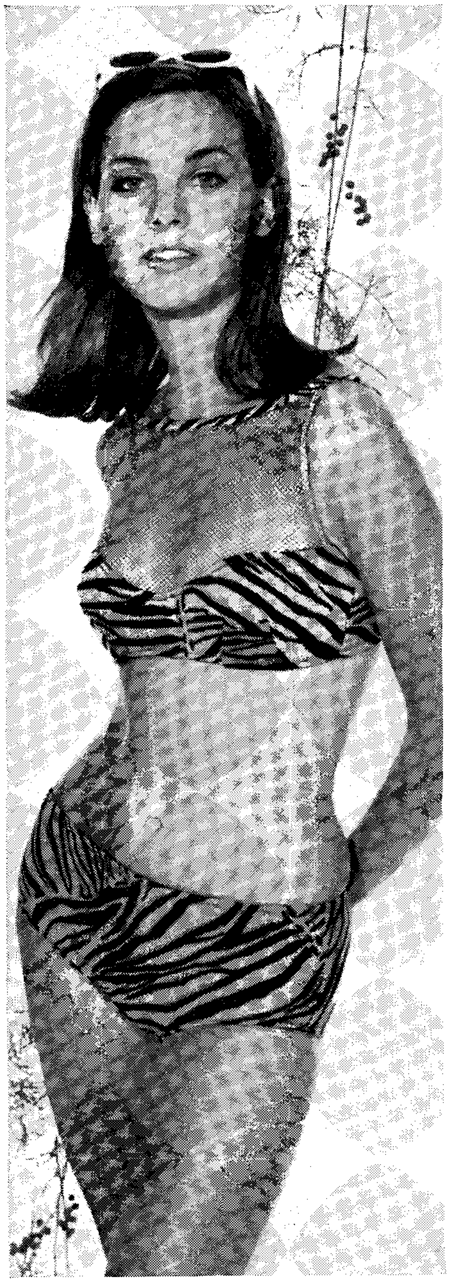
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Young America at table, at play, at ease. Oh,

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITTA

One beautiful wedding present after another... **TIFFANY & CO.**

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57th ST.
SAN FRANCISCO 233 POST STREET
BEVERLY HILLS 9601 WILSHIRE BLVD.
HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG.



Peck & Peck

The Peck & Peck Girl tames a jungle print

Lead a zebra to water? Yes, if it's a hipster two-piece from our Surf Club's Preview Collection. This one, with mesh on top of the top, has Peck & Peck's famous fitting inner bra. Nylon/cotton/elastic. Nude with black print. 8 to 14, 22⁰⁰

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo
Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a few fogeys—old, middle-aged, and even quite youthful—too, but not many. The party begins at cocktail time with piano, operated just about without cease until early morning. The music—solo during the evening, four-handed after the theatre—issues from permutations and combinations of Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Moonlight in the formal gardens of Firenze. The occasional singers are hearty in both Italian and American. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this banqueting hall, Jules Kuti makes modest passes at the piano from five-thirty until nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): The kingpin of the Café Ambassador is Ray Hartley, whose piano regards show tunes as characters with distinct individual idiosyncrasies. He is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, the down-cellar restaurant here, is a little Austria almost armorial in its bearing and ardently devoted to the cuisine and the wine of the country. Hans Hansberg's zither is another appropriate touch. Seven to ten is the running time. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): That merry old soul Hans Christian Andersen slept here, and his castle walls still ring in tune to the music of his fiddler one, Norbert Faconi, dean of the tribe of our stringed friends. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated by an expense-account court jester. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome as it might look from a villa in Frascati. The musicians who play from six until two would be at home in Frascati, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Not all the legions are Roman, but the table talk and some of the cookery could persuade one that he is having a night out on the Via Veneto. A set of dulcet violinists and such are also out at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The New Spain can be as handsome as the Old. In the largest of the four rooms that prove this premise, a guitar (José Luis Franco) dwells, from eight until one, upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, and it's a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (Gustavo Lopez) that holds forth from eight to one. No music Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The old life of the Isle of Jamaica is giving way to something else (tourism, perhaps), but mourners can enjoy a decent wake on these premises, which have a very Isle look and cuisine. A Jamaican wandering minstrel parades from dinner through supper every night. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The last chance on the way home for those whose workaday lives are passed in the ateliers where wax and film are the tools of the trade. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a solitary pianist. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A cote to delight the view of any bird's or biped's eye. In the bar, off the principal dining room, the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The games mistress is Nancy Steele, who sings a frolicsome song; the man of the house (and of the world) is Jimmie Daniels, the perpetual, who does a brisk ditty; the professor is Murray Grand, who plays a rich and reminiscent piano. This high-fidelity reproduction of club life in the outgoing days begins at five-thirty, with piano; the rest of the doings begin at eight-thirty, along with the jazz background of Ronnie Ball and Sonny Dallas. A constant visitor is Paula Wayne, the soprano of "Golden Boy." Closed Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's Town Hall Tonight every Sunday in this rambling and picturesque *ranchero*, which is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is below our borders too, and so is the music—flamenco singers, dancers, and players on the briskest sort of patrol from one to nine. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Blithe hearts and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance, the last of which is provided for by Béla Babai's band. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): The fifth-floor Crown Restaurant is a startler for adherents of the original school of Hudson River architecture, but it should amuse the rest of us. It offers a good look at the river of the same name, plus a harp plied by Gerald Goodman, a pretty bright boy, from seven to ten-thirty every evening but Monday, when Daphne Hellman does the plucking. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney (BU 8-2300): St. Petersburg in the irrevocable past, or in a sort of Neva Neva Land. Marina Fedorovskaya, the proprietress, sings the great big sad songs of her native heath as the chef puts more chicken à la Kiev on the fire. Brooding violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The uptown drill hall for the palace guard. George Feyer's old-lace piano does the tinkling. His musicales run from eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Is it Naughty Marietta, Frou Frou, or the Merry Widow singing away at dinner and (Fridays and Saturdays) at supper, too? No, no, it is our own Rita Dimitri, giving her arias the classic soubrette treatment. Dream-sequence dance music happens now and then as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose specialty is calm, collected pianism, is in the Casino-on-the-Park, an ample rest haven, from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The next voice you hear will be your waiter, your busboy, having a tilt at Verdi, Leoncavallo, or whatever. Closed Mondays. . . . **SPINDLETOP,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): In the best sense, a theatrical boarding house. We civilians are there, too, and so (after nine) is a full-of-beans guitarist and singer (and they are Mexican jumping beans, at that) named Frankie Ray. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Life of ease, with proper attention to décor, part of which is the piano of Muriel Roberts, who owns a carefully guarded inclination toward progressive jazz. She's on duty from six to eleven every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Johnny Ryan potters around the piano from six-thirty to one every night but Monday; Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one every night but Sunday. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave., at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy has fallen heir to the piano beside the bar, where he can be light-fingered and limpid from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fact of life distinguished more by its quantity than by its quality, is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake

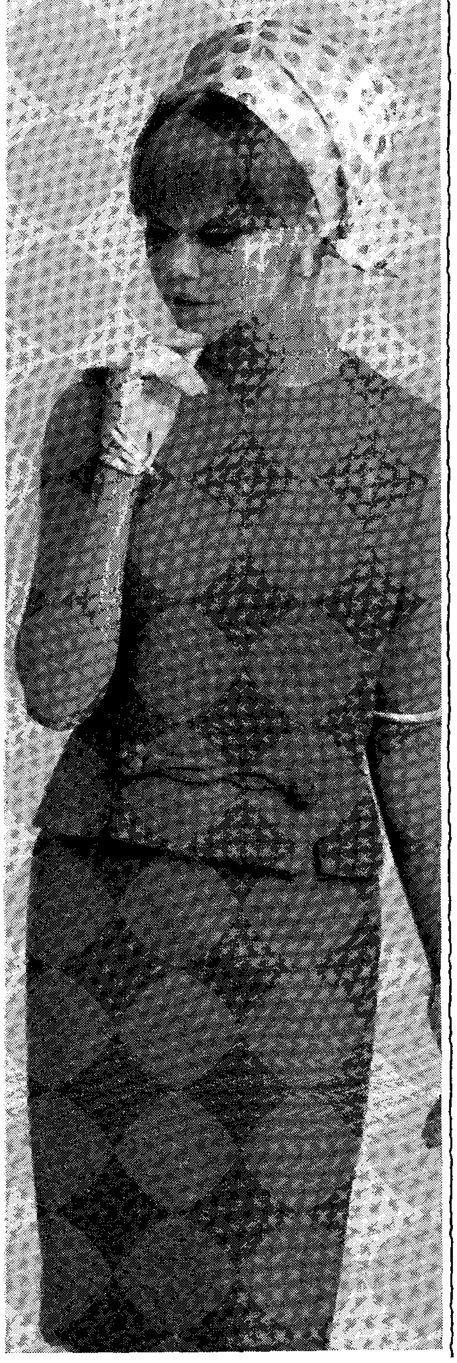
SUN SOUCI

Bronzing Foam is a new during-and-after cream to use during sunning for the most glorious tan ever—and after sunning to maintain it. Press the spray-button, then foam on Sun Souci all over. It absorbs in seconds, smoothly and greaselessly. It keeps your skin in-the-silk of condition while it prevents burns, dryness, peeling. 6 oz. Aerosol, 2.50 plus tax.

Saks Fifth Avenue

SUMMER-TIMED RECIPE FOR THE YOUNG ELITE®—S.F.A's "TUSSARA" BLEND IN TWO PARTS, $35

Our crisp cooler of acetate-viscose-cotton with the look of tussah—the sleeveless top accented with frog detail, the skirt a slender reed. In turquoise or rose, 8-16 sizes. Young Elite® Sportswear. Mail and phone orders filled.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): It's dreamy, mystic little old Egypt, all right, but *scarcely the one invented by Thos. Cook & Son*. From seven to ten, the music is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until one on Sundays, until three or four on other nights. Dinner and supper.... **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The current Seventh Heaven for Park Avenue's dancing feet. Like Heaven, it has a St. Peter at the door to ask whether you have a reservation. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays.... **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies.... **ENTRE NOUS,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey astride the record-player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Gaggles and even galaxies of girls, long, lean, and luxurious, prancing and prattling through a mighty extravaganza called "Tonight's the Night." Along with them go Mamie Van Doren, a figment of the Hollywood imagination, who walks, talks, and sings, and the fantasy ballet of François Szony and Nancy Claire. Miss Van Doren disappears on Saturday, June 12. Dancing for the guests, too.... **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Bobby Vinton, a be-all and end-all for the impressionable members of our youngest set, is singing; Totie Fields is doing the humor. In between is a fetching troupe of ballerinas led by Jane Zachary, whose humor, though silent, is nonetheless bewitching. On Thursday, June 17, the principals will be replaced by Frankie Avalon, another prize package for young people. *Dancing*.... ¶ *In the lounge, a sort of* Beatle babble commences on the bandstand at ten, and there's not a moment's peace from then until four.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Here, too, the accent is on youth, for Trini Lopez, ball of fire, is front and center with his booming minstrelsy. Jackie Vernon, a stand-up-and-fight comedian, is almost lost in the riot. Closed Sundays.... **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): A house divided: On the one hand, *the extremely* prepossessing Neil Sedaka and his guitar, or What Hath Elvis Presley Wrought?; on the other hand, an extremely athletic girls-girls-girls romp, partly Seine and partly Nevada. Twice a night every night is the scheme. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Thursday, June 10, is reopening night for this enterprise. The summer session involves a frolic and gambol in which the words and music are sung and danced full tilt by a crew—Dick Riddle, Alice Borden, Kitty Sullivan, Maggie Peters, Michael Maurer, and Lou Kristofer—that knows its way around despite its tender years. The doors are unbolted around nine. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest private army, is marching, singing, and gallivanting like mad. The daughter of the regiment is Luisita Sevilla, a ballerina to cozen any eye. These characters give their vast all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra of Emilio Reyes offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order occurs on Sunday afternoons.... ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The third edition of "The Game Is Up," a very small but blithe revue, still retains R.G. Brown, a farceur whose almost subliminal comedy never fails. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba Libre, expansive in mood and cuisine. A vigorous ballet is enacted by a collection of Spaniards led by Lydia Torea and seconded by a lively wisp named Maribel de Cirez. These enthusiasts are turned loose at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty night after night. Dinner and supper go with all this. Dancing. ... **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The revue called "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen through the Eyes of Cole Porter" is a surprise package, for it brings from unmerited obscurity a great many arias that even the Porter partisans don't know. It likewise provides Kaye Ballard, queen of the May, with a regular field night, in which she is ably abetted by the voice and feet of sturdy Harold Lang. One small exception: The antics occasionally suggest that the producers have forgotten that nearly everything Mr. Porter wrote was pen-in-cheek to begin with. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven as well, is the deal.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Pillar of fire is Felicia Sanders' way with most of her ballads; tender is the night as she approaches others. She has the special advantage of first (and only) call on the songs composed by her accompanist, Irving Joseph. Also onstage: George Matson, a paragon among parodists, whose studies of womankind at work and at play are convincing and convulsing, as well as the double piano of Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn, which represents nostalgia at its best. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mose Allison's threesome, which keeps in touch with the newest developments, is in residence. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening sessions. Mondays there are open forums to discuss the matter of whither practically anything. They start off at nine-thirty. ... **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Erroll Garner, of whom there has been a great scarcity, is applying his high-pressure, high-handed tactics to a piano in a fashion that is dynamic, all right, if not especially diversified. Two sidemen are enlisted in the project. Leon Bibb combines artfulness and a rotund voice in his exposition of folk music. Dancing, too, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. One floor above the showroom, dinner and such are served in a restaurant and sidewalk café from five to eleven every night but Monday, on which evening Symphony Sid (dear me!) talks about music and a Latin band plays it.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds exceeding small in its effort to produce a fine-grained product—folk music in excellent health and spirits. The Serendipity Singers supply this commodity; the Uncalled For Three are brand-new, untried wits. Tuesdays are given over to visiting performers.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, commencing—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to and ending up with Gene Krupa's firecracker brigade. On Friday, June 11, Dizzy Gillespie's band will replace the Krupas. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The littlest jazz kingdom of them all, now offering Art Blakey's rumbling band. Closed Mondays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Nothing but live ammunition is used on this old rifle range, which is also part steak house. The gun club is headed by Eddie Condon, and Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Cliff Leeman, Dill Jones, and Herb Gardner are the firing squad. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The trio of Teddy Wilson, pre-

Corvair Monza Convertible—or would you rather have a coupe?

Car experts of all ages find it fascinating
CORVAIR by Chevrolet

In just about every automotive magazine published, the '65 Corvair has been praised to the sky. You really ought to try one.

They've written about Corvair's styling, its ride, its room and its power. And not a bad notice in the lot.

These automotive experts, you see, not only examine every styling detail of all the new cars, but road test most of them as well. Which is what we hope you'll do with the Corvair at your Chevrolet dealer's.

We want you to see how much more sizzle Monzas have with the new 140-hp engine you can order.

We want you to see how on tight corners Corvair holds its own with anything else on the road.

We want you to see how having that engine in the rear makes for precise and easy handling.

We want you to see how Corvair's new sports-car-type 4-wheel independent suspension gives you a smooth ride that won't mush down on bumps or when you come to a quick stop.

We want you to see the Monza's contoured bucket seats up close, its rakish instrument panel and the many custom touches you can add.

We want you to see what the automotive experts see in the '65 Corvair. Your Chevrolet dealer will be glad to show you. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

GENERAL MOTORS Futurama NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

If you're not sure of your taste in ties for Father's Day, wrap one this way.

Not every man cares for paisley print neckties, but show us a Scotch drinker who doesn't like Chivas Regal and we'll show you a greatly astonished distiller.

Why is Chivas such a sure gift?

What a foolish question.

Anything made of the finest Strathisla-Glenlivet whiskies in an ancient Scottish distillery and aged for twelve weather-filled Highland years would be a great gift.

Happily for us, only Chivas Regal meets all these conditions. Other Scotches may try, but they can't surpass it.

So far, in fact, it isn't even a tie.

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF
GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

cisionist and perfectionist, gets equal time with the quintet of Pepper Adams and Thad Jones. Warning: Rock 'n' roll on Mondays, and dancing, too. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Willie Ruff and Dwike Mitchell, more interested in the steady beat these nights, are still applying nostalgic French horn and wide-ranging piano, among other things, to their intent music, which sounds like the music of no one else on earth. Helcio Milito is their drummer boy. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard operator gets in many good licks, too. Mondays they stay home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Wild Bill Davison, Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): This youth haven is now one part rock and one part roll, and on a long-term basis—nine-thirty to four weekdays, six to one-thirty Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

VIRGINIA BANKS—Casein and transparent watercolor on film; through Saturday, June 12. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St.)

DAN BASEN AND DANIEL SPOERRI—Constructions; through Friday, June 11. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

PAUL DELVAUX—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist; through Friday, June 18. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Saturdays.)

CLAIRE FALKENSTEIN—Free-form sculptures in tangled metallic wire and colored-glass nuggets, plus kinetic paintings; through Friday, June 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Saturdays.)

CHARLES HENRI FORD—Posters; through Saturday, June 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

SUE FULLER—String compositions; through Friday, June 11. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

SADIE HAYMS—Sculptural paintings; through Thursday, June 17. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

CARL HOLTY—Abstractions; through July 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ—An exhibition of drawings commemorating the twentieth anniversary of her death; through Saturday, June 12. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

EARL KRENTZIN—Sculptures in silver; through Friday, June 11. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CHARLES LE CLAIR—Paintings and drawings; through June 26. (Salpeter and White galleries, both at 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Electronic pieces; through Saturday, June 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

KURT SCHWITTERS (1887-1948)—A retrospective of nearly two hundred collages, assemblages, paintings, and drawings; through Saturday, June 12. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

JUDITH SHAHN—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, June 12. (Hinckley & Brohel, 45 Christopher St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 11.)

SCULPTURES—Examples by Helen Proteau, Schulamith Brumer, Lilly Goldstein, and Mildred Grossman; through Friday, June 11. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

ANONYMOUS ART IN NEW YORK—Sculptures and ornaments salvaged from New York City buildings by the Anonymous Arts Recovery Society; through Saturday, June 12. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS,** 41 E. 65th St.: "One Hundred Years of American Realism," a showing of watercolors and pastels (by, among others, John Singer Sargent, Henry Varnum Poor, and Robert Andrew Parker) from the Paul Magriel collection; through Saturday, June 12. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century painters and sculptors, including Boardman Robinson, John Sloan, and Tom Hardy; through July 2. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **LEWISON,** 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the gallery artists—Waldo Peirce, Nathan Cabot Hale, and Robert Vickrey (to mention a few); through Friday, June 18. . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by such artists as Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Stephen Etnier; through June 25. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **PERIDOT,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Fannie Hillsmith, Leon Hartl, and Morris Brose are among the participants in an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, June 12.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, sculptures, assemblages, and drawings by David Hockney, Bruce Conner, Marcia Marcus, and others; through July 2. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century flower still-lifes by, for instance, Fantin-Latour, Vlaminck, and Arbit Blatas; through July 2. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by Dino Basaldella, Max Beckmann, and Luciano Minguzzi, plus paintings by Afro; through June 25. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and drawings by Picasso, Dubuffet, Léger, and others; through July 16. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, June 13.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, to name several) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ "John S. Newberry: A Memorial Exhibition," a selection of about forty drawings (by Grosz, Klee, Modigliani, Bontecou, and others) either presented to the Museum by Mr. Newberry or purchased with funds made available by him; through Sunday, June 13. . . . ¶ Collages (1950-65) by American artists, including Robert Goodnough, Robert Motherwell, and Conrad Marca-Relli; through July 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Nearly two thousand objects covering fifty centuries of the arts of Indian peoples from the Arctic to the Argentine are on view in the new Hall

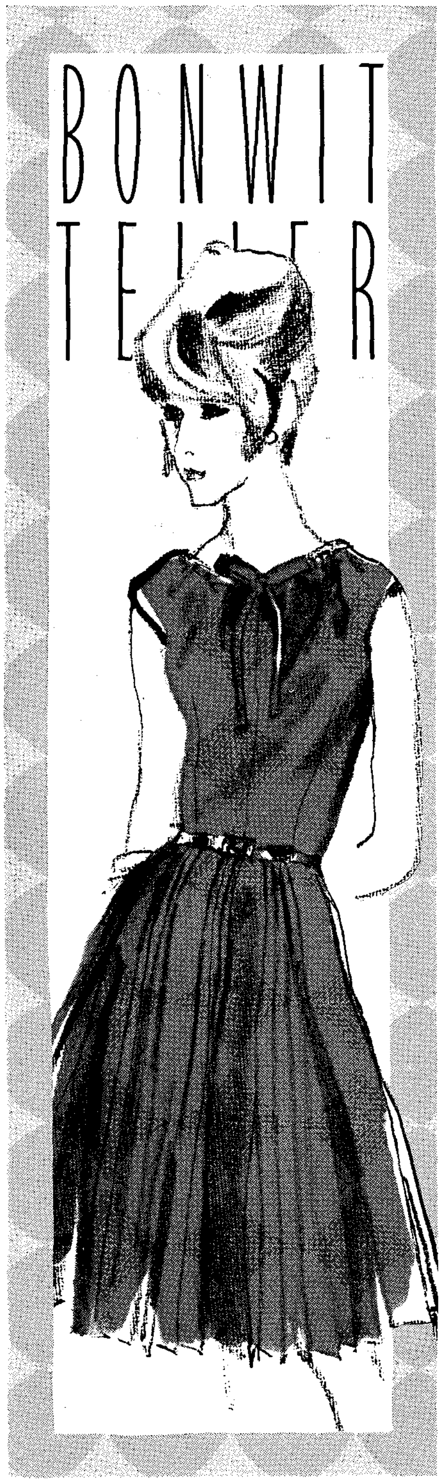
Rogers Peet Co
The Label of Character

AT YOUR
CASUAL BEST

From our beach and sun collection . . . our handsome Shantung weave cabana set of cotton, rayon, silk blend. The jacket features multi-colored stripes of wine-blue or grey-blue. Boxer trunks in solid grey or blue. S.M.L. XL. . . . $25.

All topped by our Eton cap of Arnel triacetate and cotton blend in oxford weave. White with red, blue or yellow broad stripes, $4.00.

AT ALL ROGERS PEET STORES:
NEW YORK • BOSTON
HARTFORD • WASHINGTON



THE WHIRLY BIRD
FOR MISS BONWIT

Town, country or where you will, this is the dress that goes places. With adjustable drawstring neck, permanently pleated skirt, it's Harold Franks' good news in easy care polyester and rayon: black, brown or burgundy. 8 to 16 sizes, 20.00 Mail and phone orders filled.

MISS BONWIT CAREER DRESSES

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the Americas. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Walter Lippmann, Joseph Mitchell, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Mingei: Folk Arts of Old Japan," containing furniture, pottery, textiles, lacquers, paintings, dolls, and books; through July 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Stone sculptures from the state of Guerrero, Mexico; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings (1877-1914) by William Merritt Chase, lent from American and European public and private collections; through June 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, non-sloping galleries constructed for them. Through Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings by the Belgian-born Paris artist Pierre Alechinsky; through July 27. . . . ¶ Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Dante," a seven-hundredth-anniversary exhibition of manuscripts and printed books; through July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—A double exhibition, one of full-length watercolor portraits by the nineteenth-century folk artist Jacob Maentel, and the other of weathervanes and whirligigs; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, jade, and the like) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—New acquisitions by the Museum and by the Friends of the Whitney Museum; namely, sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints by Will Barnet, Joseph Cornell, William Zorach, and others; through Sunday, June 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall—Andre Kostelanetz conducting an all-Tchaikovsky benefit program on Thursday, June 10, at 8:30 (with Patricia Wilde's dance company and David Wayne, narrator; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415); and a program of Viennese music on Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, at 8:30 (with Laurel Hurley, soprano, and Carroll Glenn, violin). . . . ¶ Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting a varied program on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 15-16, at 8:30 (with Ruggiero Ricci, violin); and another varied program Thursday through Saturday, June 17-19, at 8:30 (with Moura Lympany, piano).

New School Outdoor Concerts—Friday, June 11: Oscar Brand, folk singer. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12: Gene and Francesca, folk singers. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 13: The Galliard Players, chamber music. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18: Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19: Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Evenings at 8:30.)

New York Folk Festival—At Carnegie Hall—Thursday, June 17, at 7:30: "The Evolution of Funk," with Mose Allison, Dave Van Ronk, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 2:30: "The Contemporary Singer Composers," Part I, with Johnny Cash, Mississippi John Hurt, Buffy Sainte-Marie, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 8:30: "Grassroots to Bluegrass to Nashville," Part I, with Johnny Cash, the New Lost City Ramblers, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 2:30: "Grassroots to Bluegrass to Nashville," Part II, with Johnny Cash, the Greenbriar Boys, Mike Seeger, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 8:30: "The Contemporary Singer Composers," Part II, with Johnny Cash, Buffy Sainte-Marie, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at midnight: A repeat performance of "The Evolution of Funk." . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 3: "The Real Thing," with Mississippi John Hurt, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 8:30: "The Carl Sandburg American Songbag," with the Greenbriar Boys, Mississippi John Hurt, Buffy Sainte-Marie, and others.

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. First concert Wednesday, June 16. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 13.)

Riverside Park Concerts—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the first of two concerts, this one with soloists and a chorus. (Monday, June 14, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the Strauss Community Center, 270 W. 70th St.)

Jazz Concert—Sonny Rollins' quartet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, June 17, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium**: Mets vs. San Francisco, Thursday, June 10, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, June 11, at 8; Saturday, June 12, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 13, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Tuesday, June 15, at 8; Wednesday, June 16, at 7; and Thursday, June 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, June 18, at 8, and Saturday, June 19, at 2.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, June 19.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 19; varsity race at 7:15.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 12.)

Golf—Women's Eastern Amateur Championship. (Hollywood Golf Club, Deal, N.J. Through Thursday, June 10.)

Horse Shows—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 11-13.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Saturday, June 12.) . . . ¶ Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington. Sunday, June 13.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 17-20.)

Motorboat Racing—Hudson River Marathon, Sunday, June 13.

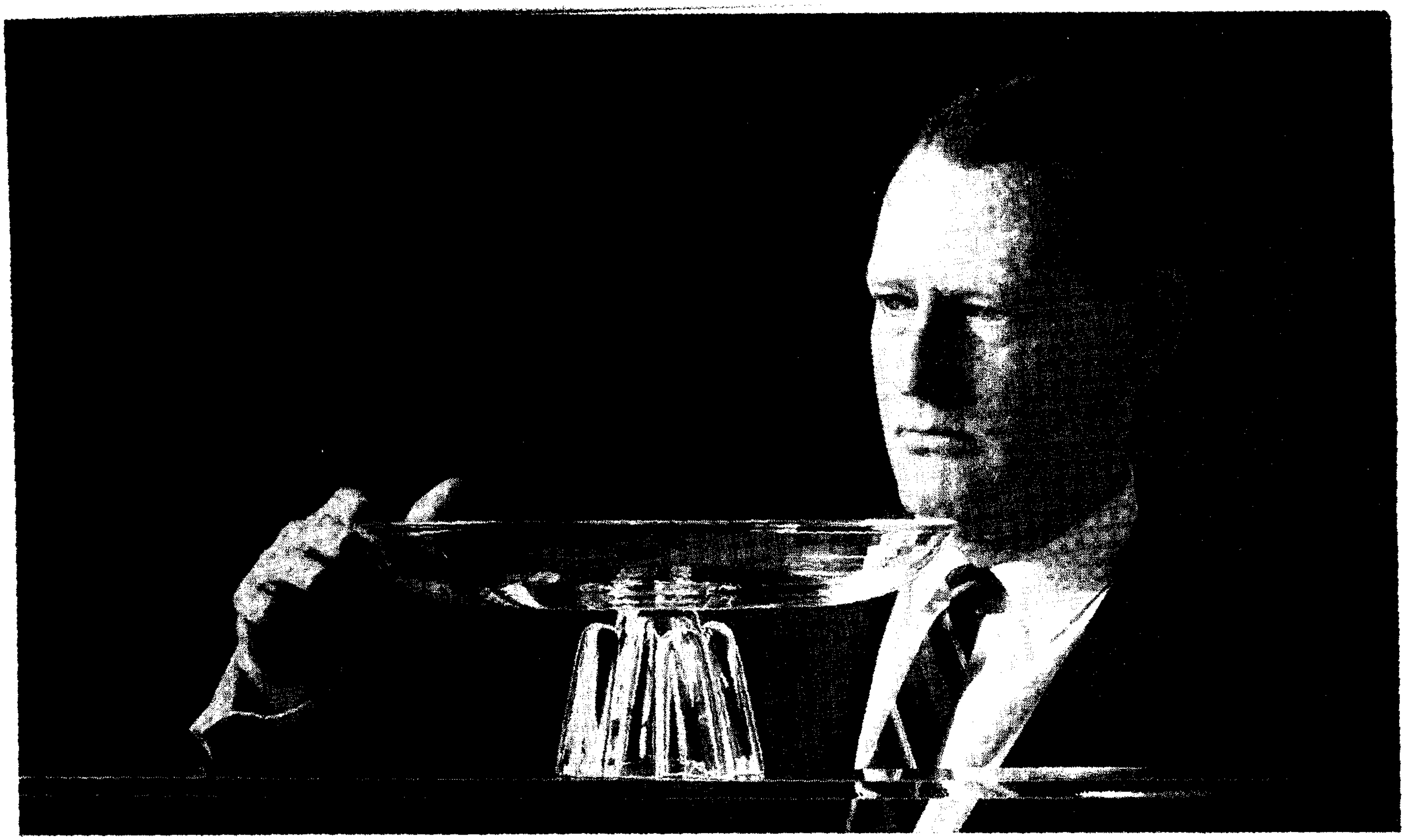
Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **blind brook polo club**, Purchase. . . . **bethpage polo field**, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—**belmont-at-aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 12, and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 19. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer—International Soccer League—New Yorkers vs. Varese and Munchen vs. Portuguesa. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, June 13, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ West Ham United vs. Portuguesa. (Shea Stadium. Wednesday, June 16, at 8:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, June 19.

Tennis—Church Cup Matches. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday and Saturday,



George Thompson of Steuben Glass appraises one of his designs.

Steuben reveals the attributes of fine crystal

1. Absolute clarity: Fine crystal is as clear as rainwater. The slightest taint of color dishonors it. Good crystal welcomes light, and reflects it purely, with fire and brilliance.

("Ordinary" glass sombers the colors it reflects. Thus, the glass is often clouded and dull.)

2. Design: Crystal needs no excessive ornamentation to divert the eye from its clarity.

The goal of Steuben's designers is to emphasize the *natural* beauty of crystal. They let it flow in subtle curves. They shape it into modifications of its basic roundness. They cut it in planes to exploit its perfect transparency.

The results are designs of simplicity and strength. Even the most elaborate Steuben pieces are combinations of the shapes that come naturally to crystal.

3. Craftsmanship: Handmade crystal carries faintly discernible marks, much like the brush strokes of an oil painting.

The marks come from the glassmaker's simple tools. They are among the hallmarks of man-made crystal.

You can identify hand workmanship in yet another way. Compare a set of machine-made glasses with man-made glasses. The machine-made glasses are exactly alike. Yet, each of six "matched" Steuben glasses will vary, almost imperceptibly, in size.

This is the personality of the craftsman asserting itself. Each piece is an individual achievement. There will never be another exactly like it.

You are invited to watch Steuben crystal being made at Corning, New York

Corning Glass Center is open seven days a week, June through October. Every day except Monday, November through May. Closed Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

At the Steuben workshops you will see crystal blown into life by human breath—and shaped by human hands, using the simple tools traditional to the glassmaker's art. Admission is free.

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022

for a cool, comfortable Summer
OUR LIGHTWEIGHT SHIRTS
made by us in our distinctive styles

Our good-looking Summer shirts feature three unusually cool materials, woven exclusively for us ...single-needle stitching throughout...and our own distinctive styling.

IN BROOKSCLOTH BATISTE *with button-down or plain collar, in white. Half sleeves,* $8.50

IN PIMA COTTON BATISTE *with button-down collar. Half sleeves, in white,* $6.50; *blue* $7
Long sleeves, in white, $7; *blue,* $7.50

IN ZEPHYRWEIGHT COTTON OXFORD *with button-down collar. With half sleeves, in white,* $6.50; *blue,* $7
Long sleeves, in white, $7; *blue or yellow,* $7.50

Sizes 14 to 17½. Mail orders filled.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 11-12.)...¶ New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Arlington Players Club, Kearny, N.J. Saturday, June 12, through Sunday, June 20.)...¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Starting Saturday, June 19.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 28. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

YACHTING—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 19.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

FLOWER SHOW—The annual Flower Mart, sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Thursday, June 10, from 9 to 5.)

PARTIAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON—This will occur on Sunday, June 13, commencing at 8:58 P.M., with the fullest phase at 9:49 P.M.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Dartmouth, Sunday, June 13; Yale, Monday, June 14; Princeton, Tuesday, June 15; and Harvard, Thursday, June 17.

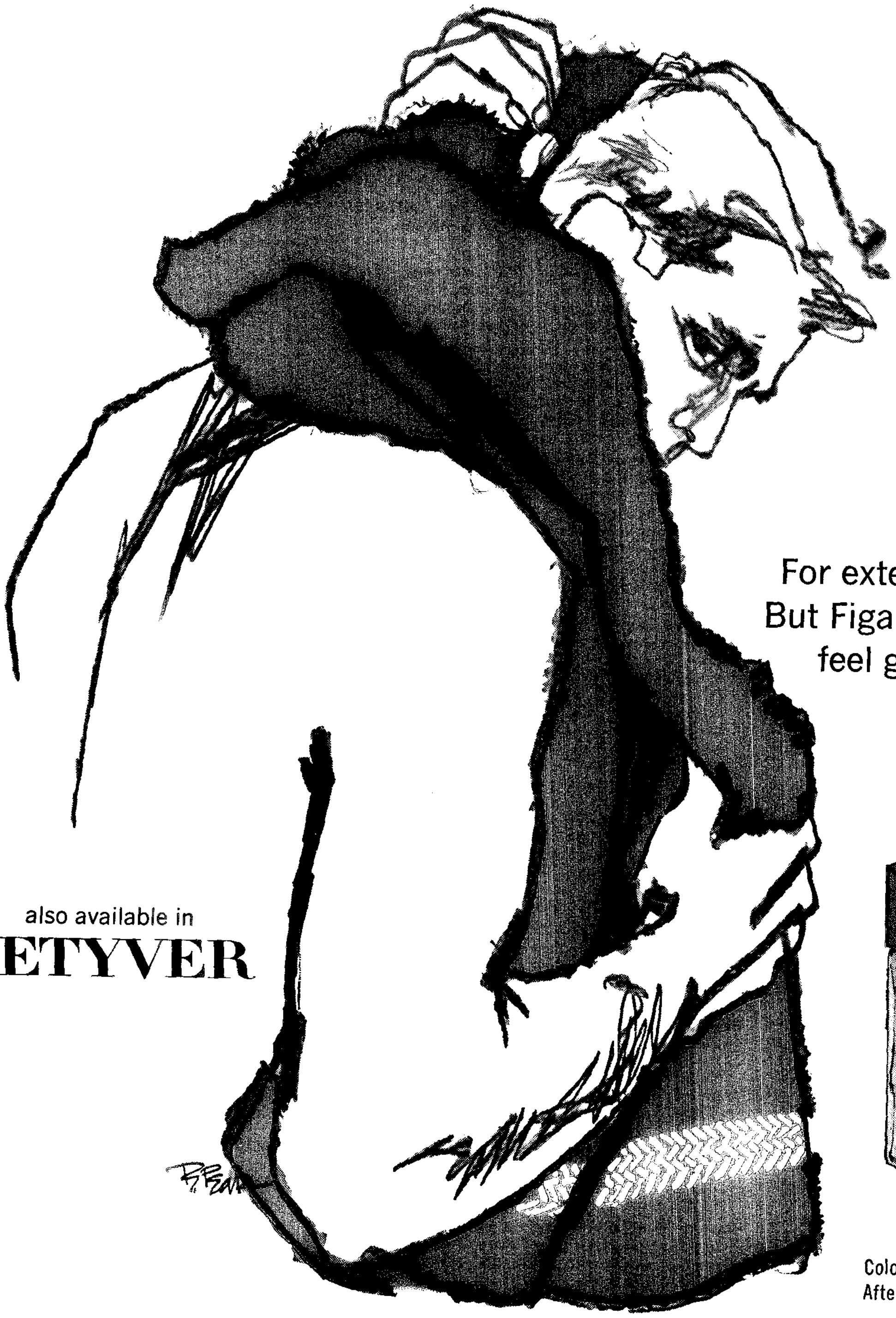
THE WORLD'S FAIR

HOURS—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits don't open until 10 A.M., although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. Now is probably a good time to go to the Fair, since it still isn't very crowded.

ADMISSION—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays in July and August.

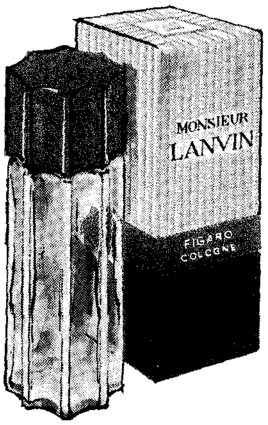
PAVILIONS—Almost none of the large, well-known pavilions are as interesting or as easy to get into as some of the smaller ones. The Montana exhibit, for instance, includes three live, ungroomed Montana elk and a Wild West museum, where, among the many items on display, are Buffalo Bill's razor, hairbrush, and silver-handled toothbrush; Calamity Jane's diary; General Custer's pocket watch; handcuffs, leg irons, sapphires, gold dust, and nuggets; and a couple of buffalo skulls. Adults, fifty cents; children, twenty-five cents....¶ The Spanish Pavilion is probably the best at the Fair. The exhibit of paintings is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar." The Marisqueria restaurant is less expensive and less formal than the other Spanish restaurants, and is a particularly pleasant place to eat on a sunny day....¶ The Kattegat Inn, which has an indoor section and a terrace at the northern end of the Danish Pavilion, is a delightful place, serving a delicious open-sandwich plate among other things. Prices are between three and four dollars....¶ The New York State Pavilion, which is exciting to visit for any reason at all, contains an exhibit of paintings of New York City done between 1880 and 1958. 11 A.M. to 8 P.M., free....¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand. Free.

FIGARO



For external use only.
But Figaro makes a man
feel great inside.

also available in
VETYVER


MONSIEUR
LANVIN
FIGARO
COLOGNE

Cologne	3.75	Talc	2.00
After Shave	3.00	Soap	2.00

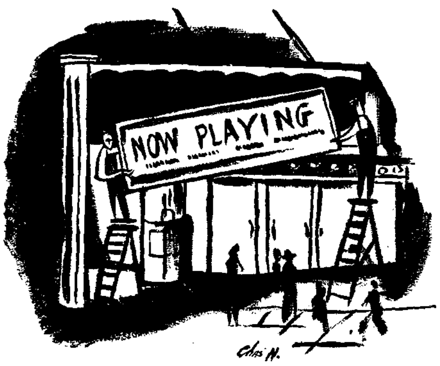
PLUS TAX

COPYRIGHT 1965, LANVIN PARFUMS

LANVIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in a rousing and surprisingly witty adaptation of the Anouilh play. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through June 15.)

Goldfinger—The third James Bond picture, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New Testament. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 9:30 and 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

How to Murder Your Wife—George Axelrod's latest examination of holy wedlock, and a very funny one it is. Jack Lemmon is the charming star, assisted by Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, Eddie Mayehoff, and Claire Trevor. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 15.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Masquerade—A tense and purposely silly thriller, with Cliff Robertson and Jack Hawkins as a couple of incompetent conspirators. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 15.)

Mirage—A clever if somewhat confused melodrama about a scientist who has lost his memory and is wandering about New York in imminent danger of being murdered. With Gregory Peck and Walter Matthau. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; through June 15.... ¶ Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664; through June 16.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 16.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn delightfully enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—A more or less documentary study of an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and superbly acted by Peter Kastner. Much less gloomy than it sounds, and not to be missed. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger in the title role makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Pumpkin Eater—Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, Maggie Smith, and James Mason in a fascinating study of a woman who has everything and, it appears, nothing. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting June 16, tentative.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A wonderfully well-acted thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. The scene is in and around London. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting June 16, tentative.)

Il Successo—An Italian comedy about how to get rich quick and be sorry, starring the great Vittorio Gassman and Anouk Aimée. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Synanon—A quasi-documentary account of how to cure drug addicts, according to a method practiced mainly on the West Coast. Directed by Richard Quine. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 15.)

36 Hours—A winningly outrageous melodrama of the Second World War, starring James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor. George Seaton directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 16.)

The Train—How the Nazis, losing the Second World War, attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. With Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield, and ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—*Garçon rencontre fille*, but with a difference, for in this captivating picture everyone sings and the buildings are rainbow-colored and sadness is hardly to be distinguished from joy. Music by Michel Legrand, screenplay and direction by Jacques Demy. The boy and girl are Nino Castelnuovo and Catherine Deneuve. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 15.)

The Best Man (1964)—A political melodrama by Gore Vidal. It stars Henry Fonda, Cliff Robertson, and Lee Tracy, and Franklin Schaffner directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 15.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 13.)

The Chalk Garden (1964)—Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, and Deborah Kerr in a tale of tangled family matters. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 15.)

Days of Wine and Roses (1963)—Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in a story about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through June 15.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through June 15.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

He Who Must Die (1958)—A French picture about some Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. With Pierre Vaneck and Melina Mercouri. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 10.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French view of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 11-14.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, and Anthony Quinn in an account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 12-14 and June 16.)

Let's Talk About Women (1964)—A multiple-episode Italian comedy, with Vittorio Gassman. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through June 15.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting June 15.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 15.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; June 15.)

Monkey in Winter (1963)—Jean Gabin and Jean-Paul Belmondo in a French picture about drink, loneliness, Channel weather, and dreams. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 14-16.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; June 10.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through June 11.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 15.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—A variation on Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 15.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 11-14.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—A three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 15.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Three programs in a series called "D. W. Griffith: American Film Master"—Through June 12: "The Greatest Question" (1919), with Lillian Gish.... ¶ June 13-14: "The Idol Dancer" (1920), with Richard Barthelmess.... ¶ June 15-16: "The Love Flower" (1920), with Carol Dempster and Richard Barthelmess. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE TRAIN.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through June 15: "Up from the Beach," Cliff Robertson, Red Buttons.
From June 16: "A High Wind in Jamaica," Anthony Quinn, James Coburn.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through June 15: **MIRAGE.**
From June 16, at 8:30: "Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines," Stuart Whitman, Alberto Sordi. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Joy in the Morning," Richard Chamberlain, Yvette Mimieux; and "The Haunting," revival, Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through June 15: "Backfire" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.
From June 16: "The Truth About Spring," Hayley Mills, John Mills.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through June 15: "Brainstorm," Jeff Hunter, Dana Andrews; and "The Woman Who Wouldn't Die," Gary Merrill.
From June 16: "Dr. Terror's House of Horrors," Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee; and "The Girls on the Beach," Martin West, Noreen Corcoran.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE, revival; and **DR. NO**, revival.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 15: **MASQUERADE**; and **SYNANON.**
From June 16: **MIRAGE**; and "A Boy Ten Feet Tall," Edward G. Robinson, Fergus McClelland.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 15: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**, revival; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.
From June 16 (tentative): **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**; and **THE PUMPKIN EATER.**

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
To be announced.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through June 15: "Peyton Place," revival, Lana Turner, Hope Lange; and "Return to Peyton Place," revival, Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.
From June 16: "Plisetskaya Dances," a Russian documentary film, with an English narration; and "Dimka" (in Russian), revival.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE, revival; and **DR. NO**, revival.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE, revival; and **DR. NO**, revival.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through June 15: "Brainstorm," Jeff Hunter, Dana Andrews; and "The Woman Who Wouldn't Die," Gary Merrill.
From June 16: "Dr. Terror's House of Horrors," Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee; and "The Girls on the Beach," Martin West, Noreen Corcoran.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Symphony for a Massacre" (in French), Michel Auclair, Claude Dauphin.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TRAIN.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through June 16: **MIRAGE.**

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Most Foul," Margaret Rutherford.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
HE WHO MUST DIE, revival.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through June 11: **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival; and "The Magnificent Seven," revival, Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach.
June 12-14: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.
June 15: **MAYERLING** (in French), revival; and "The Eagle" (silent), Rudolph Valentino, Vilma Banky.
June 16: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA**, revival.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PAWNBROKER.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 15: **BECKET**; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.
From June 16: **MIRAGE.**

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 15: **THE CHALK GARDEN**, revival; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.
From June 16 (tentative): **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 15: **LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and "Contempt" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.
From June 16: "Buddha" (in Japanese).

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 15: "Brainstorm," Jeff Hunter, Dana Andrews; and "The Woman Who Wouldn't Die," Gary Merrill.
From June 16: "Dr. Terror's House of Horrors," Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee; and "The Girls on the Beach," Martin West, Noreen Corcoran.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 15: "Up from the Beach," Cliff Robertson, Red Buttons.
From June 16: "A High Wind in Jamaica," Anthony Quinn, James Coburn.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
June 10: **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada; and "Ashes and Diamonds" (in Polish), revival.
June 11-14: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From June 15: **M** (in German), revival; and **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 15: **MASQUERADE**; and "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.
From June 16: **MIRAGE**; and "Strange Bedfellows," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 15: **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival; and **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival.
From June 16: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 15: "The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," Kim Novak, Richard Johnson; and "Black Spurs," Rory Calhoun, Terry Moore.
From June 16: "Up from the Beach," Cliff Robertson, Red Buttons; and "Convict Stage," Harry Lauter, Donald Barry.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 15: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE**; and "Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.
From June 16: "Buddha" (in Japanese).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through June 13: "The Kingdom and the Beauty" (with Mandarin dialogue).
From June 14: "Enchanting Shadow" (with Mandarin dialogue).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Eva," Jeanne Moreau, Stanley Baker.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"China!," a documentary film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
IL SUCCESSO (in Italian).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through June 16: "Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 13: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
June 14-16: **MONKEY IN WINTER** (in French), revival; and "Leda" (in French), revival, Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 15: **YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW** (in Italian), revival; and **THE BEST MAN**, revival.
From June 16: **36 HOURS**; and "Good Neighbor Sam," revival, Jack Lemmon, Romy Schneider.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 10: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo," revival, a documentary film.
June 11-14: **THE TRIAL**, revival; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.
From June 15: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 15: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival; and "Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.
From June 16: "Buddha" (in Japanese).

It's a diesel ...it's a gas.

There is nothing prettier than a Mercedes-Benz.

Unless it's two of them.

Consider the beauties above.

Identical except for the wonderful power plants under the bonnets.

At left, the 190 D. The "D" stands for diesel and for extra distance.

At right, the similarly elegant 190, with gasoline engine.

Now, if you drive 20,000 to 30,000 miles per year the 190 D may be for you. Here's real class with smart, business-like economy.

Proved, too. One of the country's top petroleum marketers recently put this car through a 7,000 mile fuel consumption test in a big city.

The 190 D traveled up to 39 miles per gallon in regular city traffic and up to 43.9 miles per gallon over the big city expressways!

And remember—diesel fuel, available practically everywhere, costs about 40% less than gasoline.

But if the idea of a diesel is a little too advanced to digest right now, you might think of the 190.

Here is the same classic beauty. The same quiet, enduring design. Simply runs on gasoline (22 m.p.g., too). That's the difference.

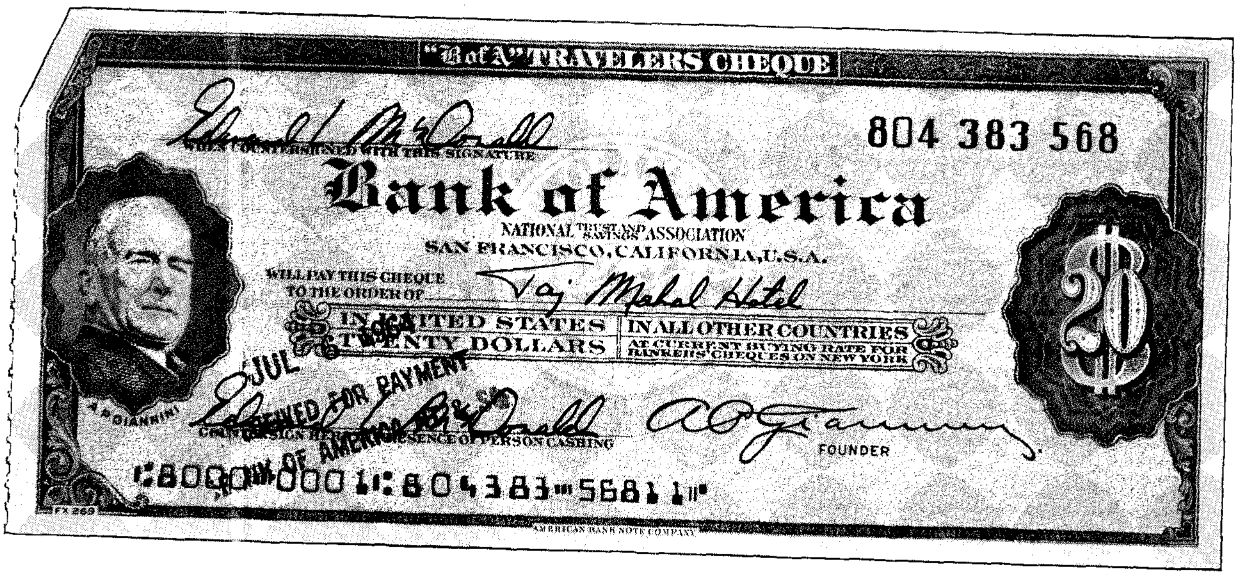
Automatic transmission, if you want, both models.

MERCEDES-BENZ

GOING TO EUROPE? FOR TRAVEL GUIDE, WRITE HANS von BROCKHUSEN, MERCEDES-BENZ OF NORTH AMERICA, INC., 158 LINWOOD PLAZA, FORT LEE, N. J., 07024
MERCEDES-BENZ OF NORTH AMERICA, INC. A SUBSIDIARY OF DAIMLER-BENZ A. G., GERMANY

The rupee is local currency in Bombay.

So is this.



"B of A" TRAVELERS CHEQUE

Edward L. McDonald

WHEN COUNTERSIGNED WITH THIS SIGNATURE

804 383 568

Bank of America

NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

WILL PAY THIS CHEQUE TO THE ORDER OF Taj Mahal Hotel

IN UNITED STATES TWENTY DOLLARS

IN ALL OTHER COUNTRIES AT CURRENT BUYING RATE FOR BANKERS' CHEQUES ON NEW YORK

JUL RECEIVED FOR PAYMENT BANK OF AMERICA

COUNTERSIGN HERE IN PRESENCE OF PERSON CASHING Edward L. McDonald

A P Giannini

FOUNDER

A. P. GIANNINI

$20

⑆8000⋯0001⑆: 804383⑈56811⑈

FX 269

AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY

Whether you're dining in Delhi or lunching in Lisbon, a welcome form of payment is in Bank of America Travelers Cheques. Just sign your name and they convert instantly to rupees, pesetas, yen—any kind of money you need. Whenever you leave home, take along money only you can spend—**BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES.**

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

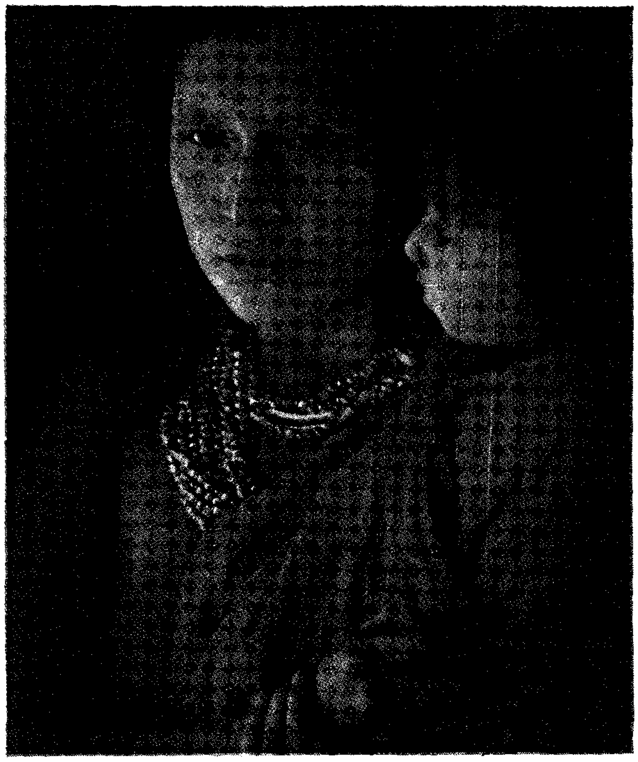
One thing's for sure—you won't meet the same old faces in South America.

Ever see a llama on the Champs-Elysées? Not likely! And he's only one of the unique faces of South America. Come along and meet some more!

This dancer and his multi-colored costume star in the Diablada de Oruro, an annual religious spectacle in Oruro, Bolivia. Each year, the honor of wearing it falls to a different specially trained dancer.

This is a Huaso . . . cowboy to you. Watch him "break" an untamed mustang in the wildest rodeo you've ever seen. And that same night, you will see him doing the Cueca, Chile's stately national dance.

A religious relic found near Lake Titicaca, this quaint fellow is made of silver—and he's centuries old. Yet his smile is symbolic of the warm welcome of South America.



This serene beauty, one of a tribe of Colorado Indians from the Ecuadorian forest near Quito, was just a face in the crowd. Then she won the local beauty contest. Now she's the chief's daughter-in-law. Success story!

These new faces are now only $550 away, round trip. For just $165 more, you can visit them First Class, on the same 30-day round-trip jet excursion from New York to Buenos Aires . . . via Panagra, the one U.S. airline specializing only in South American travel. Panagra's daily *El InterAmericano* DC-8's are the most frequent jets to South America's West Coast and Buenos Aires. You fly with no change of plane over the routes of National, Pan Am and Panagra—from New York or Miami. For reservations, see your Travel Agent. Or call Pan Am—sales agent for Panagra.

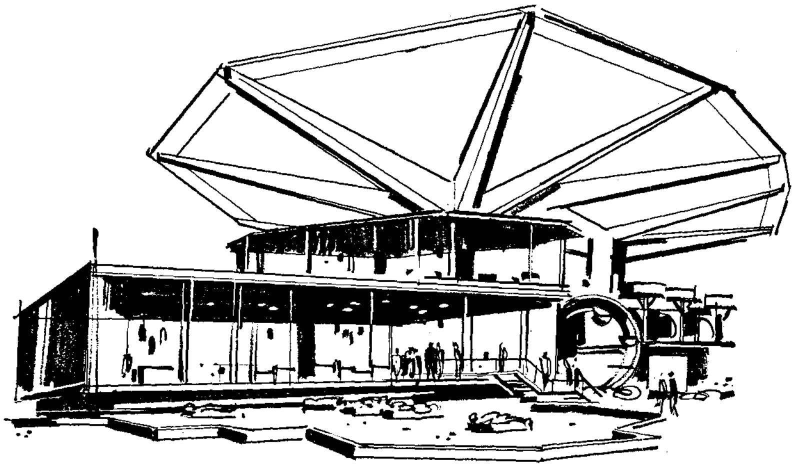
FLY PANAGRA

WORLD'S FRIENDLIEST AIRLINE

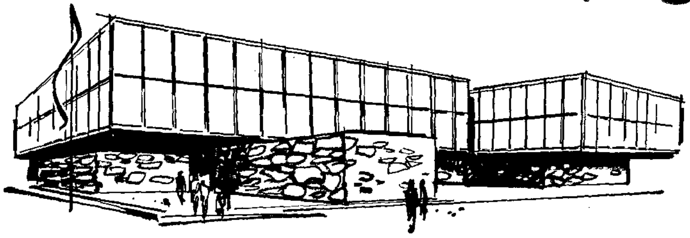
[illegible] *[illegible] suggests the unusual in summer jackets.*

Summer [illegible] individual and irreproachably correct. Norman Hilton jackets are distinguished [illegible]. The [illegible] range includes classic blazers of British lamb's wool hopsack, plaids, plains, India silks, [illegible] blends from Scotland and many others. All are conservatively tailored in cloths colored, patterned and [illegible] exclusively for Norman Hilton with soft, unpadded construction, natural lines. From about $90.00 at selected men's stores. For one near you, write Norman Hilton, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10019.

Be a gourmet à go go at the Fair!

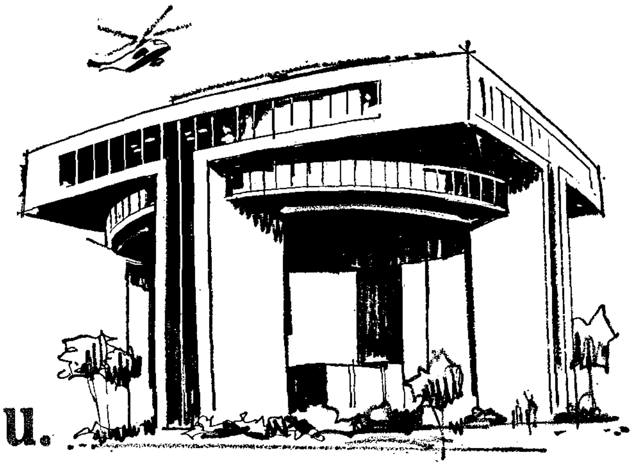


Go go and be a gourmet where the most marvelous meals are cooked with Gas. At the Fair! Feast at Festival/65–the American Restaurant.* Savor scrumptious Lime Broiled Chicken, a great regional specialty.



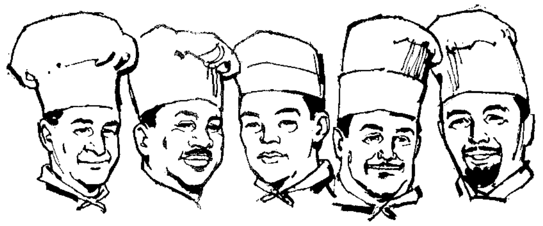
Rendezvous at the Spanish Pavilion for succulent Sea Bass en Papillote.

One of the secrets of virtually all the great chefs at the Fair is simply to use Gas cooking equipment. Take a trip to



the Top of the Fair* and dine on Double Cutlet of Meadow Veal, Cordon Bleu. Cooked with Gas. How about a Denmark Pavilion delight? Kalvefilet Oscar. Gas-cooked, too...superbly!

Culinary experts in over 40 colorful restaurants at the Fair find nothing matches Gas cooking for evenness, precision and dependability. So go go go and dine on the world's greatest fare. Learn why famous international chefs cook with Gas. (And discover another comforting fact: Gas Energy provides 80% of the cooling, 90% of the heating at the Fair.)

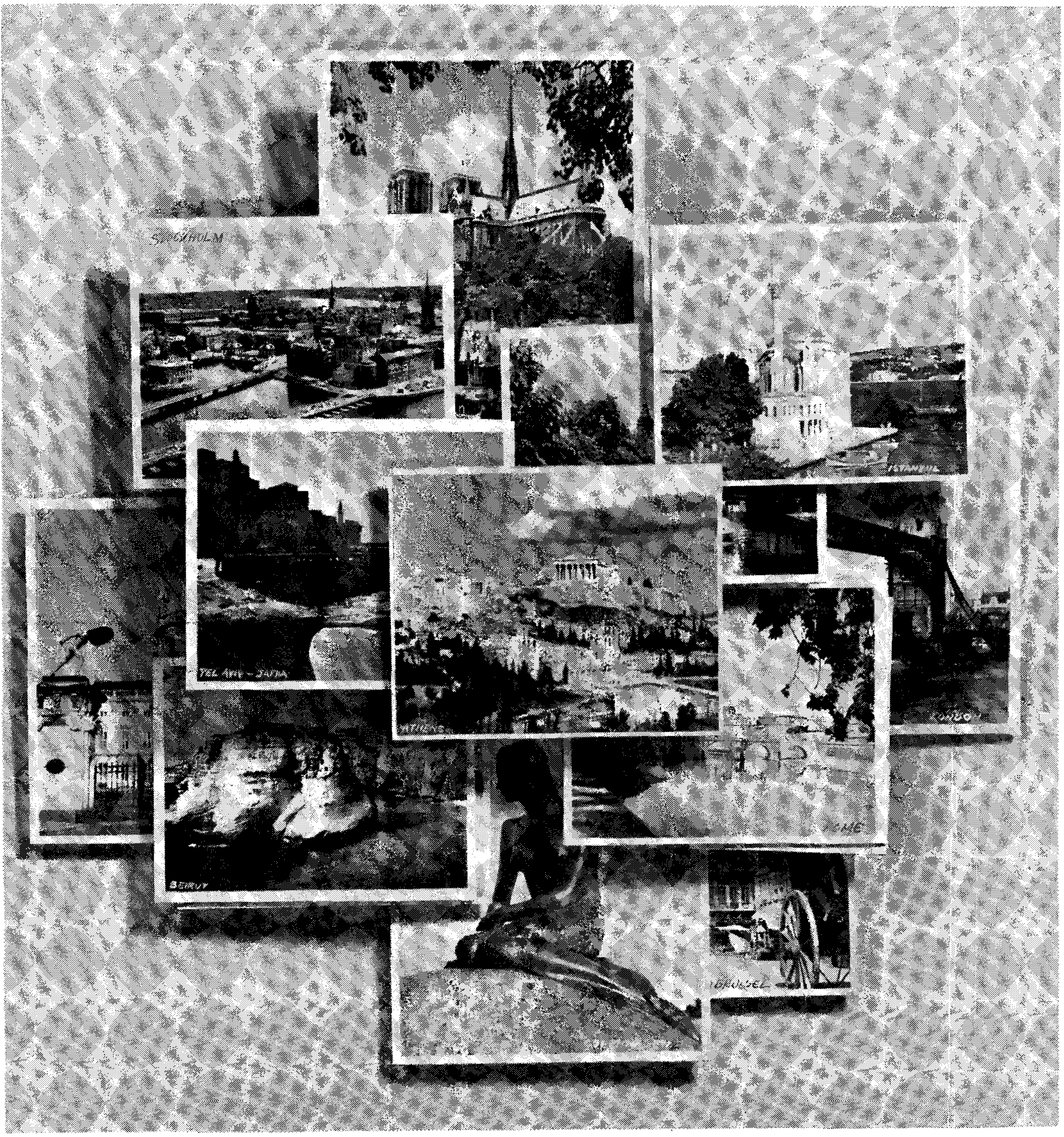


AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION, INC.

*operated by Restaurant Associates

For gourmet cooking...

Gas makes the big difference.

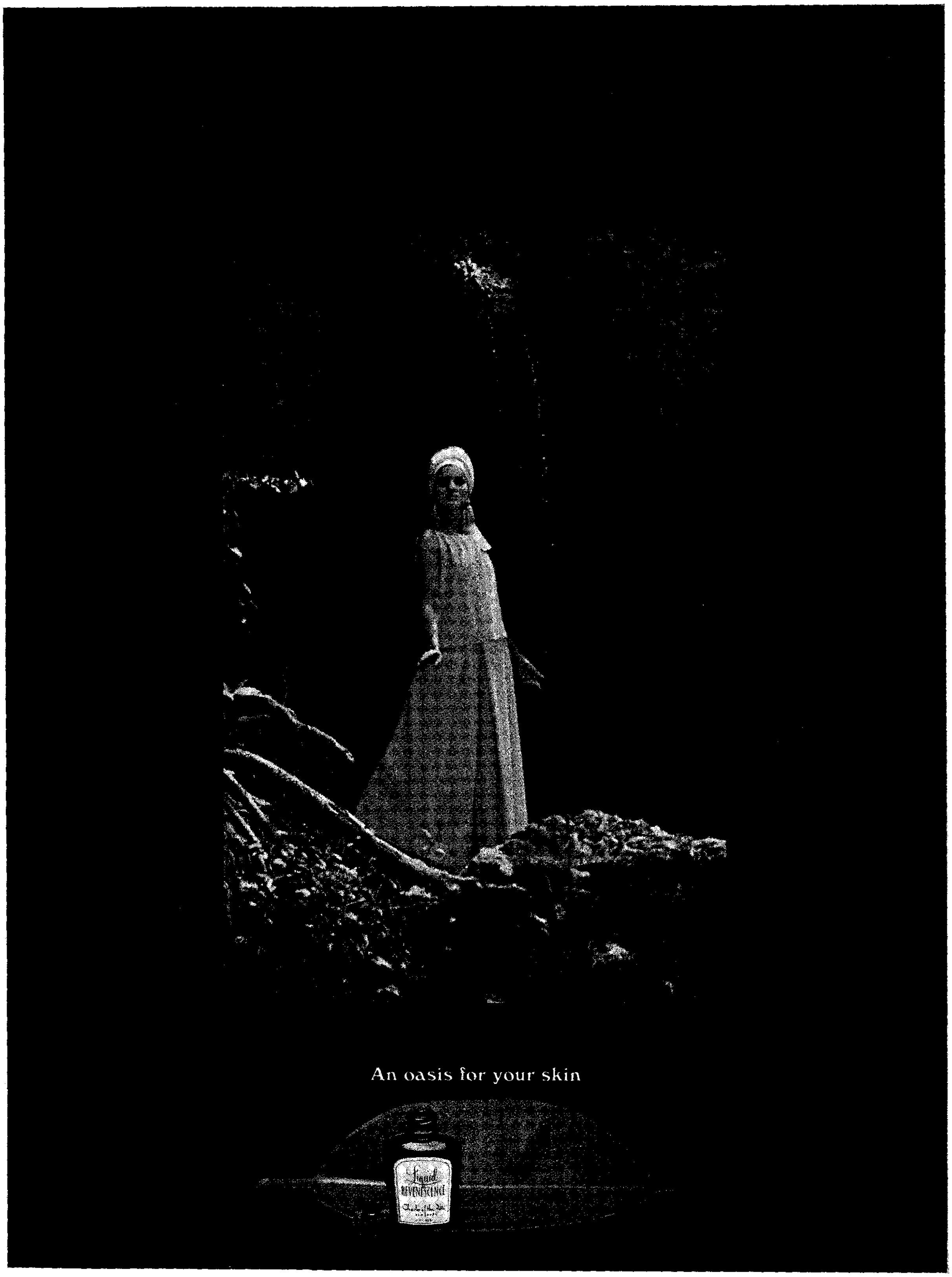


BEA flies more jets between more cities in Europe than any other airline. Maybe that's why more Americans in Europe fly BEA.

It could be our far-reaching service that makes BEA so popular with Americans. ■ We fly from London to 80 cities in Europe and the Middle East. To every European gateway. And we're the quickest, most convenient way to get from London to the important continental gateways of Paris, Amsterdam and Brussels. ■ Then maybe it's our convenient schedules that woo Americans over to us. We have more jets and more frequent flights than any other airline in Europe. And more of our jets are now 610 mph triple-jet Tridents, the fastest, quietest, most comfortable jets you can fly. Every BEA flight from London and Manchester to Paris, for example, will be on a Trident. ■ Or perhaps it's the fact that BEA is an English-speaking airline that Americans find so comforting. But whatever the reason, one thing's sure. The best way to get around in Europe is BEA, Europe's largest air network. Ask your Travel Agent about us – or any airline office.

BEA

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS • Europe's Foremost Airline
General Sales Agent in U.S.A. and Canada: BOAC


An oasis for your skin
Liquid
REVENESCENCE
Charles of the Ritz

Pour this picture into a little black bottle and call it Revenescence. Pour it in your hand and you hold the secret of the eternally green rain forest—moisture. Put it on your skin under your makeup and you wear a sheer, clear, luxuriant protection between your complexion and your everyday Sahara. 6.00 to 17.50 plus tax.

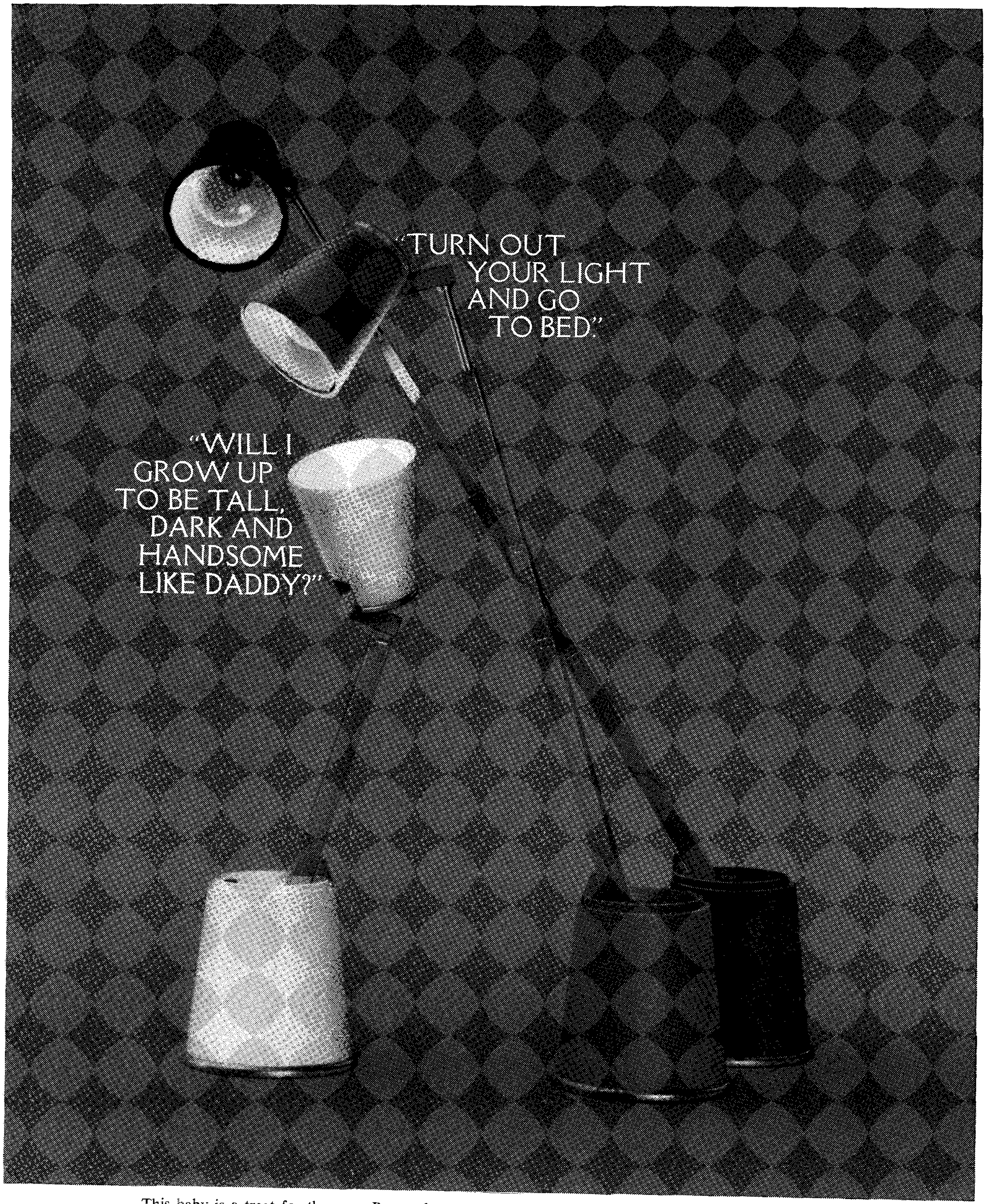
Charles of the Ritz

There's a Lady in the house!

Very much the lady *of* the house, too. Her home sparkles. But she's famous for more than her beautifully polished antiques. She's known by all for her exceptional taste in clothes. She understands the elegance of simplicity, chooses this slender Lady Manhattan® sheath dress for its gentle lines, its multi-stitching details, its exclusive Miracron™ broadcloth that glows like silk and washes like cotton. 85% Dacron® polyester, 15% Avril® rayon in many jewel tone colors. Sizes from 8/18. About $18.00. Priced slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan, 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018. A division of The Manhattan Shirt Company.

At these and other fine stores:
STERN'S, New York; JORDAN MARSH, Boston; HORNE'S, Pittsburgh; MABLEY & CAREW, Cincinnati; PORTER'S, New Orleans.

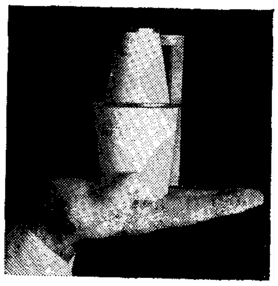
Lady Manhattan®


"TURN OUT
YOUR LIGHT
AND GO
TO BED."
"WILL I
GROW UP
TO BE TALL,
DARK AND
HANDSOME
LIKE DADDY?"

This baby is a treat for the eyes. Personal, portable Lampette folds up to fit in your pocket. Plugs in anywhere, ready to rise to the occasion for reading, writing, sewing, artwork, make-up, business or pleasure. Lampette's intense yet polite white light never glares. Keeps your mate in the dark when you read in bed by concentrating the light only where you want it (arm telescopes from 5" to 16"; shade swivels a full 360°). Traveling light? Take Lampette and see more. Black, white, gray, sand, turquoise, green. $19.95, including bulb. Other models from $14.95. At better stores.

LAMPETTE®

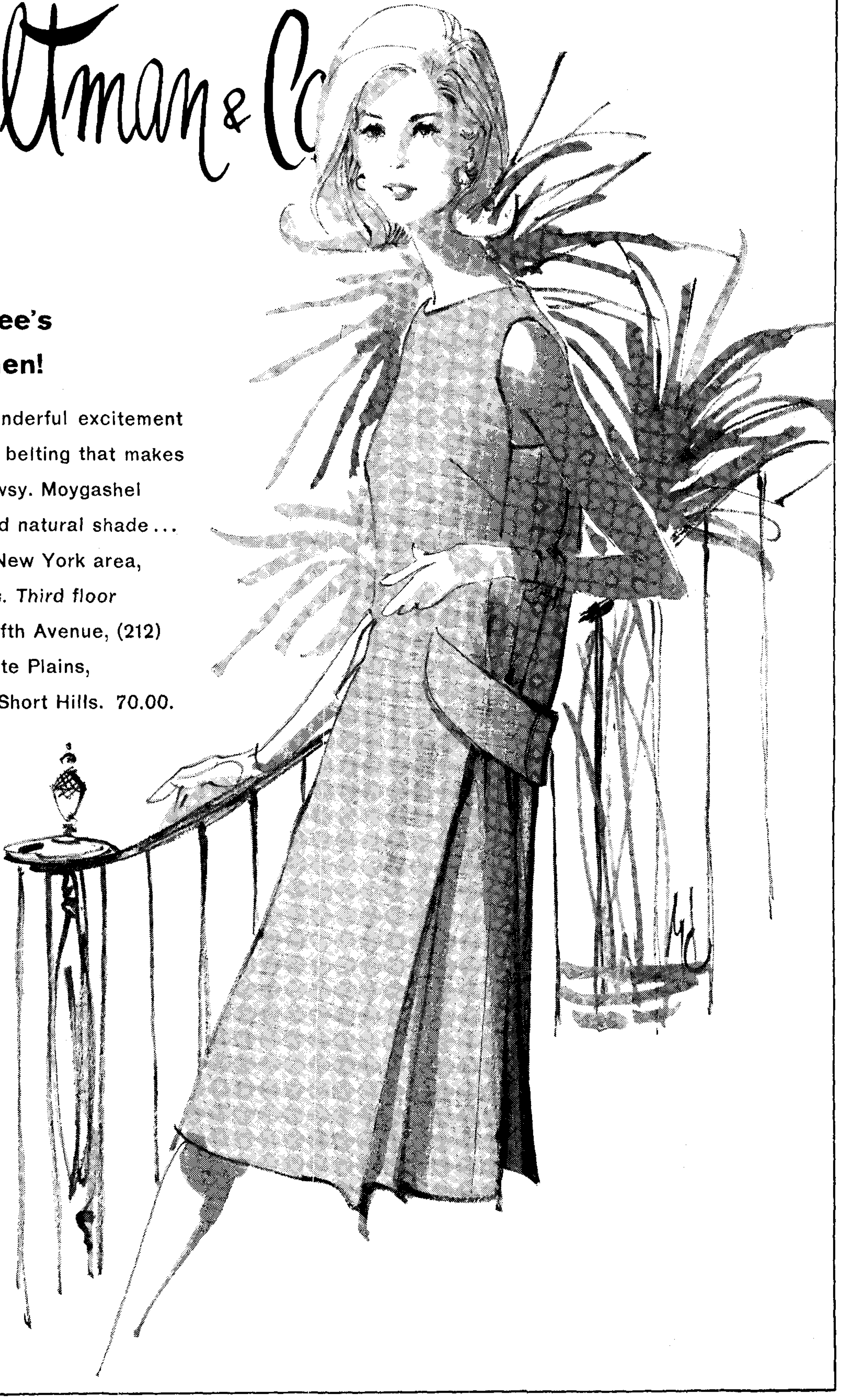
CONSUMER PRODUCTS GROUP, AMPROBE INSTRUMENT, DIVISION OF SOSS MANUFACTURING CO., 630 MERRICK RD., LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563.



B Altman & Co

Studio Three's winning linen!

We love the wonderful excitement of the low back belting that makes this shift so newsy. Moygashel linen in a cooled natural shade... 6 to 14. In the New York area, *only* at Altman's. *Third floor* Studio Three, Fifth Avenue, (212) MU 9-7000, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. 70.00.

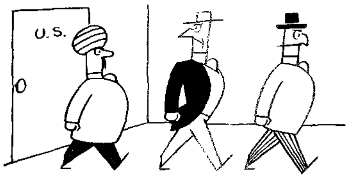


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

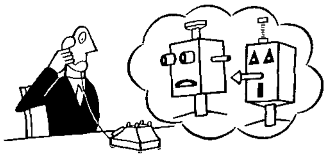
WE were interested to learn from the *Times* the other day that the United States not only is currently outselling all other governments in the international weapons market but is moving the merchandise in a principled, discriminating manner. This country's sales last year grossed one and a half billion dollars, the *Times* man was told by a high government official, but it isn't just any customer who can buy American howitzers and tanks. "Frequently," we read, "the United States has refused to sell arms to a relatively undeveloped country in order not to contribute to a weakening of its economy." And almost as frequently, we gathered, it costs the government's sales force an effort to adhere to this policy, for, according to the same official, the leaders of such countries have "gone away mad" when their requests for arms were turned down. It seems to us that, like most virtuous acts, the solicitousness of the government's sales policy transcends itself. Besides demonstrating concern for the economies of undeveloped countries, we think, it has the effect of preserving the military pecking order. How pushy do the leaders of undeveloped countries imagine they can get? Just because they yearn for submarines and rockets doesn't mean they can have them. *Some* rules have to obtain if the old values are to be honored, and the least of the prerequisites, our government insists, is a sound, pliable economy that can take weapons bills in stride. Until these undeveloped countries develop a semblance of prosperity, they can rusticate in peace. We hope the government stands firm, no matter how mad it makes the leaders of undeveloped countries. Relax the rules just slightly, we say, and the first thing anyone knows, these upstart nations will try to finagle their way into the Nuclear Club itself.



WITH Great Britain in the process of changing over to the metric system from the so-called English system of weights and measures, we expect that before long the United States, as the only major non-metric holdout in the West, will have to conform, too. Global science and international enterprise must be served. However, we can't help being concerned about what the changeover will do to the language. As far as we can see, it will force into retirement a number of our hardiest Anglo-Saxon expressions, offering, at best, cold, Latinate comfort in the way of replacement. A few old reliables may just manage to adapt themselves. For instance, "All wool and a metre wide" we might be able to live with, restively, but somehow a miss will never seem as good to us as a kilometre. To describe a short person as a quarter-litre, rather than a half-pint, will perhaps be the kinder thing, but only because the substitute tag falls unevocatively flat. Furthermore, we are willing to bet that "I came within a centimetre of being killed" will not be quite the conversation-stopper that its prototype was. Would Shakespeare ever have had Shylock demand half a kilogram of flesh? And what will poor Peter Piper pick in the future? Then, there are the melancholy prospects of the inchworm. What place for him in God's Little Hectare?

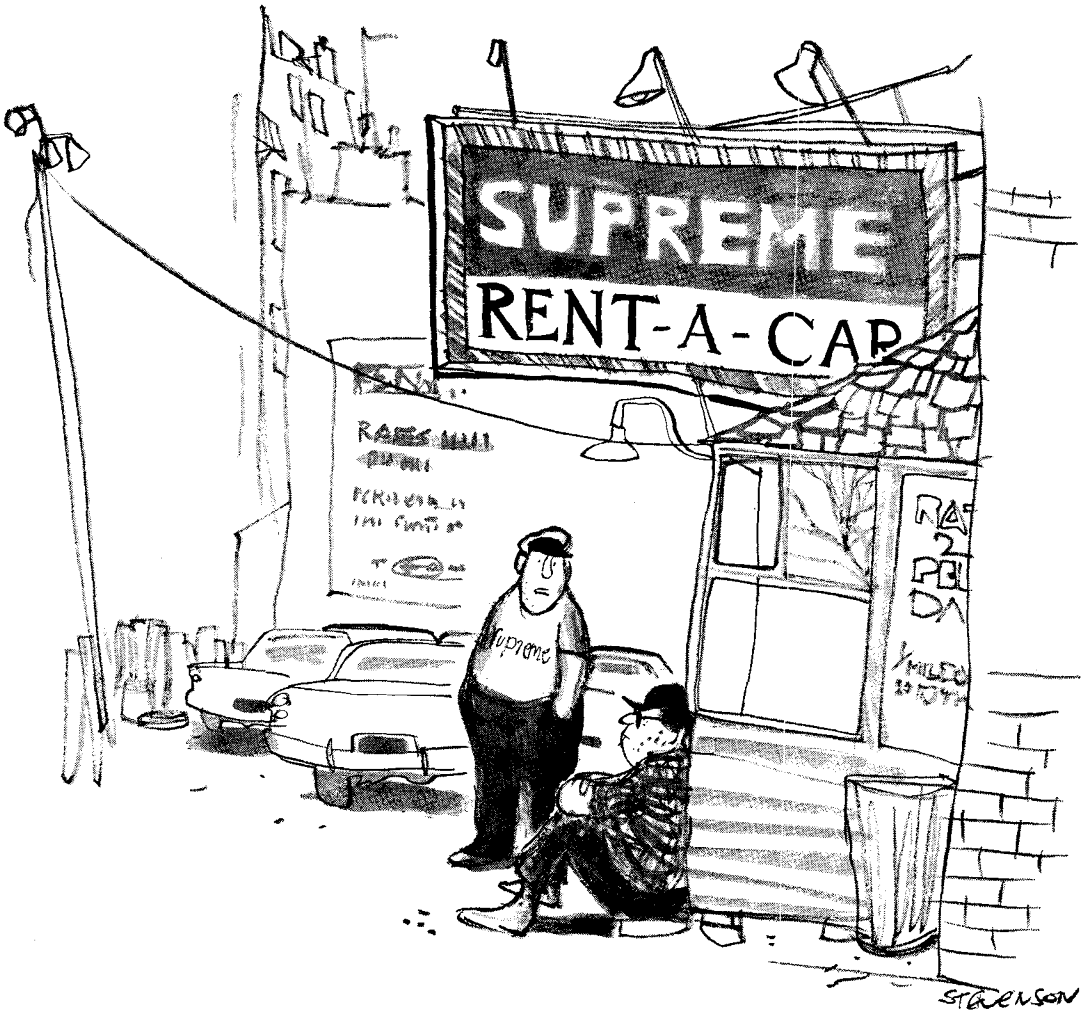
Compatible

THE New York Stock Exchange has recently automated its stock-quotation service to brokerage offices, the purpose of which is to give, by voice, over private telephone wires, the pertinent current statistics on any listed stock that the inquiring broker wants to know about. (One should not confuse the stock-quotation service with the more familiar ticker, which records completed trades by teleprinter on paper tape, rather than by voice.) The voices used to be those of a covey of girls who sat at a switchboard on the fifteenth floor of the Exchange's building, at 11 Wall Street; now the voice in all cases is that of a young I.B.M. engineer named Robert Rew, which is stored in a drum inside a computer on the *third* floor of the building, and we propose to recount a talk we had recently with Mr. Rew and his wife, Lois, about how they turned his voice into that of a computer. We met the Rews, both of whom are tall and handsome, in a room at 11 Wall that contained a phone hooked up to the newly modernized quotation service, and the first thing we did was pick up the phone and dial the numbers of a few stocks—there's a different number for each one—to hear what the mechanized man, or the humanized machine, sounded like. His, or its, vocabulary amounts to a hundred and twenty-six words, nearly all of which are letters, numbers, and fractions, and the voice comes across in a jerky yet methodical way that sounded to us exactly like the voices of robots in movies made when real talking robots were still a dream. That is to say, nature is apparently up to its old trick of imitating art, and computers are being taught to talk as computers ought to talk.



After hanging up on Rew the computer voice, we asked the real Mr. and Mrs. Rew to tell us the story of their project.

"I work for I.B.M. up in Poughkeepsie, and in May, 1961, I was assigned the job of developing these voice recordings for the Stock Exchange,"



"Want to know something, Charlie? They all try harder than we do."

Mr. Rew said, in reassuringly normal cadences. "The basic limitation I faced was the computer's requirement that each word had to fit into a predetermined time slot—about three hundred milliseconds, or three-tenths of a second—except for a few long words like 'convertible,' which could be spread over two time slots. While a short word like 'six' fits easily into a time slot, a longer one, like 'quarter,' doesn't, and has to be artificially compressed. This accounts for the curious hesitation-and-acceleration effect you noticed. I brought Lois into the project at an early stage, because she's a trained phoneticist, which I'm not. For a while, we thought we were going to use her voice, but we ended up using mine."

"Various voices were tried, including one with a Brooklyn accent," Mrs. Rew said. "That doesn't come out particularly well when certain syllables are compressed into a small time slot, so we used Brooklynese only in feasibility studies. A Southern accent simply has most of the Southernness squeezed out of it when it's compressed. Bob and I were both good, because we speak in a Midwestern way—we come from Rockford, Illinois—and a Midwestern accent is both readily compatible with the computer and readily understandable by a person."

"The computer doesn't care about your accent, although its program may be somewhat picky," Mr. Rew put in.

"It was also helpful to have someone with enough understanding of phonetic problems to avoid certain pitfalls," Mrs. Rew said. "For example, many people have a glottal click at the end of words."

We asked what a glottal click is. For an answer, Mrs. Rew stared at us intently for a few seconds, then rolled her eyes toward the ceiling and presently emitted a small gulping sound from the back of her throat. "That was a glottal click," she said. "Many people have one that ordinarily goes unnoticed, but it can be very annoying when recorded on high-fidelity tape."

"We had to record two different versions of each fraction—one for the middle of a sentence and one for the end," Mr. Rew said. "To use a mid-sentence inflection for a fraction at the end would give a quizzical effect. The vowel sounds were the easiest to handle, but sometimes we had to remove part of them after they'd been compressed, to avoid the Mickey Mouse effect."

"In some cases, three-dimensional models of sounds were useful for analysis," said Mrs. Rew. "The model of the word 'six' looks a little bit like the Manhattan skyline."

"From all we hear, the new system is very popular with brokers," Mr. Rew said. "I've thought of calling up my broker in Poughkeepsie and telling him in three-hundred-millisecond bursts that I'm the computer at the Stock Exchange, but so far I haven't got up the nerve."

•

AT your local food market, you can now purchase a Morton Old Kentucky Recipe Neapolitan Cream Pie.

Collection

WE found ourself next to Dr. James J. Heslin, the director of the New-York Historical Society, at an intermuseum dinner at the Museum of Natural History the other night, and after a certain amount of intermuseum badinage with Dr. James A. Oliver, the director of the host repository, at whose table we both were sitting, he remarked that the Society had recently received seventeen thousand manuscripts dated from 1758 and consisting of the account books, ledgers, business and personal letters, and other memorabilia of the Hendricks family, of this city, who founded the first metal concern in America. "They sold copper to Paul Revere and Robert Fulton, among others," Dr. Heslin said. "Copper was mined around Newark, and the Hendrickses processed it in mills in Belleville, just outside the city. We have a number of letters to and from Revere and his son. Amazing collection! One of the few relating to the rise of American industry after the Revolutionary War. It was given to us by Mrs. Henry S. Hendricks and her relatives. They're an old Sephardic family, as you may know, but I don't think any survive in the male line."

The collection, available in the Society's stacks to scholars, is not on public display, but when we expressed an interest in seeing it, Dr. Heslin arranged for an inspection. “I’ll try to get Mrs. Hendricks to join us,” he said. “She offered us the material entirely unsolicited.”

Prior to this appointment, we went over to the Public Library to brush up on the Hendrickses. None are listed in the central file, and none are in the Dictionary of American Biography or its two predecessors, the National Cyclopedia of American Biography and the Appletons’ Cyclopedia of American Biography. The Jewish Encyclopedia carries a full-page Hendricks family tree, but this—astonishingly, and contrary to all encyclopedic precedent—is unaccompanied by individual biographies. Frustrated, we gained Dr. Heslin’s office, where we met Mrs. Hendricks, a bright-eyed, olive-complexioned, Spanish-looking lady in her early seventies, and told her of our wild-goose chase. “The Hendrickses never liked personal publicity,” she said. “They were rather quiet people. The first one here was Uriah, my husband’s great-great-great-grandfather, who came to New York from Holland in 1755 and started a copper store on Cliff Street; it later moved to Mill Street, now South William. I believe that the Jersey mill, which was established in 1812, was the first copper-rolling mill in the country. The business was dissolved in 1936, and the factory was sold to the Jergens Andrew Company, makers of Jergens Lotion. The family papers were sent to my husband, who was a lawyer. We had them restored, and, after his death in 1959—he was the last male Hendricks; we have two daughters—I decided to give them to the Historical Society. Some of my relatives wanted them to go to the American Jewish Historical Society, but I thought they belonged here, in the general community, since we are an old New York family.”

“The only published source on the Hendrickses I’ve run into is Joseph A. Scoville’s ‘The Old Merchants of New York City,’ printed in the eighteen-sixties,” Dr. Heslin said, and he handed us a copy opened to a passage that read:

> A great copper merchant in former years was old Harmon Hendricks.... Mr. Hendricks was a born New Yorker, of the Jewish persuasion—honest, upright, prudent, and a very cautious man. He lived in Greenwich [Street], near Morris Street, for many years—in fact, until he died. That was twenty years ago. He died immensely rich, leaving over three millions of dollars. His real estate was in the Sixth to Seventh avenues, from Twentieth to Twenty-second streets; also out near where Mayor [Fernando] Wood lives, thirty acres on Broadway. Had he lived until now, as he never sold property, he would have been worth twelve millions. His heirs are worth at least seven millions. His sons continue the same business.... The firm is changed from Hendricks & Son to Hendricks Brothers. He had four sons, Uriah, Washington (dead), Henry, and Montague. The three living sons comprise that firm now. Uriah is worth three millions. He was the original partner of his father, and is rich in his purse and rich in his family, having eighteen living children, and the finest and handsomest set in the country.... Mr. [Harmon] Hendricks left several daughters. One married Mr. [Aaron] Gomez (recently dead). One married Benjamin Nathan, a broker in Wall Street.... With all the revulsions in trade, the credit of the house for half a century has never been questioned, either in this country or in Europe, and to-day in Wall Street, their obligations would sell quite as readily as government securities bearing the same rates of interest. No man stood higher in this community while he lived, and no man left a memory more revered than Harmon Hendricks.

We asked Mrs. H. to comment on this passage, with which she was familiar, and she said that old Harmon, the first of a flock of Harmons, was a son of the founding Uriah and an early subscriber to the Tontine Coffee-House; that the Broadway property, in the Seventies, was sold long ago, when it was still in the country, to the Astors; that the three-million-dollar, multiple-progeny Uriah was her husband’s great-grandfather; and that Benjamin Nathan was the victim, in 1870, of a famous unsolved murder and was a great-uncle of *hers*. She is, we learned, a sister of the late Judge Edgar J. Nathan, Jr., a former president of the Borough of Manhattan, and, going back, she is a Solis, a Gomez, and a Seixas—Sephardim one and all. Robert Nathan, the writer, is a distant cousin, and so were Justice Benjamin Cardozo and Emma Lazarus. “I wish we had all that real estate today,” our bewilderingly connected informant said, and departed.

We followed Dr. Heslin to an adjoining room, where several bulky account books and twenty-two boxes of Hendricks papers, their material arranged chronologically, were spread out on a couple of tables. He showed us the first Uriah’s 1758-59 letter-copy book—a hundred and twenty letters, many written in the Spanish cursive script, and three invoices—and said, “Uriah supplied the Colonies in the French and Indian Wars. He was a Tory during the Revolution, but this didn’t interfere with his firm’s doing business with Paul Revere later on.” He opened a box containing fifty-two pieces of Hendricks-Revere correspondence, a number of them in the senior Revere’s handwriting, and said that one of them indicated that the first Harmon had supplied

“I carve in this house!”

copper from which Revere manufactured the sheathing and bolts for the Constitution, launched in 1797. We riffled through these, through some bills made out to Robert Fulton (Dr. H. said that Harmon *may* have supplied copper for the Clermont), through scores of letters reflecting other copper sales and real-estate transactions, and through notices from the New York Yacht, Larchmont Yacht, and Union Clubs, and, in an early box, picked up the Composition Book of Rosalie Hendricks (the great-grandaunt of Mrs. Hendricks' husband), written in September, 1834. "Education is one of the most important subjects to which our attention can be directed," it ran, in part. "It is to education alone that we are indebted for the formation of our minds, the improvement of our understandings, and the developing of our faculties. . . . It is education which elevates our mind towards that Great Being from whence every good flows."

•

NOTICE crayoned on the counter of an uptown paint store:

> We will absolutely not sell any paint or wallpaper to a husband choosing it without his wife unless he brings a note from her that it is O.K.

Boy of Bermondsey

TOMMY STEELE, the sunny, exuberant twenty-eight-year-old star of the musical "Half a Sixpence," appears to have leaped intact from the pages of a Cockney Horatio Alger novel we'll call "Boy of Bermondsey, or, A Plucky Lad Rises to the Top." Flip, if you will, through the opening chapters: "Little Tommy—a Child of the Dockside Slums;" "Goodbye, Bermondsey! Hello, World!" (Tommy goes to sea at fifteen); "Four Years Before the Mast;" "Home Again!" (Tommy returns to London carrying a second-hand guitar); "Straight to the Top" (Tommy becomes, almost instantly, England's No. 1 rock-'n'-roll singer, teen-age idol, movie hero, and TV star); and then "Peak of Fame," the thrilling chapter in which Tommy turns his back on success, renounces the raucous world of r.-'n'-r., and transmutes himself into a legitimate performer, a member of the Old Vic, and, at twenty-eight, a star on Broadway. The whole thing is, of course, true, and Steele—a slight, spontaneous, extraordinarily cheerful young man—seems to have survived in the highest spirits, unspoiled, full of smiles, and with a *Weltanschauung* rosy enough to dazzle Norman Vincent Peale.

We met Tommy Steele on Fifth Avenue near Fifty-ninth Street one recent balmy afternoon—he was dressed in tan slacks and an effulgent yellow sweater—and he immediately suggested a walk through the Central Park Zoo. He had been there at least a dozen times in the last two months, he said, but he seemed elated at the prospect of another visit, so we hurried along down the shadowy sidewalk, past the crowded benches, to the lion house. "I was in love with the three baby tigers in here," Steele said, "but they're growing up, and now I've fallen in love with the baby lion." As we went inside, Steele said, "Ah! It's in the cage with one of the young tigers!" He leaned close to the bars. "Look at that little face," he said quietly, and then to the cub he said, "Hello, little one." He watched for a while, and said, "He's not quite sure how to walk yet."

There was a roar from a cage on the other side, and the visitors in the lion house gathered to see what was happening. Steele asked one of the guards, "Is he roaring because the door to his cage is shut?"

"No," said the guard. "He sees someone with a camera, and he thinks it's a screen test."

A grown tiger was sleeping in an adjacent cage. Steele said, "Turning in, mate? Call you with a cup o' tea in the morning?" The tiger had a scar on its face. "He's been in a fight," said Steele. "*She* probably did it," he added, indicating a tigress in the next cage. "That's what happens when you don't bring home the bacon." He addressed the tigress: "And look at the coat he bought you."

A woman approached Steele and asked him if he would like to hear her little boy sing "Half a Sixpence." Steele expressed polite interest, but the little boy ran away. "Harry!" screamed the woman. "Har-ry!" She went in search of Harry, and we started toward the outdoor café.

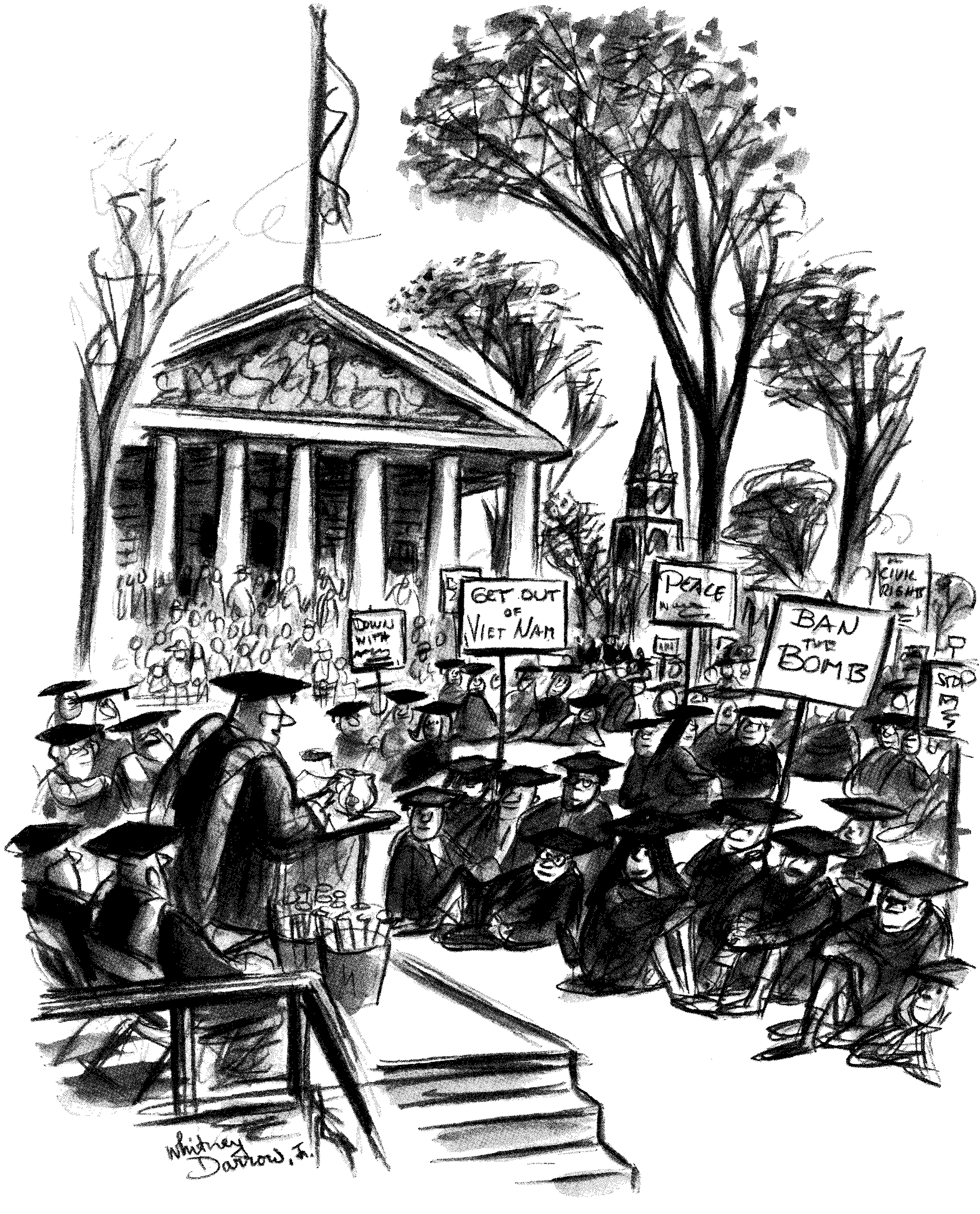
"This side always reminds me of First Class," said Steele, indicating the sunny terrace, with its umbrella-shaded round tables, "and that side"—indicating the rear area, with its large, unshaded picnic-type tables—"reminds me of steerage."

We settled into First Class for some iced coffee. "I couldn't go anywhere like this in the old days," Steele said, referring to his teen-age-idol period in England, when he was beset by crowds of adolescents, many of them wearing Tommy Steele belts, Tommy Steele sweaters, Tommy Steele shoes, and so forth. "One just wouldn't go to the zoo or a fair. About the only time I got out was when I had ten men around me and we'd go out and play football—what you call soccer here. Or the other way was to get yourself a good car with no top on it, and drive. We went the luxurious way, which was nowhere near as happy as the cheap way—like a ride on a bus." He paused. "There's different kinds of stopping on the street," he said. "There's polite stopping—like that lady back there with Harry. Then there's frightening stopping. A lot of the time, it was frightening. And when you sang, you didn't get the feeling of being listened to. They all just screamed from the moment the curtain went up. I must admit there was one song I used to sing that I didn't know the words to. No one could tell. I remember one time in Brussels, I stood on the stage, and there were twelve uniformed policemen standing beside me as I sang. They had truncheons, and as the people came screaming up on the stage toward me—Bop! Just like that. Bop!"

Steele sipped some coffee, and continued, "It's a very short life. I quit because I wanted to learn my trade, to be accepted by the profession. The record companies weren't too pleased, but my manager and the others close to me stayed through." He smiled. "You could say the entourage is intact." The entourage, in England, numbers sixteen, according to Steele, including accountants, solicitors, and press agents. "They all wanted to come over here for the opening of 'Half a Sixpence,' " he said. "Can you imagine?"

We asked Steele about life aboard ship in the old days.

"I loved it," he said. "Loved it all. There were a lot of things . . ." He thought for a moment. "There was the excitement and sadness of going to a movie the night before you sail, and



they put up the 'Coming Attractions' for the next week, and you know that no matter what happens you're not going to see it. There was the excitement of being in bed aboard ship when you're near icebergs, and you hear them close the watertight doors. And then there was going home. I got a kick knowing that in a few days we were going to get 'the Channels.' That's a feeling you get as you approach the English Channel, and the whole ship lies awake—no one can sleep—and you know that in a few hours you'll be home."

Steele looked out over the crowd of people near the seal pool. "When I was sixteen, I was a cabin boy on the Queen of Bermuda, going from here to Bermuda and back. When I got to New York, I'd always go right to Broadway and into the Paramount, to see the movie and the stage show. They had people like Guy Mitchell, Archie Bleyer, and Julius La Rosa. Then I'd go back to the ship. I never had any friends here." He paused. "You'd have friends on the ship, of course, and

"Huntington Hartford likes his paintings."

• •

among the passengers. But it's not the same when you see passengers ashore. You're not the servant anymore. They look different; you look different. You sort of dislike each other. In Bermuda, I used to go to a place called the Brass Rail, and I'd order ham and eggs, and play the same record on the jukebox all day—'Swedish Rhapsody,' by Percy Faith. I'd sit there with a dollar in my pocket and a bill for ninety-eight cents, and wonder how I was going to tip the waiter." Steele brightened suddenly. "You know, I went back to the Paramount two weeks ago. They had a stage show with country Western music. Oh, it was fantastic!" He grinned. "I sat there so pleased. It was country Western music that made me want to learn to play the guitar. In 1954, I first heard a record by Hank Williams. I loved it, loved it. So much tears, so much sadness. I'm not a sad person, but I guess I liked it the way every kid reads an adventure story to find out about adventure—I mean, the song tells you what sadness will be like when it comes, which inevitably it does, to everybody. I bought all Hank Williams' records, and then a man called Cookie aboard the Queen sold me an old six-string guitar for thirty shillings. I'd listen to the records and copy the sound, and that's how I learned. My fingers were bloody every night. I went all over the world on various ships. Once, I went to New Zealand on the Rangitane because someone told me the Maoris had a certain rhythm, and I wanted to hear it. Well, it turned out that a laundryman aboard the Rangitane knew the Maori music, and by the time we got there he'd taught it to me. My last job was as a gym instructor on the Mauretania—I did some singing for ship shows—and then I went to sing in the coffee bars in London."

We asked Steele what he planned to do after "Half a Sixpence."

"I'll go back to England," he said. "Olivier asked me to join the National Theatre a year ago, but I couldn't do it, because of 'Sixpence.' I very much want to do it. I'd just like to be around. I played in the Old Vic production of 'She Stoops to Conquer.' I don't know just what I'd do. Carry a spear—whatever they want."

It was time for Steele to go to the Broadhurst to warm up for the evening performance. We left the terrace and crossed the zoo slowly. "For an hour or so before the show, there's a sort of a happiness feeling mixed with trepidation," he said. "I still get a certain amount of fear. You wonder if you can keep it up for two and a half hours—can you keep up the pace? I miss football, you know. That's what I love. I wanted to be a professional, all my life. In England, I played for the show-business team, and I reviewed the First Division games on Saturday for the B.B.C." His pace quickened. "I'd see the game at two-thirty and broadcast my review at five, then run to the theatre for my matinée at five-forty, and then do the evening performance at nine. The next day, Sunday, I'd play on the show-business team. I wish I could play on a team here. I do miss football." Then he brightened. "Oh, a wonderful thing happened!" he said. "The manager of Notts Forest—that's Nottingham, a First Division team—called me today and said, 'We've landed in New York and we're playing on Sunday against the Germans at Randalls Island, and we want you to sit on the side and watch the game.' That's what he said!"

"And what did you say?" we asked.

Steele's face split into a very large grin. " 'I'll be there!' "

•

GRAFFITO observed on a wall of the Seventy-seventh Street station of the Lexington Avenue I.R.T.:

CHICKEN LITTLE WAS RIGHT

THE ADULT HOLIDAY

THAT day there was a holiday for the college where he taught, but none for the schools, she was alone all day with her husband and he was angry with her. She had really never seen him so angry. A flush of rage had come over him soon after breakfast, and going into his office, just off the kitchen, she ran straight into it at the door, like a fiery wall, though his back was turned, his long hand sorting through some letters. "Oh," she thought, and "Oh," and "Oh," and "Oh . . . ," even her thought fading, dissolving out to nothing, and then he turned and let her have it—a white lash of words during which she could only stand, try to catch her breath, try not to turn away, try to last it out, try in the end simply to survive.

Then it was over. It was the kind of thing she had never before experienced, something there was no apologizing for. If she had gone straight upstairs and packed a suitcase to go and get a job someplace, or to go back to her family and call a lawyer for a divorce, there was nothing he could have said to stop her, except possibly "I must be insane, and will go to a psychiatrist immediately." And he was not going to do that at all.

She clung about the house in corners all morning long, and finally fell to dusting the pictures. It had rained in the night, and the big maple on the back lawn stood pale green, enlarging itself in the new season. What did I do to start it, she wondered, as though by thinking of it in a small way, as just like any other quarrel, she might reduce it to being small. Had it been something about his mother? She knew that men were supposed to have deeply hidden sensibilities about their mothers. But all she had said at breakfast was something mild about that lady's handwriting's getting worse—a fact they had often remarked upon before. Besides, he had always seemed more deeply aware of things about his father. Had she so much as alluded to his father? She did not think so. Had some chance association brought his father up? Had that arrogant face, ten years gone, intruded above her shoulder at breakfast to let her husband's vision cut through for once upon her, come straight into clear focus on the terrible creature that, for all she knew, she might really be? And had he not been able to bear that?

She didn't know . . . she didn't know. She turned herself all the way into a maid, and got out the silver to polish it. She did not wear her gloves and thought that now her hands would be splotched, which he didn't like, but as he had let no stone of herself remain upon another in the general destruction, she felt that lamenting her hands would be like mourning the death of a kitten after the funeral of a child. She turned out a closet and straightened it, taking care to make no noise at all. She could not compose a grocery list, though she tried, and once she peeked down through a crack in the floor abovestairs and saw him eating lunch—he managed well enough alone. She fell to admiring how calmly he could assemble and digest everything. He had not forgotten the butter, nor the two kinds of bread—one for the salad, one for the meat and cheese—nor his favorite pepper mill. She lay hugged to the floor, thinking she would never eat again, but nonetheless admiring him, as a girl in the scullery might admire the lord of the castle. If she stayed on here, she would eventually have to speak to him; a word would have to crack through the voluminous stillness he had created in both their lives. She wondered what it would be. Eeny, meeny, miney, mo: "Did you mail the check for the gas?" "Let's go to the movies tonight." "My dearest wish was only that . . ."

But still she did not cross his path; she did not even cry until their little girl (the youngest, hence the earliest) came home from school and showed her the cutouts. Then her tears rolled down like rain.

"Why are you crying, Mother?"

"Well, I used to have cutouts at school, too," she said, sobbing.

The cutouts—witches, gingerbread men, clowns, and princesses—got smeared and wet in this torrent, which the child did not like, but grew cautious about. She went in to her father, having gathered up the stack of them. "Mother's crying," she said. "Do you know why?"

"She feels sad because it's my forty-fifth birthday," he said.

"But your birthday is not till tomorrow," said the child.

"I know that," he said, "but she was thinking of it."

There was a long silence. Soon she would have to come alive, to walk on her two numb legs back into his presence and thus concede that the thing had happened indeed and that she could and would go on living there, that dinner would somehow appear for them as usual. She heard the child and her husband building a fire.

"Listen, Daddy," said the child, "how do you feel about getting so old?"

"I don't like it," he said. "I thought that's why they were giving us the holiday, but of course it wasn't."

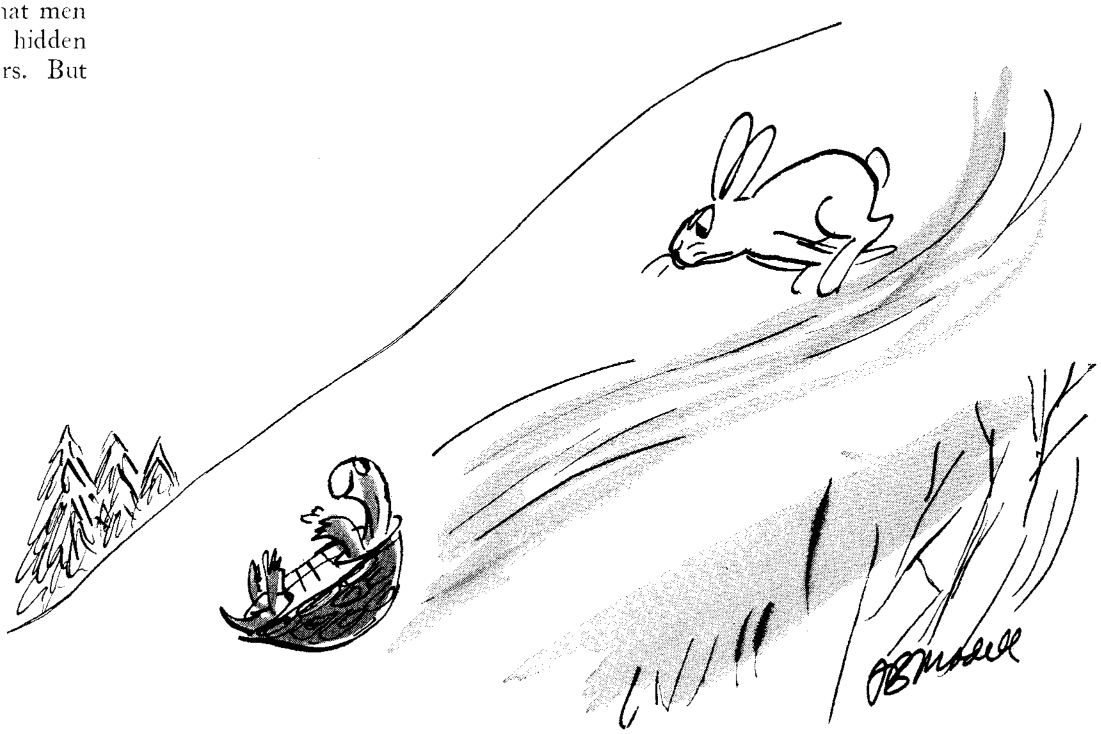
"The holiday is for Founder's Day."

"That's right, but I didn't go to the ceremony."

"Why didn't you?"

"Because I don't like being forty-five."

The child was silent, thinking all this over. He had a nice way with children—just whimsical enough without exactly trying to fool them; he let



them know they were being made to think instead of being made fun of. He was also good at making a child aware of the joins and turns of an adult conversation.

"Does Mother really care *that* much if you're forty-five?" asked the child, and, listening, the mother could all but see just how the child looked when she said that—the downward look of thinking, the crinkle of the brow when she turned up her face. Those sobs had been incongruous with both the reasons given for them; the child would have felt that clearly all along.

He had not answered, but she knew by the crackle and smell of woodsmoke that he had lighted the fire. "Anyway," said the child, to whom the problem still was a dense one, "she's just about thirty-seven herself."

"She should have gone away soon after I met her," he said, in his light, persistent way. "Then I wouldn't be here now."

"But where would you be?"

"Somewhere. Not here."

"Where would it be?" cried the child, gathering a sort of anxious interest, as if he had drawn her into a game.

"Wherever it is, it's not where you are the day before your forty-fifth birthday," he said. "It never is."

"Then where is it, Daddy?"

"If I knew, I'd go there."

"Would you take me?"

"Why should I take you? Of course not." He paused. "To be there I would have had to start going there the day your mother should have gone away."

Caught in a tangle of syntax almost like an enchantment, the child laughed uneasily and tried to repeat: "To be there you . . . What now?"

"Try it," he said.

In the silence of the study, not called for by either of them, she remembered the very day he meant, a quite different spring from this one. He had come down to the office where she worked and waited in the gritty hallway outside for her to finish, had followed her all the way home, talking eagerly about his work, and she knew that he was in love with her, this studious, brilliant, earnest young man who (they said) had the world before him. All the things other people said faded, not mattering, and the two of them, walking together, passed every which way through a world of streams, muddy paths, and flowers, through shortcuts that lengthened the way endlessly before them.

It was the deliberate association of that day with this that crushed in upon her, listening, and so all but made up, she felt, the final sum of her life. She put aside the sewing basket—she must have done a month's mending, very skillfully and accurately, in spite of the fact that her glasses were smeared with drying tears and she couldn't see anything. The child was attempting, as with a riddle, to get the syntax right, repeating "For you to be there now you would have had . . . Wait. For you to be there now you would have had to start going there the day . . . Let me start over. For you to be there now . . ."

In another minute, she thought, the child would not only get it right but understand it, and then they all could vanish. She replaced her cleaned glasses and came to the living-room door—a journey into the void. "I didn't leave that day because I didn't want to leave."

He at once said, trembling, "Darling, you didn't leave because I didn't want you to."

The child, greedy for happiness, looked up and smiled at them. Strung between them on a mended web of what they said, she abandoned the puzzle of her father's words forever.

—Elizabeth Spencer

A GAME OF CHESS

ON a mild evening in June, when the light in the sky, the softness of the air, the damp odors rising from the ground, and the roses everywhere all seemed to support the fiction that there is a natural harmony running through all natural things, Hugh and Laura Cahill came in from the country to have dinner with his older brother and sister-in-law, from Chicago. The train was crowded, and they had to sit across the aisle from each other. Hugh sat facing a little girl of two, who was dressed in white—starched white dress, white shoes and stockings, and a white piqué bonnet to show off her dark skin and immense dark Neapolitan eyes. She was restless. She bounced and jounced, she hung from her mother's neck, she got up and she got down, she flirted with the conductor, and from time to time, in spite of her mother's conscientious efforts to avoid this, the soles of her white kid shoes brushed against Hugh's light gabardine trousers. The smiles of apology that her mother and grandmother directed at him also asked him to tell them truthfully if there was ever since the beginning of time a more marvelously beautiful child. As the train plunged into the tunnel at Ninety-eighth Street, he leaned across the aisle and said, "I can hear Ellen saying to Amos, 'If we don't call them, they may find out we were in New York and be hurt.' "

"Would you have been hurt?" Laura asked.

He shook his head. "I'm not looking forward to the evening. Probably Ellen also had misgivings when she called us, but in the Middle West blood is thicker than water."

"Your trousers," Laura said.

"I know." He glanced down at the smudges. Ordinarily he wouldn't have cared, but it was the kind of thing Amos noticed, and Amos would much rather believe that Hugh had turned up at the Waldorf-Astoria with spots on his clothes than the truth, which was that his suit had just come back from the cleaner's. Aware that he would be made to feel the impassable gulf that exists between art and the automobile business, he had deliberately tried to avoid looking like a painter—or rather, like the popular conception of a painter. He was wearing a sober foulard tie, with a white shirt. His shoes were shined. He had just had a haircut. But of course he had overlooked something: his gray felt hat had seen better days.

Sitting in front of a mirror in the ladies' room of the Biltmore, Laura Cahill pinned the gardenia among the dark-brown curls on top of her head, was dissatisfied with the effect, took the bobby pin out and tried again, sighed over the impossibility of doing anything with her hair—which had no body to it—and would have walked off and left the gardenia on the dressing table except that Hugh had given it to her and wanted her to wear it. They had been married a little over two years, and she was considerably younger than he, and even less confident, but whereas his face announced with an almost comic facility any uncertainty or self-doubt, any unmanageable feeling, she was perfectly able to keep her feelings to herself. She had never met Amos and Ellen.

When she rejoined Hugh, it was six-forty-five. He gave up looking for a vacant taxi and they took the Madison Avenue bus as far as Fiftieth Street, walked east to the Waldorf, went through the lobby, and found the house phones.

"He says to tell you he's shaving for Laura, not you," Ellen Cahill said cheerfully. "You know your brother."

"How are you?" Hugh asked.

"Fine. The Murphys are with us. They came along to keep us company."

"Yes?"

"We'll be down in a minute."

Rather than wait for what (since he did know his brother) was going to be more than a minute, he took Laura's arm and guided her into the tropical cocktail lounge. Sitting at a little table in this almost empty room, with their drinks in front of them, they killed a quarter of an hour.

"You'll like the Murphys," Hugh said. "Pete's a doctor, and very easy-going and unworried and kind. He and Amos are inseparable. And I think you'll like his wife. She's thin and melancholy and intelligent. I liked her the best of any of their friends in Winnetka. I stopped in to see them once, on a Sunday morning, and Pete was out playing golf, and they'd had a party the night before, and she was dead tired and very funny. She kept finding pieces of spaghetti behind the sofa cushions and everywhere."

"Will Barbara be with them?" Laura asked.

"Probably. Unless she's tied up with commencement," he said, feeling a twinge of guilt. His niece had been here, in a convent school, since last fall, and they hadn't done anything about her. He worked at home, and the house was small, and company of any kind was a serious interruption. It affected his work. Ideas got away from him. Canvases that had started out well went bad or were only partly good. But they should have had her for a meal, or something. It was inexcusable. Tilting his glass this way and that, observing how the ice cubes remained serenely horizontal floating in Scotch and water, he said thoughtfully, "I love Amos, but I can't bear him. . . . Don't mind anything he says to you."

"I won't," Laura said.

"This time it's going to be different." He emptied his glass and picked up the check. "I have you. Always before, I've been outnumbered."

He didn't say, and was hardly aware that he thought, that it would *have* to be different, because whatever happened between Amos and him would take place in front of Laura.

They started through the lobby once more and discovered that, at the far end of a brown marble vista, they were being watched; they were the subject of a benign amusement. Even if Hugh hadn't stiffened, Laura would have known by the marked family resemblance that they were face to face with his older brother. Amos was broader in the shoulders, heavier, and older looking, chiefly because he had less hair. His left arm, ending in a gloved hand, hung motionless at his side. He had lost his arm as the result of an accident with a shotgun; Amos and another boy were shooting at crows, and the gun (which they had been forbidden to touch) went off unexpectedly in the other boy's hands. The large woman with ash-blond hair and a black hat with pink roses on it—nothing to fear, nothing unfriendly in that direction.

Amos's greeting, "Well, kid, it certainly is nice to see you," Hugh countered with a smile and an expression that was both alert and wary. *You're not going to fool me again?* he asked, with his eyes. *No monkey business, like the last time we met?* . . . Amos turned, his glance quickly took Laura in, and when his eyes met Hugh's again, he, too, was smiling. Amos approved. Amos had better approve, Hugh said to himself grimly.

An elevator took them all back upstairs to the fourteenth floor. They found the Murphys' room and knocked, and Pete came out carrying a bottle of whiskey. His hair was now partly gray, Hugh noticed, his face fuller than it had been thirty years ago when he wheeled his bicycle up the front walk and inquired, "Where's that Amos?" Aileen Murphy was still dressing, and so, instead of going in, they separated, the men taking the fire stairs, the two women the elevator, down to the thirteenth floor, to Barbara's room, which was much larger than her mother and father's and had a balcony and a view north over the city.

There was a profane squabble between Amos and Pete over whose liquor they were going to use, and Pete informed Amos that there was a men's bar in the hotel, very nice, where they put the whiskey bottle on the bar beside you.

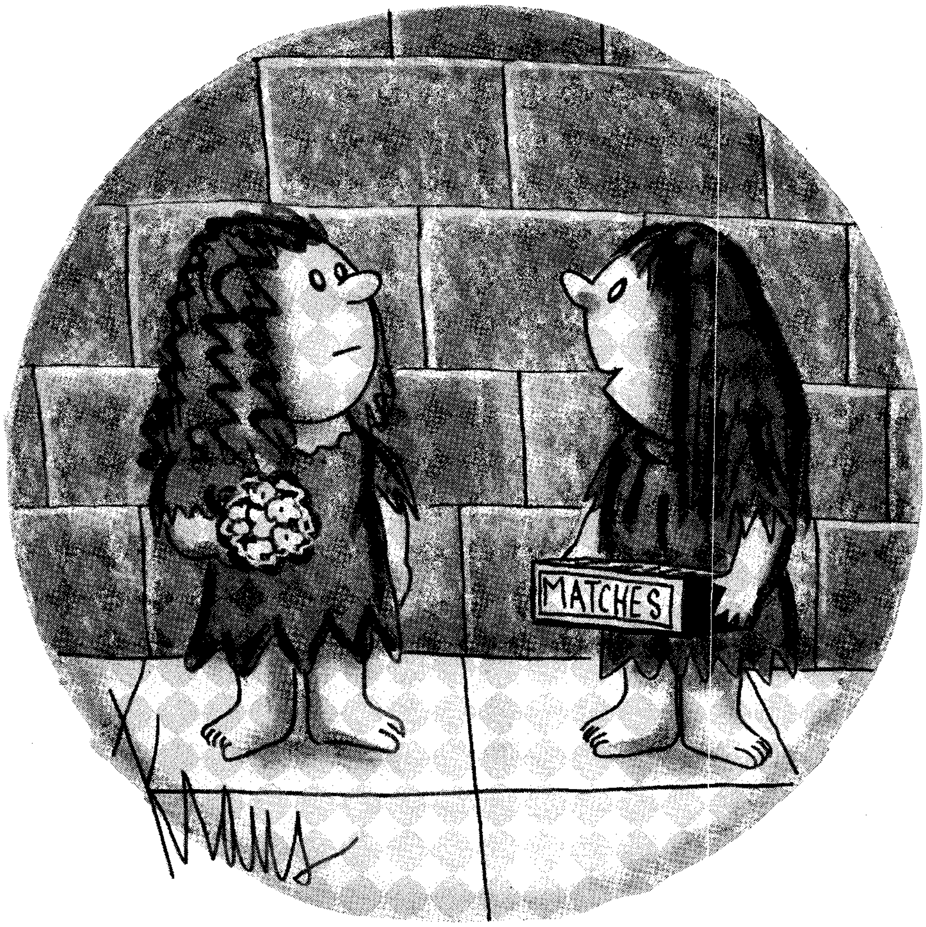
"I've found it," Amos said.

Aileen Murphy came in and was introduced to Laura. Amos, offering Hugh a drink, said, "Hugh, do you count?" in the same stern tone of voice he had used long ago, checking up on whether Hugh had known enough to kiss the girl he took to the high-school fraternity dance when he said good night to her. He hadn't, but he did the next time, and she said, "Why did you do that?" and after that they didn't see each other except when they passed in the school corridors.

He stared at Amos now and said, "What do you mean?"

"One is not enough, two is plenty, three is you're drunk, and four there's no reason not to keep on going," Amos said, and burst out laughing.

Why make up jokes of your own was Amos's basic social principle, the idea that had always carried him along safely anywhere, in any company that he had ever wanted to find himself. Why avoid making the remarks that other people make, when the remarks are all there, ready to be used, and it's the surest way to make everybody like you? At thirteen, out of slavish admiration, Hugh had done his best to imitate Amos's jokes, his laugh, and never managed this successfully. On a raw November day, in the college stadium, he had humiliated Amos by cheering when there was nothing to cheer at. He saw Amos putting this new joke into his suitcase when he packed to come East.



"Sales dipped a bit in the first quarter, but now they're back to normal."

They had a conversation about their younger brother, who had just finished college, after a period in the Army. "Rick never tells me anything," Hugh said. "Does he tell you?"

Amos shook his head solemnly. "No, Hugh, he doesn't."

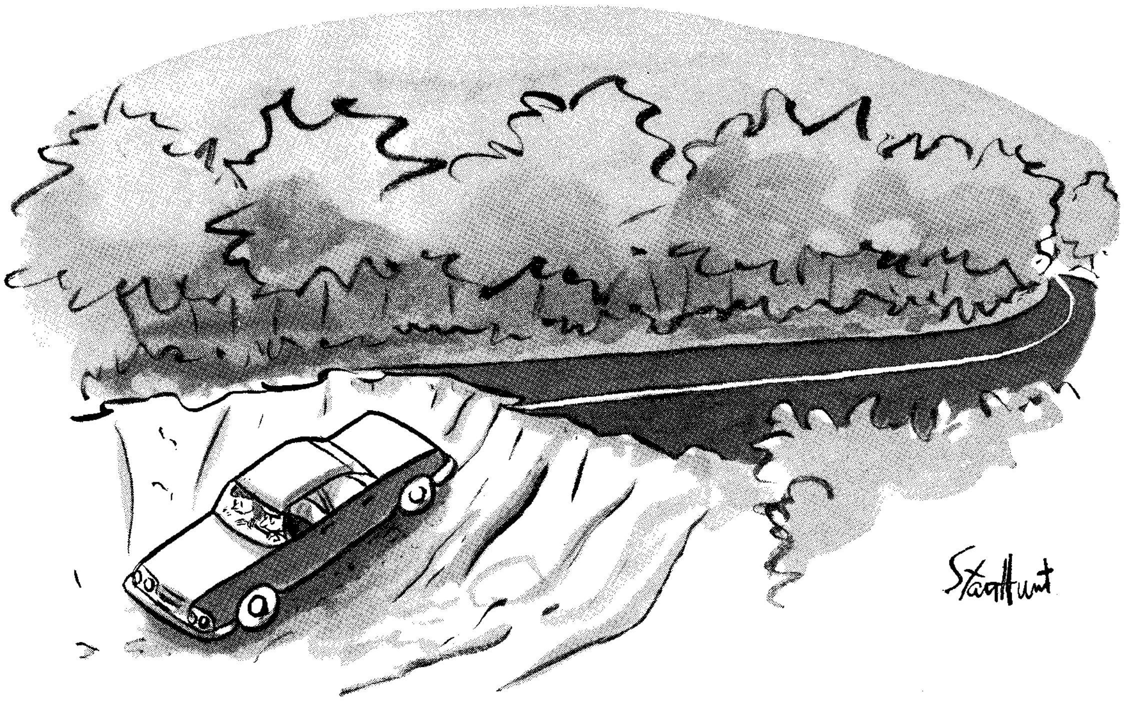
When they couldn't get together on their own grounds, they could reach each other momentarily by talking about their younger brother.

"He's too anxious to prove that he's capable," Amos said, "and instead of asking for advice, he rushes in and announces how everything is going to be, and then it's too late to do anything. But he'll learn. I took him horseback riding and I told him off, right down the line, all the things that are wrong with him. He took it and went straight to work on them."

There was a knock on the door and Pete Murphy's brother Louis came in, with his wife. He and Pete met in the center of the room, after not seeing each other for two years. They shook hands, smiled, and turned away, leaving unfinished business (if there was any unfinished business between them) to be settled at some other time. With a fresh drink in his hand, Hugh looked around the room and saw that there were no empty chairs. Laura had settled herself on one of the twin beds, with her back against the headboard, and was talking to Barbara, who, nearly Laura's age, was stretched out, leaning on her elbow, on the other bed, and telling her about her experiences as a practice teacher in a Puerto Rican neighborhood. "A friend of mine was teaching in the same school," she said, "and she got a letter from a little boy. 'Dear Teacher,' it said. 'You are very pretty, your friend is very pretty. I love you but you do not love me. I do not like Miss Worthing.' " Hugh sat down on the foot of Laura's bed, and then, aware that his back was turned to her and that the evening would probably seem interminable to her, among all these people she wasn't related to and didn't know, he reached behind him and took her high-heeled shoe in his hand.

THEY left the room finally, all nine of them. The Murphys went on up in the elevator to the Starlight Roof while Hugh was leaving his hat with the woman at the desk on the thirteenth floor. Amos, who had had four drinks, said, "Where did you get that hat? I'll give you five bucks so you can go and get yourself a good felt hat."

"That's a fine hat," Hugh said, his voice rising a little too sharp for ban-



"Well, the sign did say 'Road Officially Closed.'"

ter—an effect that Amos never tired of producing. "It came from Tripler's. What more do you want?"

Amos was not impressed with Tripler's. His comment on Hugh's growing baldness, the circle on the crown of his head where the white scalp showed through his dark hair, Hugh was expecting. It was customary, both with Amos and with his father. He said, "I've got lots more hair than you had in 1960."

This counterattack Amos did not bother to understand, let alone guard against. It was too complicated to do any harm. It involved the recognition of the immutable difference between being six years old and being eleven, between being ten and being fifteen, between fourteen and nineteen, between thirty-eight and just arriving and forty-three arrived. Fairness compelled Hugh to compare not the present states of their respective baldnesses but his hair now with Amos's hair four years ago in Chicago. Fairness was a quality that Amos seemed to recognize and in general abide by, but somebody or something way back somewhere in the past had excused him from ever having to be fair with Hugh. As far as Hugh could make out, for Amos to be fair toward him would have been to say, *All right, I give up. I don't understand you and never will. If all you want is for me to treat you decently, I can easily enough. I can stop taking any interest in you—and will, from now on.*

Amos glanced at the light over the elevator doors, and then said to Laura, "Dad did the worst thing anybody can do."

Hugh waited for him to finish. Being older, Amos knew things—family history, old stories, old scandals—that he didn't. You never knew when something of this kind would burst out of him.

"He put water on his hair," Amos said. "And he still has some hair at seventy. I didn't used to have a stomach. I've put on twenty pounds since I stopped smoking. Hugh carries his weight well." And then Laura, whose brothers let each other alone, saw with astonishment that Amos was feeling Hugh's upper arm, the muscles of which Hugh obediently flexed. "Not bad," Amos said, and made Hugh feel how much bigger his own biceps were.

As they stepped into the elevator, Amos's attack shifted. "I was afraid you were going to marry a Jew," he said.

This was the fuse that had set off the fireworks the last time they saw each other, four years ago in Chicago. The argument, though bitter, got nowhere. Hugh grew red in the face, and then very pale. Amos dodged easily and expertly from one form of bigotry to the next, and brushed logic aside, cheerfully refusing to identify himself with anyone not in his rather pleasant economic circumstances.

"If he had," he said now, to Laura, "I'd never have had anything more to do with him."

Since childhood, Hugh reflected, looking at the floor of the ascending elevator, Amos had been threatening, continually threatening, to disown him.

SEATED at a big round table under the blue artificial stars, Barbara Cahill asked her New York (and therefore cosmopolitan, worldly) uncle to translate the French words on the menu.

"'*Escargots*' is snails," he said.

"Oh, I know I wouldn't like snails!" she exclaimed.

As she grew older, she would look like her mother, Hugh thought. She was sweet and young and unspoiled, and beyond that he had no idea what she was like. In the last ten years he hadn't stayed long enough in Illinois to find out.

"You ought to try them. They're very good. They're cooked in white wine and parsley," he said, and was aware of an unreasonable surprise as he heard Amos and Laura, side by side across the table, both order roast beef well done. At home it had always been rare, and he had assumed that Amos would go on to the end of his life ordering roast beef and steak rare, as he himself did. "I'll have eels," he said, daring Amos to appropriate that, as he had so many other things that didn't belong to him. Amos ordered a salad and then said, "I don't know about the rest of you but I'm ready for another drink."

During the long wait, Hugh talked first to Barbara and then, while she was telling Laura about going to Mass at St. Patrick's with her mother, he turned to Louis Murphy's wife, who was on his left. Louis had held her chair out for her as she sat down, and a certain protective concern in his manner Hugh had caught. It was none of his business, but now, having had three drinks—one in the cocktail lounge and two very much stronger ones upstairs—and being slightly drunk (otherwise he would never have ordered eels), he leaned toward her and said, "Your husband is still in love with you."

"Why shouldn't he be?" she said, smiling. "You don't remember me, but I remember you."

"Did you grow up in Winnetka?"

"I was Ruth Hayes," she said, nodding.

"You know how it is when you're

growing up," he said. "Somebody four years older is in another world." He hesitated, wondering if he had been impolite—if he should have said "one or two years older."

"I know," she said. "Louis was in love with various girls while I watched him from afar."

"Did you really?" he asked, in all seriousness.

"No." She smiled again at him, this time as if she were talking to a child. "I was in love with Bruce Coddington." Then, extricating them both from the past: "I saw one of your pictures at the Whitney Museum."

Hugh nodded. He was trying to follow the conversation between Amos and Laura, across the table. He heard Amos say, "You must come out to Chicago. We've got a housing project with niggers and white people living together."

This remark, intended to beat Laura out of the bushes and perhaps test the timbre of her rising voice, she allowed to pass unchallenged. She was there to defend Hugh, not to argue.

A moment later, Hugh heard Amos say, "You must see that Hugh makes a lot of money."

"I'd rather he painted better and made less," Laura said.

"You don't know what you're talking about," Amos told her indignantly. "Wait till you have children and the doctors' bills start coming in. If I hadn't had Pete for a friend, I'd have been ruined."

Louis Murphy's wife was searching through her purse for a blank piece of paper. In the end she gave Hugh a credit slip from Lord & Taylor, so that he could write down for her the name and address of the gallery that handled his paintings. Ellen supplied him with a pencil, from her beaded evening purse.

"Deborah's more like you every day," she said, speaking of her youngest daughter. "She's even pigeon-toed—which is all right in a boy," she added hastily, lest this remark cause offense. "She even walks like you. I sometimes say to Amos, 'There goes Hughie across the lawn.' "

"Debbie's always the leader," Barbara said admiringly.

"She's in sixth grade," Ellen Cahill said, "believe it or not. They gave 'Peter Pan' at school this year, and Debbie was Peter."

I was in a school play once, Hugh thought, and nobody came to see me. . . .

"Have you any children?" he asked, turning to Louis Murphy's wife.

"One. A girl seventeen."

BALLADE OF THE MISLAID WORKSHEET

Where are the notes I made last year
On the flip side of a popcorn package
Toward my perennial sacrilege
Upon the Muse: another near-
Translation of Villon? But where
Is Harlow? Where is Norma Talmadge?
Norma Jean Baker? Norma Shearer?
What tantalizing curve or cleavage . . . ?
Water under the bridge.

Back to my dog-eared Dictionnaire.
Back to my Fowler's English Usage.
But where is Mrs. Average
American? Remember her—
Smiling at her discoverer
The census man—a Personage
At last? And Carole Lombard, where
Is she? And Mrs. Calvin Coolidge?
Water under the bridge.

Where are the powers I bargain for,
The Archimedean leverage
To raise at least my own dead language
Up? O Edmund Spenser, where
In the wildern woods of verbiage
Hath wonèd wended, and whither yore?
And oomph, and eld, and yesteryear?
And Bernhardt's voice, and Bernhardt's carriage?
Water under the bridge.

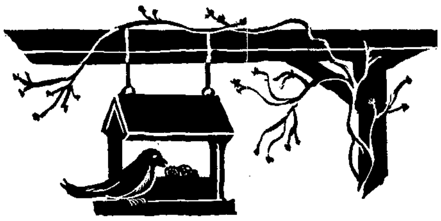
L'Envoi

A thousand scattered cans of footage
Turning in unison yellower,
A piece of French Literature,
And this, a petty pilferage
On both, are yours awhile, and are
Water under the bridge.

—George Starbuck

• •

Suddenly nervous lest she should ask him the same question, with Laura sitting directly across the table, he looked away and was grateful for the arrival of the waiter. Ellen Cahill offered her rare roast beef around the table to anyone who wanted it, just as an hour or two before she had offered Pete Murphy and his wife Barbara's spacious room. Her last anxious "Are you sure you wanted eels?" Hugh answered with "Yes. I've never had eels before," but he didn't want them and he wished he could put the queer white slices in his coat pocket. He looked up when Aileen Murphy was served a roast squab, and wondered, Should I have had that?

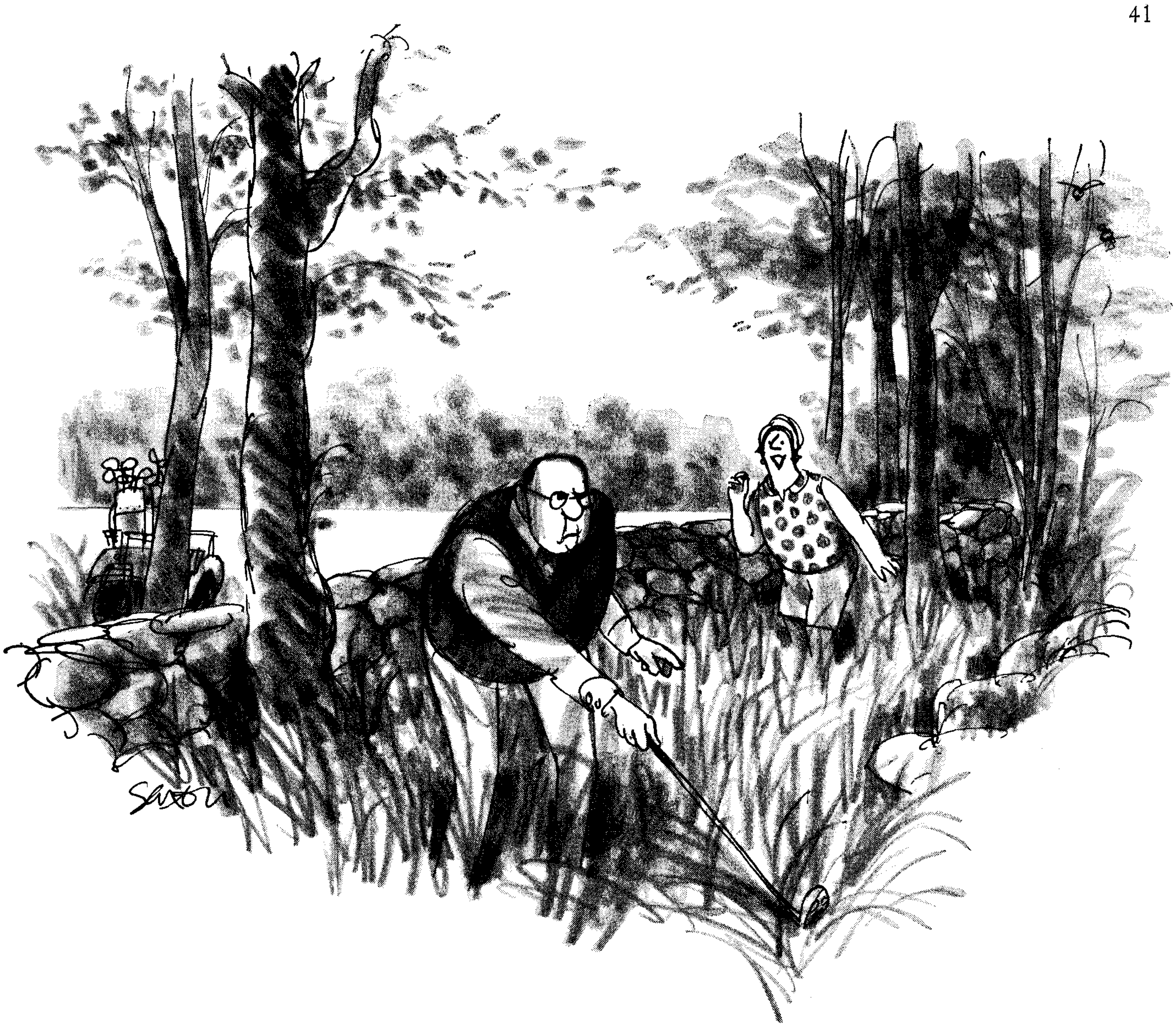


Amos passed his plate across to Ellen, so that she could cut his meat for him, and Hugh, noticing how quiet Barbara was, the only unmarried person at the table, said to her, "Just you wait. Your time is coming."

"But I'm enjoying myself, Uncle Hugh," she said earnestly.

And perhaps she is, he thought. Or perhaps she had not yet realized that she had a right to be bored in the company of older people.

The conversation took on an antiphonal quality. The remarks Amos made to Laura, a moment later Ellen made to Hugh. With his roast beef half eaten, Amos asked his wife to dance with him. At the age of ten, Hugh thought, he would not have done this. Nothing could have induced him to stop eating until his plate was empty, and then it would have been passed up the table for a second helping. Hugh looked at Ruth Murphy questioningly, and then they pushed their chairs back and went out on



"Thayer! Come quick! Wild raspberries!"

• •

the dance floor, which was so crowded that dancing was impossible.

STANDING in front of a urinal in the men's room half an hour later, Hugh was startled by a hearty slap on the back. "I'm going to buy you a drink," Amos said. "You've been refusing drinks all evening, and now I'm going to buy you a drink you can't refuse."

They found a cocktail room, around the corner from the elevators, and Amos wanted to stand at the bar, but the bartender wouldn't serve them until they sat down at one of the tables.

"I want to talk to you, Hugh," Amos said. "I want to talk to you about your work. The time has come for you to take the bull by the horns." Hugh sat stiffly, unable to answer. He and Laura had got up from the table together and parted in the foyer with the understanding that he would wait there for her. He stood up, with his eyes on the people passing the door, and said, "I want to talk to you, too," and went outside. Laura was not there, so he went on into the dining room, intending to bend down and say to Barbara, "Will you come with me? I want you to wait for Laura outside." But to his surprise Laura was at the table with the others. She had not waited for him.

When he went back to the cocktail room, he found Amos sitting just as he had left him, heavy and solemn and larger than life-size—an epic figure waiting to give advice that was not asked for.

"What bull by what horns?" Hugh said as he sat down.

"I mean you've got to decide once and for all whether you're going to hold down a job or be an artist."

"But I have decided. I quit my job with Blake and Seymour last fall. I'm devoting all my time to painting."

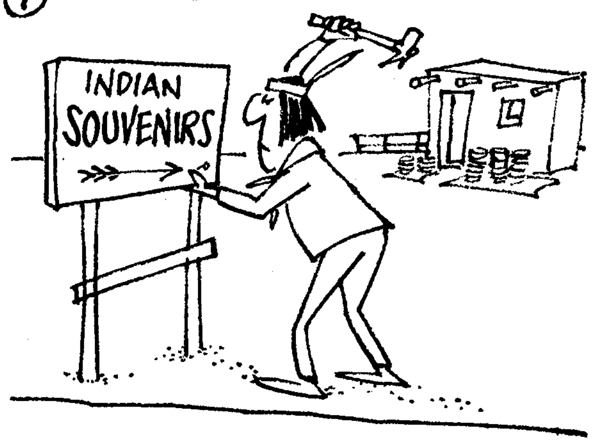
"You've got to make up your mind," Amos said solemnly. "You can't work both sides of the street, no matter how smart you are."

He expatiated at some length on this dilemma that no longer existed. He questioned the wisdom of Hugh's living in the country. He insisted that Hugh needed more experience of the world. "You're leading too sheltered a life. You've always been on the defensive. At least you are with me, so I figure you are with other people."

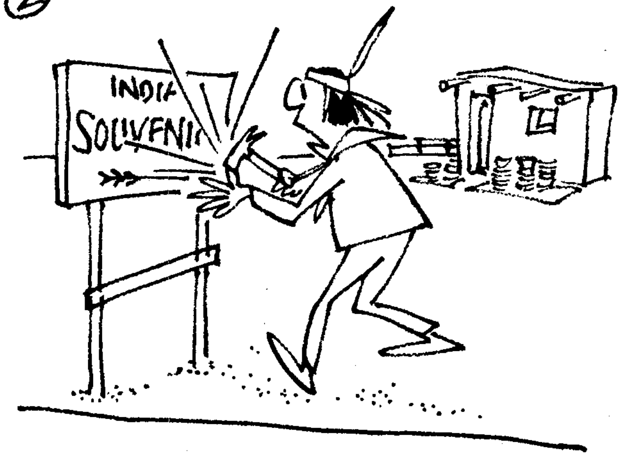
"I know," Hugh said. "But now I want to be friends."

Amos's face was contorted by a look of disgust. This wasn't at all what he had meant; it was another instance of cheering when the other side scored a gain, of the joke with the painfully wrong inflection. "No . . . None of that. I'm hard," he said, and allowed Hugh to see, from the look in his eyes, just how hard he was. But there was something histrionic about that look, something that suggested that it had been practiced before a bathroom mirror while Amos

①



②



was shaving. "I don't care about anybody but my family. They can hurt me, but nobody else."

"*I* can hurt you," Hugh said.

Amos shook his head. "No. Neither you or Dad."

The knight takes the pawn.

Hugh's expression was a mixture of bewilderment, hurt feelings, and the sense of loss. His offer had been sincere; he had been ready—at least he hoped he was ready—to be friends with Amos, and he had not counted on the possibility that this offer would not be acceptable. So he's done it at last, he thought; he's washed his hands of me.

Though Amos had never supported him in a moment of need, there had always been some slight comfort in the idea that Amos was there, loyal to his friends, and powerful; that his help, never asked for, would even so have been forthcoming at a word from Hugh, the word he had so far been too proud to speak. "If you don't care about anybody," he said, accepting his casting out, "why are you telling me what to do? And what do you mean 'hard'?"

Before Amos could explain, Pete Murphy appeared, out of nowhere.

"Sit down," Amos said. And then to Hugh, "*Pete* is my friend."

Pete refused the offer of a drink. Amos didn't resume. The three of them sat, silent. Realizing that the conversation could not proceed in the presence of an interested observer, Pete got up and left. It turned out then that Hugh was not rejected after all; the word "friends" was rejected. They were to be "brothers."

"Downstairs," Amos said, "you said Rick never tells you anything. Well, you never tell me anything."

"I'm ready now," Hugh said. "What do you want to know?"

Amos did not commit himself. It was still Hugh's move. There was one thing he could say that would make all the rest clear, but something warned him not to say it. Instead, he asked, "Do you remember a letter you wrote me after I got in a fight with the Chi Psis in my sophomore year and moved out of the fraternity house? It was a beautiful letter, and I'm sorry I never answered it."

The word "beautiful" made Amos wince. As for the letter, apparently he didn't remember ever having written it. Or *does* he remember, Hugh wondered. It was the only time that Amos had ever offered to help him or tried to understand him, and he could not imagine now why he didn't answer it.

Amos wanted to know why Hugh didn't have a one-man show every year, and Hugh explained that he worked slowly, that he didn't have that many canvases he was willing to have people see, that he had been, in effect, holding down two jobs.

"Don't give me that," Amos said. "I'm a salesman and a farmer." This meant that Amos managed Ellen's four hundred acres of farmland in central Illinois, not that he ever rode a tractor. *It's just as easy to fall in love with a girl with money*, Amos used to say when he was twenty, but actually he had married for love, like everybody else.

Again Hugh felt the pull of the unsaid thing. To hold back something as important as that, he decided, was to be afraid. "A minute ago you were complaining that I never tell you anything. Do you understand the word 'neurotic'?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was."

"Are you still?" Amos demanded.

"I don't know," Hugh said, confused. This was not the question Amos should have asked. It was the last question he would have asked Amos, if the shoe had been on the other foot.

"What made you that way?"

"The usual reasons—what makes other people like that." Now that it was too late, he was cautious. "Their childhood, the past, something." His heart sank. All evening long he had been conscious of the approval of the figure in the chair at the head of the couch, the shadowy presence who listened, the patient, kind, supporting, encouraging, faceless father substitute, whom he had found his way to when things finally came to a standstill and he was no longer able to work or to love any human being. . . . But he shouldn't have told Amos. In telling Amos he had behaved incorrectly; he had rejected the inner warning and failed to remember that confession can be a form of self-injury. And now he would have to go on without any encouragement and support.

"I have the same background as you," Amos was saying, "and I'm not neurotic."

What was so hard, Hugh thought, was just to believe it—to believe that anything as terrible as that could happen: that she had died and left them. "You may have been stronger," he said.

This explanation Amos was willing to accept, in the literal as well as in the psychological sense.

"Sometimes I think Mother's death had a good deal to do with it," Hugh said.

"It was hard on me, too," Amos said.

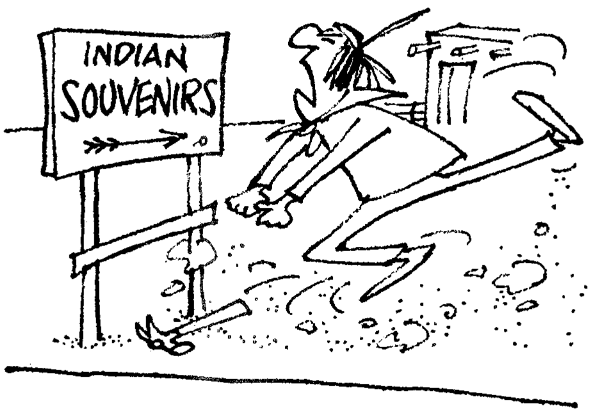
The house was like a shell, and the light bulbs didn't give off any light, and the food tasted of tears. And he and Amos undressed in the same room and got into their beds, and he never spoke to Amos under the cover of the dark about the terror that gripped him, and Amos never spoke to him. Neither of them tried to comfort the other.

"But I was all right," Hugh continued, "until I was twenty-five."

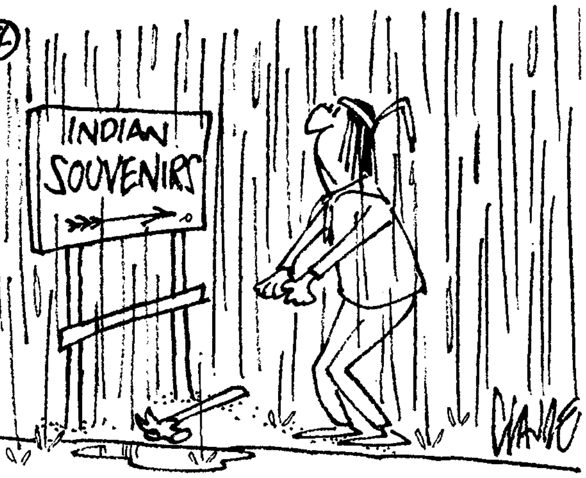
"You were nineteen when you tried to commit suicide."

"That was part of it," Hugh admitted. Without realizing it, he jerked his head up. His eyes went all around the room searching for help.

③



④



"That was something you had no right to do," Amos said sternly.

"No right to cut my wrists?"

"No right to disgrace your family. You didn't think of anybody but yourself. You're selfish, Hugh."

Again Pete Murphy appeared, though he didn't sit down this time; and again they waited until he went away.

"Barbie and I have been feuding," Amos said. "She almost flunked out of school last year. She didn't apply herself. That's why we sent her East to school."

"She thinks the world of you," Hugh said, by way of pouring oil on troubled waters. "I had such a nice conversation with her during dinner. . . . She says you never write to her; that she hasn't had a single letter from you since she's been here."

"I haven't written to her purposely. I don't want her to think she can get away with anything."

"She must have been pleased that you came to see her graduate."

Amos didn't answer. He was trying to get the attention of the bartender.

Hugh waited until Amos turned around, and then, leaning forward intently, with his elbows on the table, he said, "You said I was selfish. I want to know why."

"Also," Amos said, "she was running around with this guy twenty-eight years old. She's no judge of people, Hugh. She always picks out a lame duck. It's all right to be tenderhearted, but this guy had a nervous breakdown while he was in the Army—at least that's what *he* calls it. There's something creepy about him. I can't stay in the same room with him. I had to get out of the house when he was there. Ellen's forbidden her to see him or write to him, but she does anyway." His eyes filled with tears, which slowly overflowed the lids. "She wants to be a nun, Hugh, and I just don't know what to do."

There was nothing theatrical or rehearsed about this performance, and Hugh was moved by the tears, and by what Amos said, and by the fact that Amos was exposing his feelings to him. He waited while Amos unfolded a clean white handkerchief and blew his nose and regained his composure.

The bartender brought another round of drinks, and Amos took up finally the matter of Hugh's selfishness, which turned out to be nothing more (nor less) than the fact that they hadn't done anything about Barbara.

"Laura called her, but she—"

"You didn't ask her for Thanksgiving or Christmas," Amos said.

If they'd had Barbara for Thanksgiving and Christmas, they couldn't have had Laura's brother; the house was too small. But how to explain this to Amos, whose house was large, and whose hospitality was always being taken advantage of.

"When I first came to New York," Hugh said, "I was always having to go someplace I didn't feel like going to, on holidays. Some family or business connection of Dad's trying to be kind. I used to dread it. From what Barbara told Laura over the phone, I gathered she had friends. In school, I mean. And some boy had been taking her to all the shows, she said. We just assumed she'd rather spend Christmas with Ellen's cousins on Long Island."

Amos was not interested in Hugh's excuses. Having made his accusation, though, he put it aside and began to talk about his younger daughter. "Debbie's got the same cockeyed brain you have," he said.

Hugh resented this at first, before he understood that it was half a criticism, half a grudging compliment. On the other hand, to have a brain at all, to be in any way brighter than or different from the average person was, so far as Amos was concerned, cockeyed. "You have a photostatic mind," he said accusingly.

Hugh denied this.

"All you have to do is look at a book and get A," Amos said. "I never could do that. . . . Don't look at me like that. I'm not running you down. I think you're quite a classy guy. I'm trying to build you up."

"I don't need building up," Hugh said. As evidence that he was doing all right, he offered the recognition that, during the past five years, his work had received from various critics and museum curators. "It's quite an honor," he said, "to be in the annual show at the Whitney Museum. They don't bother with anybody who isn't good."

"I'm a big duck in a little pond; you're a little duck in a big pond," Amos said serenely. He had discussed Hugh's paintings with a woman who had studied at the Art Institute. "She knows a lot about art," Amos said. "She said your name was familiar, but she couldn't quite place it. . . . You've got to keep your name before the public, Hugh."

"I'm after bigger game," Hugh said. "I'm competing with Redon."

"How much does he make a year?"

"He's dead."

"Well, then," Amos said agreeably, "maybe you've got to die to be great. But you have to turn out more paintings than you have been doing these last few years." He went on to tell Hugh about Grandma Moses: "She did what was expected of her; she raised her family and didn't even begin to paint till she was past seventy—with barn paint. Maybe you take it a little too seriously, Hugh."

"Maybe."

"Another instance of your selfishness," Amos said, "is your unwillingness to have children."

"But I'm not unwilling!" Hugh exclaimed.

Amos pounced. "Is there something wrong with you?"

Hugh shook his head.

Pete Murphy was standing in the

doorway, with Laura and Barbara. He borrowed a chair from a nearby table, and they all three sat down.

The oblique approach, Hugh thought. Why was it he could never remember to protect himself against the double move, in which his castle took Amos's castle and Amos's bishop then took his queen.

"Doc," Amos said loudly, "I want you to give Hugh the name of a good gynecologist. You must know one."

WHEN they were seated once more at the table in the dining room, Amos turned to Louis Murphy's wife and said belligerently, "What you need is a drink. You look too healthy."

"Oh, Amos!" Ellen Cahill exclaimed. "I hoped you'd criticize me!"

"There's nothing the matter with you," Amos said. "You're perfect." Then, to the table in general: "That's my wife. Beautiful woman."

I don't understand it, Hugh said to himself wearily. I don't understand why I didn't kill him. . . . And Laura had not blamed him with so much as a look for discussing a subject there was no reason or need to discuss, in such a place, and with Amos, of all people. Instead, she had turned to Pete, as if he were an old and trusted friend. No, he had told her, he didn't know any doctors in New York. But two years was not an extraordinary time to wait. He had friends who had waited seven years and then had three children in a row. Matter-of-factly, but with the most glowing kindness in his blue eyes, he had answered her questions and described his own treatment, while Amos and Hugh had an argument about the check and Amos won.

The waiter arrived with the dessert course. Hugh thought of asking Laura to dance with him, and then, seeing that she and Amos had met head on in serious conversation, he decided that she would prefer not to be interrupted. He glanced around the table. No one was loud, no one was drunk, but Amos. Was he drunk because this evening was dedicated, whether the others enjoyed it or not, to his meeting with Hugh? Was Amos's loud voice a mark of his respect?

Louis Murphy and his wife got up to dance, and Hugh moved around the table and sat beside Aileen Murphy, his friend, whom he had had no chance to talk to. She touched his forehead with her fingers.

"Furrows," she said. "You're having a serious time."

"It *is* serious," Hugh admitted. "And when you get home, you'd better defend me, after the way I feel about you."

"Ellen defends you," Aileen Murphy said. "She takes your side against Amos—and besides, you don't need anybody to defend you."

Across the table, Amos said to Laura, "Take a look at him and decide what you want him to be. Hugh doesn't have much ability to get on with people. You have to be the one to do it—meet people and make contacts and smooth the way for him. I wouldn't be what I am if she"—his eyes found Ellen—"hadn't made me that."

"Amos is sensitive," Aileen Murphy said in a low voice to Hugh. "You get under his skin more than you realize."

"I don't mean to," Hugh said.

"Possibly *not*, but you do. You and Amos are both extremes. So is Rick. You're a family of individualists. I don't know anybody like you." She shook her head mournfully.

Hugh heard Amos say, "When are you coming out to the Middle West?"

"Our car is so old it would never stand the trip," Laura said.

"Get him to buy you a new one," Amos said.

Laura laughed.

"He can afford it," Amos said. "Or if he can't, he's a damn fool to have left his job."

Barbara leaned across her mother and said to Laura, "Dad isn't like this. You mustn't pay any attention to him. He's really very kind. And he and Uncle Hugh only seem different on the surface. Underneath, they're quite a lot alike."

"Tell me about your children," Hugh said, remembering suddenly a boy and a girl, three and four—somewhere about that age—tracking mud in and out of the Murphys' house in Winnetka. "Are they remarkable?"

"They're not handsome," Aileen Murphy said.

"I don't mean handsome. Are they intelligent?"

"No," she said, reflecting. "I wouldn't say they were."

"But I don't mean that kind of intelligent," Hugh persisted. He was dead tired, he realized, and his brain was befuddled. "I mean, are they wise in a certain way, about the world?"

"You've got to come West and see us," she said.

"Do you have Russian blood in you?"

"A little Jewish." She pointed to her thin Roman nose. Actually, he knew, she was Irish on both sides of the family.

"I asked if you had Russian blood in you," he said, "because you like to talk about life. You have a feeling for— You're realistic about people." Then, watching Pete and Laura leave the table and go toward the dance floor: "What about Pete? Is he realistic?"

"Doc loves everybody."

"You mean he has no shrewdness, where people are concerned."

"That's right."

"Does he lose by it?"

"Not a thing," Aileen Murphy said, smiling. And then, sadly: "He has fair-weather friends."

Dancing with Laura, Pete Murphy said, "Don't you pay any attention to Amos. Amos doesn't know anything about painting."

"I know that," Laura said.

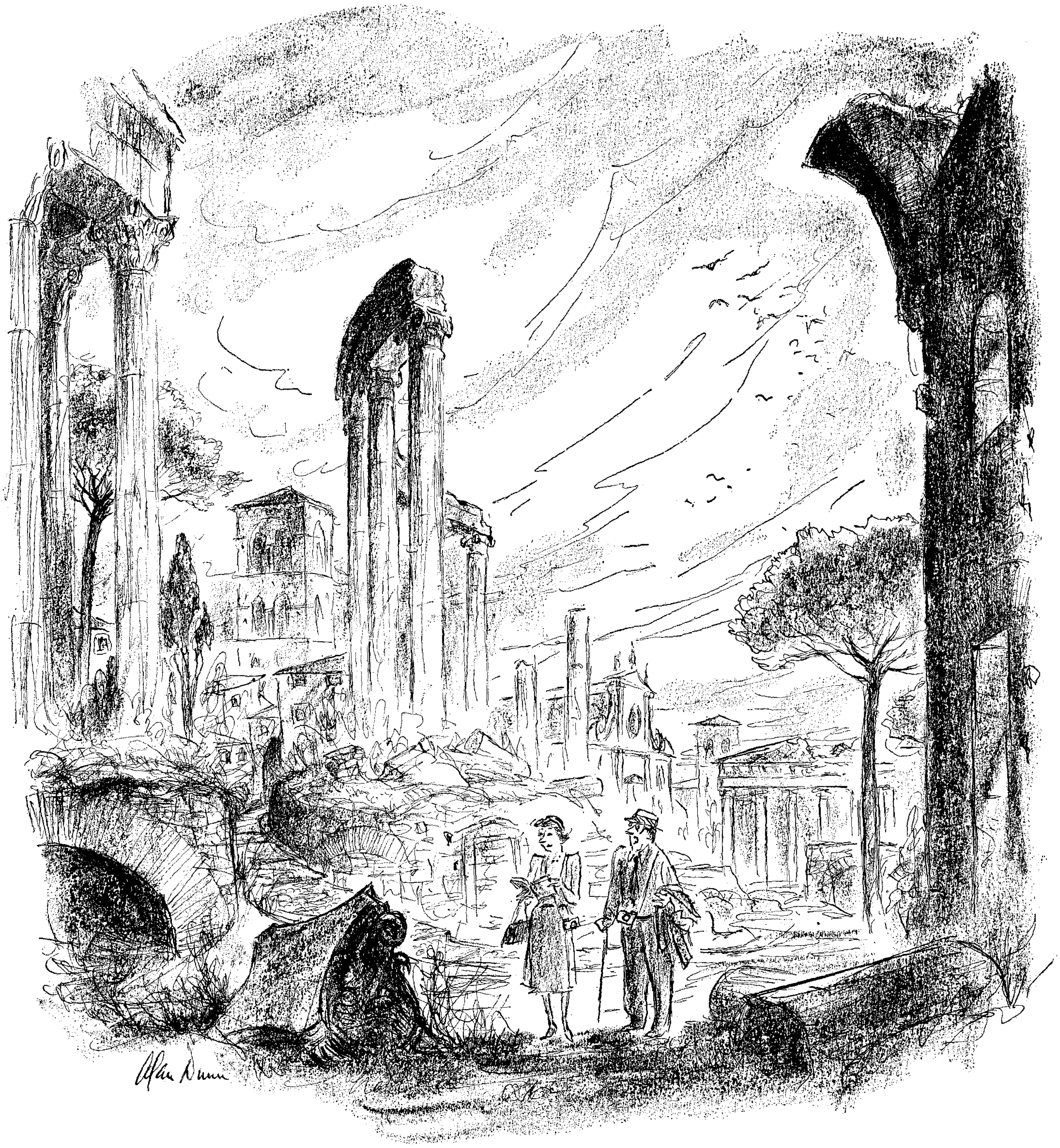
"I wouldn't offer Hugh advice, any more than Hugh would try to tell Amos how to sell automobiles. . . . The thing is not to worry."

"I don't," Laura said, "but we're living on very little money. And Hugh likes to be extravagant."

"My family is taken care of," Pete said, "if anything happens to me. So what I make I spend—and a little more. It's what I enjoy, and what makes *me* happy. And if I lose five hundred dollars on the races, I don't tell Amos."

THE party broke up around a quarter of one. Hugh tried to pay for his share of the dinner check and Amos waved him aside indignantly. Barbara said good night and left them. There was talk of going on to someplace else—to the Copacabana. For Hugh the evening was finished; he was ready to go home. He invited Amos to come out to the country with Barbara and Ellen, any time during the remainder of their three-day visit. This invitation was left hanging. Amos wanted Pete to go with him to see the Mets play the Cardinals; Pete wanted to go to the races. They decided, while Amos was tipping the waiter, to go their own ways.

All eight of them crowded into one elevator, and the four Cahills got off at the thirteenth floor. Amos had decided that he was tired and wanted to go to bed. They wandered through the corridor, made a wrong turning, and retraced their steps. Amos, reverting to the age of eleven, began ringing the



"How much more of this is there before we come to something?"

• •

bells of all the doors that lined the corridor. Ellen tried to stop him. Loud, drunk, and not at all unpleasant, Amos was not to be stopped. "I'll tell *them* Hugh did it," he said.

They got Hugh's hat. The two brothers, the two sisters-in-law said goodbye, and five minutes later, as Laura and Hugh were trying to find their way out of the lobby to the Park Avenue entrance of the hotel, they ran into Amos and Ellen, on their way to join the others at the Copacabana. At this final parting, the handshake of Hugh and Amos was prolonged, the expression in Amos's eyes tender, misty, and only slightly histrionic.

"He's got a handshake like a gorilla," Amos said proudly, to Laura.

"I HAD a feeling he would notice," Laura said, going home on the train. "And sure enough, he did. He said, 'Where'd you get that ring?' and I said, 'Hugh gave it to me.' "

"That was smart of you," Hugh said. "To *realize*, I mean, before you met him, that he'd look to see whether I'd *given* you an engagement ring."

"I just had a feeling," she said, and settled into the seat contentedly, with her head on his shoulder. They were taking the last train. The coach was almost full. The passengers were tired, and many of them sat and dozed, with their heads drooping, their necks bent to one side. Hugh looked down at the ring on the fourth finger of Laura's left hand—the diamond between two smaller sapphires, in a gold setting. It had been her grandmother's. Under the false engagement ring was the plain gold wedding band Hugh had given her.

"Do you wish I'd given you an engagement ring?" he asked suddenly.

"No."

"I don't like diamonds."

"Someday I'd like you to give me a ring."

"What kind of a ring?"

"For a special reason," she said. "On a special occasion."

He waited, unable to imagine what she had in mind.

"I'd like you to give me an emerald ring when our first child is born."

"I don't know that I trust myself when it comes to choosing a ring," he said. "What if I got one and you didn't like it?"

"We could go and pick it out together," she said. "When you reached out and took my shoe, Barbara was telling me that Amos never has eyes for any other woman but Ellen, and she thought you had overheard."

"No, I didn't."

"She said, 'I'd just love to have a husband who'd reach out and take my foot, to say that he was following the conversation and loved me.' "

The train drew to a stop at 125th Street. When it started up again, Laura said, "It must be terrifying to be an older brother and have a younger brother who shows a kind of early promise, and then nothing seems to come of it for a while, and then the predictions begin to come true. . . . And being helpless," she added.

Amos *helpless*? Hugh wondered. He was exhausted. He felt battered and bruised. The encounter had not come off as well as he had hoped, but at least Amos had not got through (and he always had in the past) his inmost defenses. The fight had been a draw.

"I thought you'd never come back to the table," Laura said. "When you and Amos weren't there, it left a vacuum. Nobody had anything to say."

"I was caught," Hugh said. "Very nice of him, wasn't it, to ask Pete to recommend a doctor. And in front of Barbara. How *can* he do things like that?"

"It didn't matter," Laura said.

"It mattered to me," Hugh said. "I don't understand it. I don't understand why I didn't pick up a chair and brain him with it. There was the chair, and there I was, and he deserved to be killed, and I couldn't lift my arms to do it. I couldn't move. You had to do everything."

"It wasn't important," Laura said. And then, slowly: "I have only one complaint against you." (She had several, as it turned out, all handed to her, all expertly put in her mind by Amos.) "You don't love me the way Amos loves Ellen."

Oh my God, he thought, he's got through to *her!*

"You didn't ask me to dance with you," Laura said.

He sat up in the seat indignantly. "I was dancing with you all evening," he said. "Everything I said and did was for you and on account of you."

Neither of them said anything more. He knew that, having said this, she would forgive him; she would never refer to it again. She didn't hold grudges or put things aside in order to bring them up against him later. He sat back in the seat and drew her head over against his shoulder once more. Looking down at her soft brown hair, at the gardenia now edged with ivory, a chilling idea occurred to him: What if she defended me from Amos cleverly and successfully but at the expense of her faith that *I* can defend *her*? Was that Amos's triumph for this evening?

He couldn't bear to go on thinking about this, and put it out of his mind, but Amos continued to occupy his thoughts. What had he ever done to Amos that Amos should want to destroy him or to destroy his marriage?

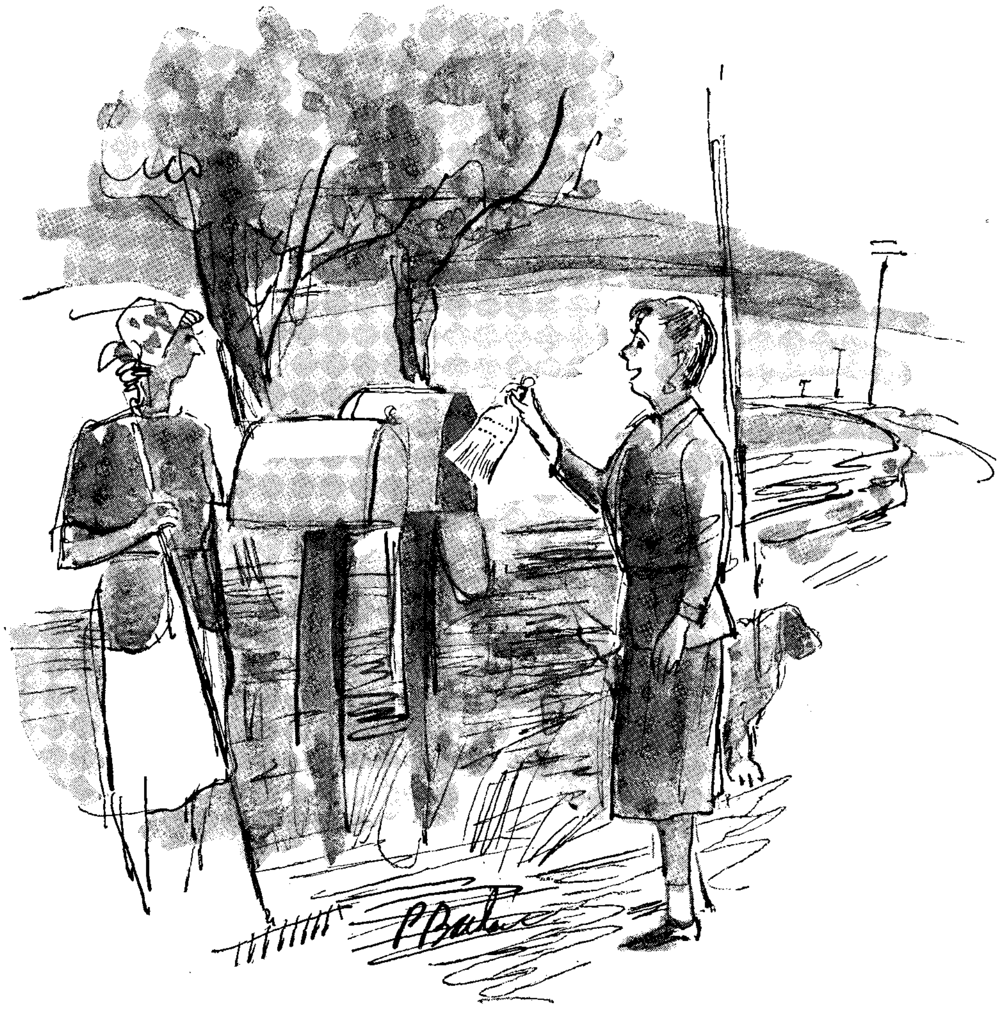
As he sat pondering this unsolvable question, he noticed his own hands, and then thoughtfully, as if he had never seen them before, moved the fingers of one hand back and forth, surprised at what a thing the human hand is, how many ways, and how marvellously, the fingers moved. And then, with no shudder or feeling of any kind, he had a momentary image of the immovable sleeve, the gloved facsimile of a hand that he had so long ago become accustomed to that when he was with Amos he never gave it a thought.

—GIFFORD BROWN

●

The catastrophic event, said Dr. Sandage, may have represented the birth of a "quasi-stellar radio source" or "quasar." This recently discovered type of heavenly body emits radio waves so powerful that their energy source defies explanation. The —*The Times.*

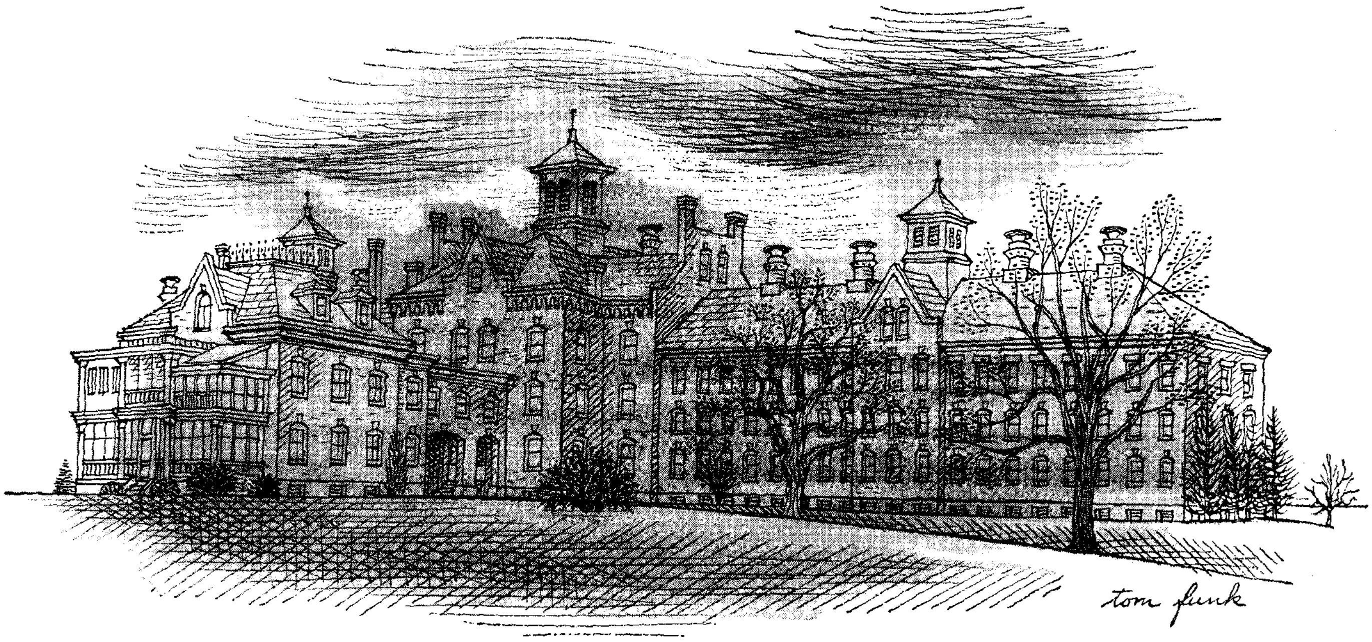
See what they mean?



"I like to have it nice and clean for the Heritage Club selections."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

PRISON CHRONICLE



THE phone rang shortly after six one harsh autumn morning in the superintendent's residence at the women's reformatory in Framingham, Massachusetts, and the superintendent, Mrs. Betty Cole Smith, picked up the receiver to learn that the deputy due to go on duty at seven was ill. The news was less than welcome. For a deputy's responsibilities could be delegated only to an officer of equal or higher rank, and the assistant superintendent who might have been available was on vacation, so Mrs. Smith would be doing two jobs on a day when her schedule was already crowded. In addition to the usual administrative routine, there was the weekly classification conference, at which the case histories of new arrivals were to be discussed; a dinner for local members of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency; and an event that had been on Mrs. Smith's mind for several weeks, the inmates' Halloween party.

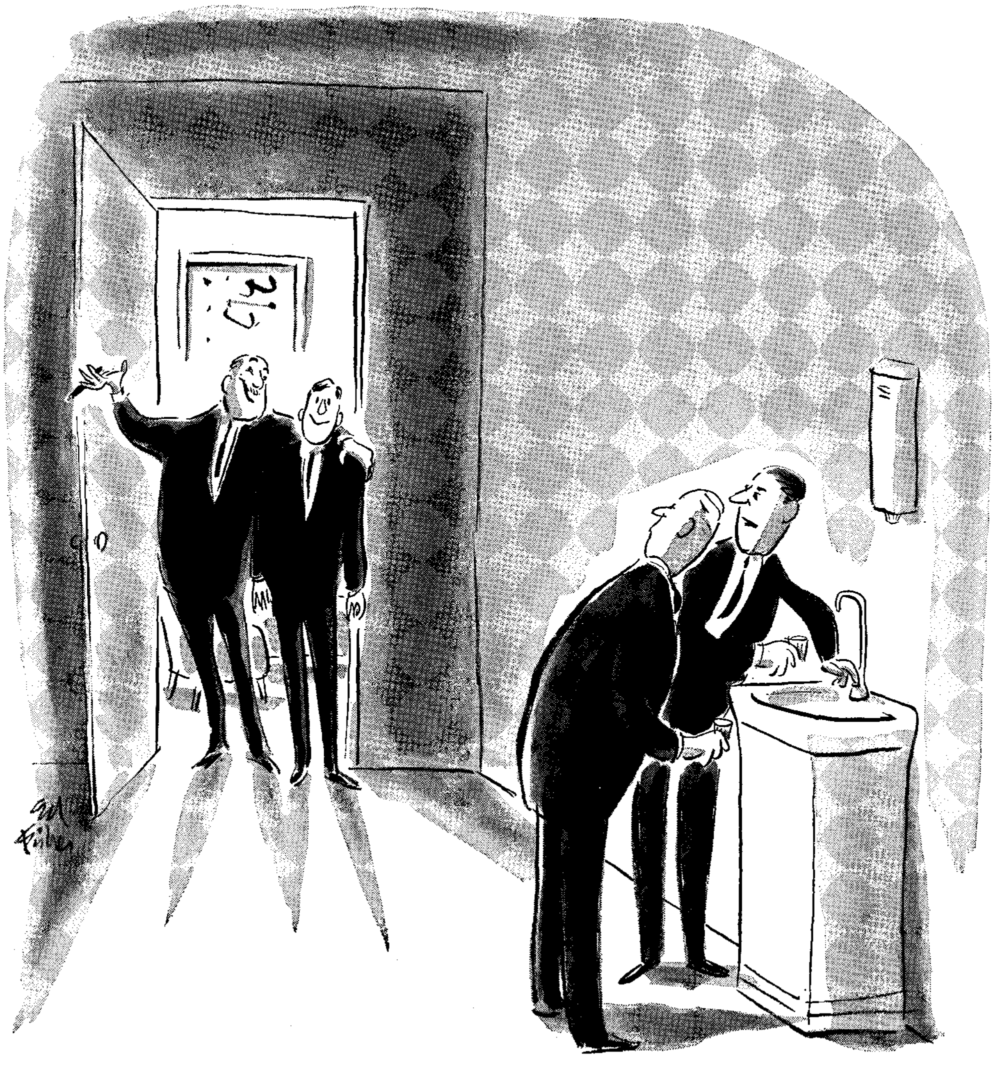
Although she had to be at the deputy's desk by seven, Mrs. Smith, an energetic, red-haired woman in her early fifties, had ample time to get dressed, to cook and eat her breakfast, and after that to wake her two teenage children—Molly, seventeen, and Mike, Jr., sixteen—so that they would be off to school on time. As she was rinsing her dishes (despite the availability of prisoners as domestic helpers, the superintendent has always chosen to do a certain amount of her own housework), Molly, a redhead like her mother, came sleepily into the kitchen to confer about some weekend plans. Mrs. Smith poured herself a second cup of coffee and was sitting down to go over the situation with her daughter when the phone rang again. It was the night deputy saying that before she went off duty she wanted to warn Mrs. Smith that one of the younger prisoners, Regina Thomas (her name, like those of all other prisoners mentioned in this narrative, has been changed), had spent the whole night walking restlessly up and down in her cubicle. Regina was a girl of high-school age whose record already listed three escape attempts, and Mrs. Smith, feeling the need of further information, left her cup of coffee untasted, hastily said goodbye to Molly, and called a farewell upstairs to her son and her husband. Her husband, a special representative for the Boston and Maine Railroad, leaned over the banister to say that he might get home later than usual that evening, and Mrs. Smith called back that if he changed his mind she hoped he would join her for the visitors' dinner in the staff dining room.

The dark red brick bulk of what is officially known as the Massachusetts Correctional Institution, Framingham (or M.C.I.F.), lay heavily on the New England landscape. On one side, across a flat wasteland, sparkled the glass panes of an automobile assembly plant, and on the other, rolling fields spread into the distance. As Mrs. Smith crossed the asphalt driveway that separated her own house from the reformatory proper, workmen were already moving about on the foundations of new buildings on the far side of the prison—buildings for which she had helped persuade the state legislature to vote two and a half million dollars. The new quarters, four buildings of the type known as cottages, designed to accommodate no more than thirty-four girls each in a generally homelike atmosphere, would supplement two cottages that had been in operation at Framingham for twenty years. The construction, to be completed by the spring of 1965, was proceeding on schedule, and eventually, according to Mrs. Smith's plans for M.C.I.F., all prisoners would live in modern cottages instead of in the main building, where prisoners had been housed, in long three-story wings, with poor lighting and inadequate plumbing, since 1877. Each of the old wings contained as many as sixty inmates, crowded into tiers of cubicles built around a central well, and as the superintendent paused inside the main door to say good morning to a colleague on duty there, she learned that the officer assigned to supervise the West Wing was also on the sick list. Mrs. Smith said, "Dear Lord!" and hurried on to the deputy's office.

Regina Thomas's file was waiting for her on the desk. According to an officer in the East Wing, where Regina lived, the girl had seemed "moody, depressive, and anxious" for several days, while a teacher in the education department reported that two days earlier she had talked about killing herself and had turned in an essay, appended to the report, that began, "Tomorrow will never come for me. I am too weak to face the torments of another day. My body aches with the fear of self-destruction." It was unlikely that Regina, who had an I.Q. of ninety and had never shown any signs of literary talent, had written the essay herself—the teacher was pretty sure that she had copied it from *True Confessions*—but the choice of subject in itself suggested that the inarticulate girl, who in the past had expressed her despair by breaking windows and doors, might this time try to do herself some physical harm. Some of Regina's happiest recollections seemed to center on farm life, and while M.C.I.F. no longer had a farm and vegetable garden of its own, Regina could be assigned to work in the greenhouse, which was currently abloom with chrysanthemums, button dahlias, and pink carnations. It was just possible that the potted earth and artificial warmth of the greenhouse might help alleviate the girl's depression. On the other hand, the greenhouse was right next to the parking lot, and the records also showed her to possess mechanical skill with automobiles—indeed, one of her three escapes had been made in a stolen car—so it might be that such an assignment would expose her to a temptation too great to bear. Mrs. Smith got the officer in charge of the East Wing on the phone and asked that Regina be sent over to see her later in the day.

At seven-thirty, Mrs. Smith, in her capacity as acting deputy, was due to supervise the breakfast line, so she now proceeded to Four Corners, a busy intersection halfway down the length of the main building where long, linoleum-covered corridors bisected to form a center for much of the institution's life. Here, at mealtimes, the lines of prisoners turned to enter the dining room. Here the infirmary cart was stationed and prisoners filed by for medicine. Here was the entrance to the canteen, where coffee and sodas, cigarettes, candy, toothpaste, stockings, writing paper, lipstick, and materials for knitting were on sale. And here all traffic passed between the prisoners' living quarters and the social-work offices, the psychology department, the conference rooms where group-therapy sessions were held, and a section known as the Annex, which included temporary accommodations for new prisoners and maximum-security cells for intractable disciplinary problems. The walls of the long passages that met at Four Corners were painted a bluish green and were brightened here and there with paintings done in art classes and notices of coming events. Amid the faint clatter of dishes as the girls on serving detail finished setting up the food tables, the remaining prisoners—numbering about two hundred—filed past Mrs. Smith into the dining room, some wearing print dresses issued by the state, some dressed in clothes "from the outside." (At M.C.I.F., neither inmates nor female correctional officers wear distinguishing uniforms.) Mrs. Smith noticed that Judith Reardon, an abortionist, who was usually conspicuous for her careful grooming, looked this morning as if she had scarcely bothered to comb her hair. Judith's son had visited her the day before, and she had been in a gloomy mood ever since. Abortionists, often women with a good deal of presence of mind and self-control, form a group apart in the prison population and are more likely to resemble competent businesswomen than disorganized petty criminals. Alcoholism, which in one way or another brought at least half of the inmates into trouble with the law, is by far the chief cause of commitment, and after that come the sex crimes—prostitution, adultery, unnatural acts, and "idle and disorderly," a catch-all charge that sometimes serves to put behind bars women who are suspected of a greater offense but only discovered in a lesser. Many women imprisoned for sex crimes are also alcoholics, and so are many of those imprisoned for neglect of children. Various crimes of nonfatal violence, lumped together as assault and battery, account for the third-largest section of the prison population, and then come larceny and manslaughter. Perhaps only eight or ten of the inmates at any given moment will have been sentenced for violation of the narcotics law, but drug addiction, like alcoholism, is the frequent companion of other illegal activities.

After the lines had passed, Mrs. Smith paused on her way through to the staff dining room to chat with two girls standing behind the serving table, Sally Hacker and Lydia Gordon, both of them alcoholics. Sally invited the superintendent to sit down and have a cup of coffee. Mrs. Smith, who had an easy, wisecracking relationship with these two, said she didn't mind but she won-



"He didn't get the raise."

What's in a glow?

could be love...could be

Superglow Fluid Make-Up

The make-up that has a built-in glow from "Lumium", Monteil's patented light-reflector. It's the lightest, brightest, liveliest make-up you can wear.

Germaine Monteil

The Eden-Roc

A SUN-BATHING SPORT SHIRT

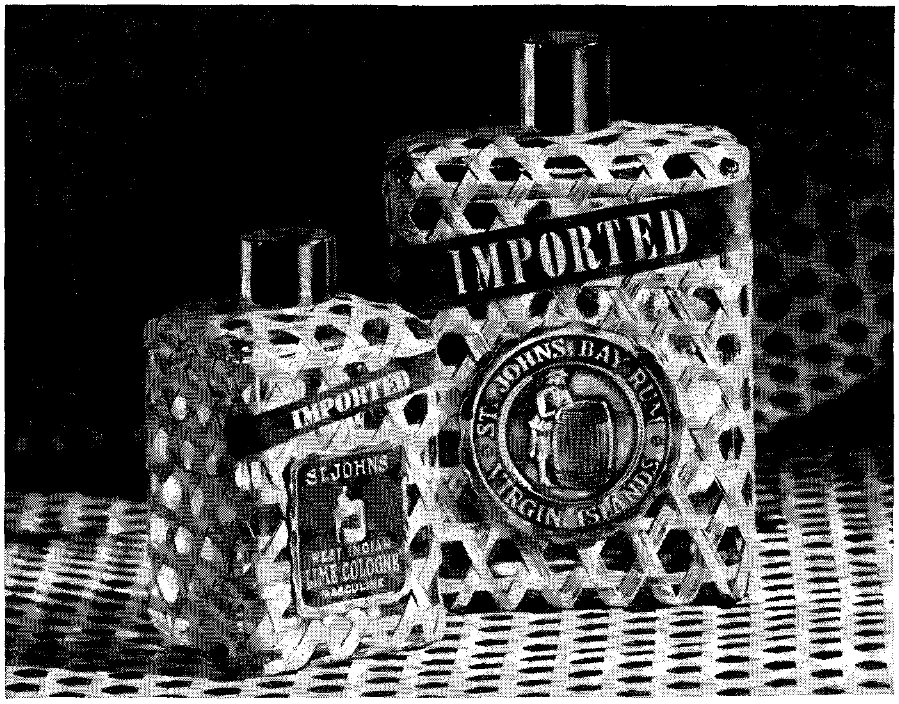
Enjoy full benefit of sun and air in this unique open mesh shirt. Superbly detailed. Drawstring-closing front. All cotton French lisle. Sizes: S.M.L.ExL

CHAMPAGNE CLARET
BLACK WHITE

$11

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK



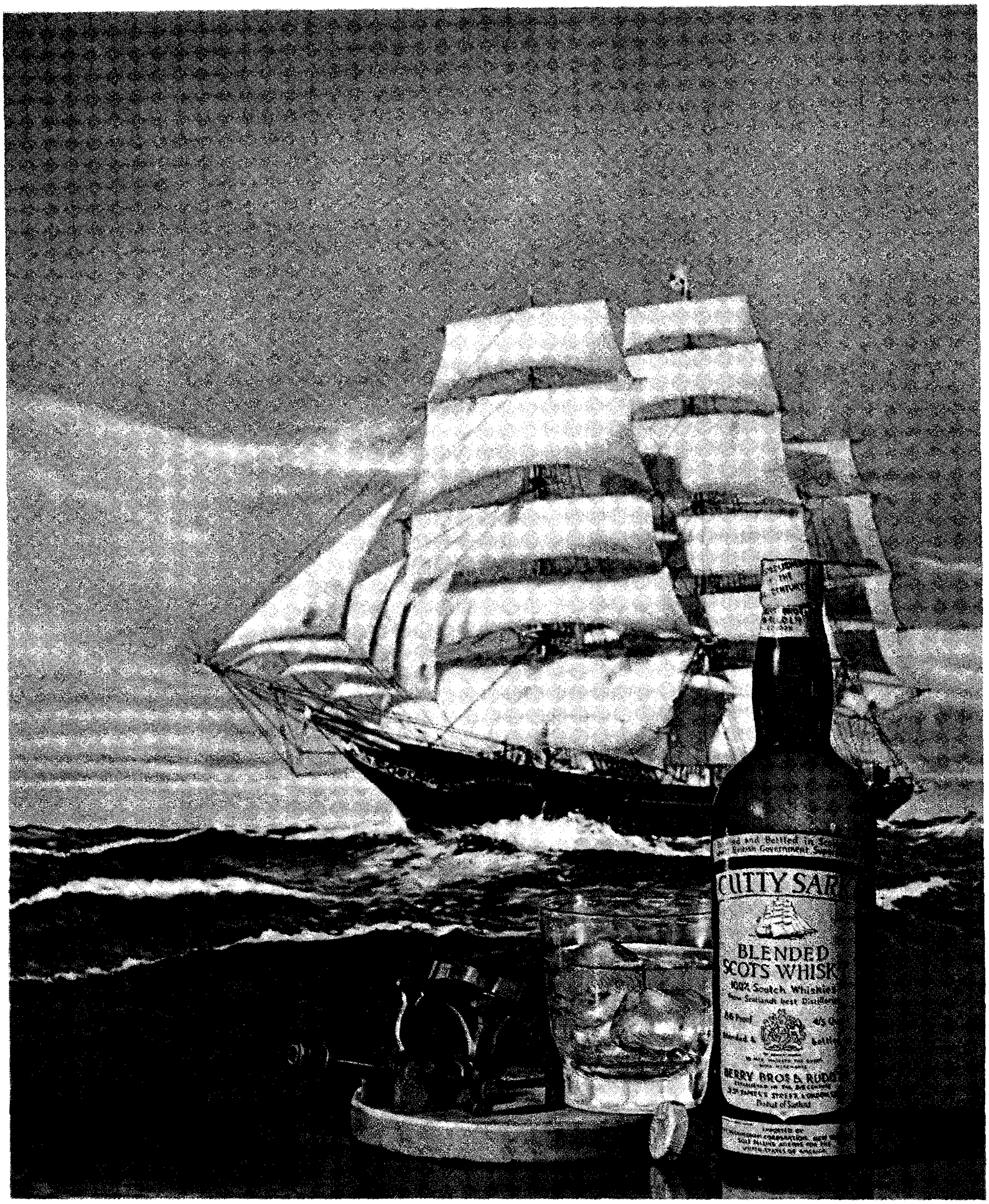
TWO HONEST SCENTS FOR THE MALE

St. Johns® authentic Lime Cologne and St. Johns genuine Bay Rum in native woven bottles. Made by the West Indies Bay Company, St. Thomas, V.I.

For name of nearest store, write our U.S. office, 680 Fifth Ave., New York City

dered what the other girls would say, and Sally came back with, "Let them talk! I sit with anybody I want to." The conversation turned immediately to the miseries of being in "this awful hole," and Sally asked Mrs. Smith if she was such a big shot why she didn't ask to "go to the board." (The parole board reviews almost all cases once a year, many every six months.) Just then, another prisoner, Paula Jackson, passing by with a tray of cups and saucers, asked if she could borrow Mrs. Smith's dog, Skipper, as part of her getup for the Halloween party that night. "I'd like to let you take him, Paula," Mrs. Smith said, "but Skipper's a pretty active dog, and I'm afraid all the excitement would be too much for him. You'd never be able to hold him on the leash."

AFTER breakfast, the prisoners dispersed to their work assignments, and M.C.I.F. settled into its daily routine. In the front office, Mrs. Madeline Cahill, the officer on duty there, was checking in staff members and visitors, including several lawyers and the prison's Protestant chaplain, the Reverend William J. Wiltenburg, while at one of the back doors, the entrance to a storeroom, Mrs. Anna Domestico, the officer in charge there, had just received a shipment of bread from a bakery in Worcester and was proceeding to assemble the day's food orders from shelves of canned goods and two large freezer closets; several inmates carried the supplies up a ramp to the kitchen. In the psychology department, Mrs. Mildred Giro, senior clerk and stenographer, was hurriedly typing some case records that would be needed at the classification conference later in the morning, and the pace quickened also for Miss Mary McCarthy, the switchboard operator, as she plugged and unplugged calls between the prison and the outside world. Connections were being made within the institution, too; for instance, Mrs. Alfreda Brown, R.N., supervisor of nursing in the infirmary, put in a call to Wilson Cottage to check up on Cally McQueen, a girl in an advanced stage of pregnancy who had claimed she felt labor pains during the night. It had been a false alarm, and Cally was reported to be happily playing checkers in the nursery area set aside for mothers who will keep their babies with them until release. Mrs. Brown then called Mrs. Katherine Owens, a relief officer in the Annex, to remind her that one of her girls had an appointment with the dentist. Mrs. Owens, a slender Negro


CUTTY SARK
BLENDED
SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies
BERRY BROS & RUDD

With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the **No. 1** reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

The Buckingham Corporation, Importers • New York, N.Y. • Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 86 Proof

29 determined gentlemen insist– a hotel must be more than just a hotel

A hotel, our managers believe, should have spirit, style, moods and fancies.

There are 29 Intercontinental Hotels in this world. Each one is different. That's because Dublin is different from Djakarta, Abidjan and Zagreb are not the same.

Each Intercontinental is managed by a man who has a great love for the country of his hotel. Look inside an Intercontinental Hotel and you will see what's what in Europe, or the Caribbean, or Africa, or the Far East...what is individual, what is unique and what is superb.

You might prefer one Intercontinental for its venerable Oriental gardens, another for its European sidewalk café, another for its evening Caribbean feasts or another for its mountain-top seclusion.

Intercontinental Hotels are not the same. That makes all the difference in the world.

These are the gentlemen (our managers, their hotels and the cities of their hotels) who make the difference.

Pierre Monnet, Hotel Ivoire, Abidjan • **Leo Riordan,** Jordan Intercontinental, Amman • **Kurt Schröder,** El Prado, Barranquilla • **Ernst Etter,** Hotel Phoenicia, Beirut • **Manuel Arriandiaga,** Hotel Tequendama, Bogotá • **John Sutherland,** Hotel Tamanaco, Caracas • **René Lambert,** Dublin, Cork and Limerick Intercontinentals • **George Markides,** Curaçao Intercontinental • **R. Kane Rufe,** Hotel Indonesia, Djakarta • **Karl Walterspiel,** Frankfurt Intercontinental • **Max Blouet,** Hotel Intercontinental Genève • **T.A.P. Ross,** The Mandarin, Hong Kong • **Richard Squier,** Jerusalem Intercontinental • **Jean-Pierre Stauffer,** Karachi Intercontinental • **Alfred Hatt,** Hotel del Lago, Maracaibo • **John Carrodus,** The Southern Cross, Melbourne • **Axel Hochkoeppler,** Hotel Reforma, Mexico City • **Warner Gilmore,** Hotel Ducor, Monrovia • **Gus Romea,** Hotel Victoria Plaza, Montevideo • **William Land,** Oberoi Intercontinental, New Delhi • **Fernando Hoffmann,** El Ponce, Puerto Rico • **Felipe Sola,** El Salvador Intercontinental • **Frank Vidal,** El Embajador, Santo Domingo • **George Milne,** Singapura Intercontinental • **Yoshikatsu Gamo,** Hotel Okura, Tokyo • **Hans Sternick,** Vienna Intercontinental • **Branko Jakopovic,** Hotel Esplanade, Zagreb

For more information on the Intercontinental Hotels, call your Travel Agent or Intercontinental.

All the difference in the world at

INTERCONTINENTAL

Page boys at one of Intercontinental's great Far Eastern hotels. The manager sends them to a language school so they will have the chance to be managers, too.

woman wearing horn-rimmed glasses, had been out with a cold for several days, and as she moved about among the new prisoners who were living in the Annex for a two-week orientation period while being given physical examinations and psychological tests, she was greeted by a blond girl named Irene Cavanna. "Thought you'd run out on us," the girl said, and without waiting for any comment, she lapsed into a rambling monologue about her past: "See that scar I got on my chin? My mother got mad one day and threw a knife at me. And that mark I got on my knee from running from the cops. And once I slashed my wrists. See the scars?" Mrs. Owens handed the girl a cigarette and lit it for her. (Inmates are not allowed to have matches.) Downstairs in the receiving-unit dressing room, an arsonist was surrendering her money and personal belongings to Mrs. Marie Hamilton, who then examined the prisoner's head for parasites. In the same room, a tall, full-figured woman in a navy-blue coat and high-heeled shoes waited restlessly beside a battered plastic suitcase for the man who was to drive her to the bus stop, and that moment when she would step outside the institution's doors, a free woman once again.

DURING the morning, the deputy on duty (today that meant Mrs. Smith herself) regularly makes a tour of inspection through all the work areas. At her first stop, in the Shirt Room, the superintendent found some thirty girls settling down to the sewing machines, where piles of finished hospital nightgowns were now being moved aside to make room for a new project, pillowcases. After a few words with the officer in charge, Mrs. Smith went on to the Flag Room, where flags in various stages of manufacture were lying on tables in a kaleidoscopic profusion of red stripes, white stars, and blue rectangles. An instructor was showing a plump little teen-ager how to stitch stars on a piece of scrap material, and in the far corner of the room two experienced workers were printing official seals on state flags by means of a silk-screen process. The plump teen-ager gave up her struggle with the stars and made her way among the tables to the water cooler.

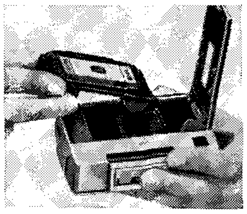
"We haven't got the workingest bunch in the world," the instructor remarked.

"Better luck next time," said Mrs. Smith, and hurried on about her rounds.

Despite the difficulties of trying to

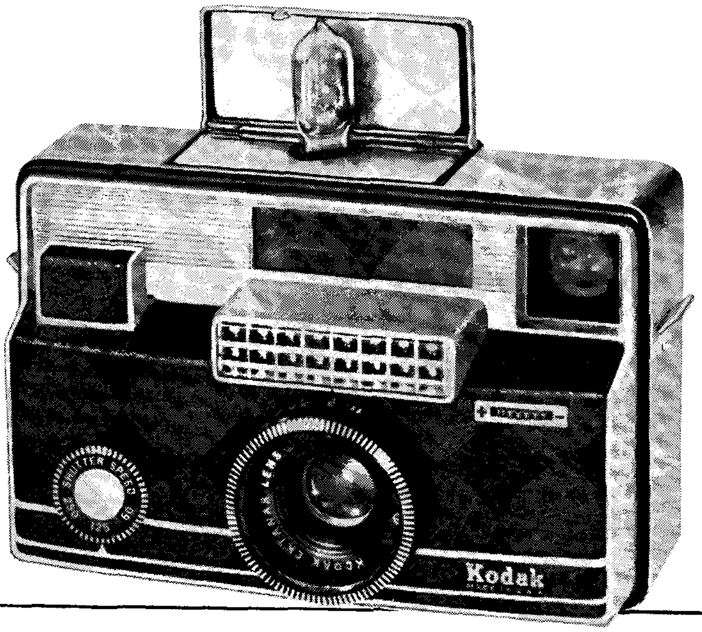
Kodak

does practically everything for you automatically



...loads instantly, too!

The Kodak Instamatic 800 Camera is the most convenient, most automatic, most helpful precision camera in the world today. It loads automatically . . . and automatically adjusts for film speed . . . automatically advances the film for you after each shot . . . automatically adjusts the fast f/2.8 lens for correct exposure . . . automatically switches to flash speed when you pop up the built-in flash holder . . . automatically indicates by rangefinder when focus is correct . . . and more, much more! This extraordinary precision camera costs less than $130. See the Kodak Instamatic 800 Camera and other models at other prices—at your Kodak dealer's. *Price subject to change without notice.*



KODAK INSTAMATIC 800 Camera

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Kohlmeier of Wall Street Journal Awarded Pulitzer Prize for Johnson Wealth Series

By a WALL STREET JOURNAL *Staff Reporter*

NEW YORK — The Pulitzer prize for reporting on national affairs was awarded to Louis M. Kohlmeier of The Wall Street Journal for "his enterprise in reporting the growth of the fortune of President Lyndon B. Johnson and his family."

Mr. Kohlmeier's analysis of the Johnson fortune and how it was built was published as a series of articles in March 1964. The public discussion of the Johnson broadcasting empire that the series initiated led last August to the President himself making public a detailed audit of his finances.

Wall Street Journal staff members have now won Pulitzer prizes for reporting in three of the past five years. Norman C. Miller won an award last year for stories exposing the multimillion-dollar salad oil scandal. Ed Cony was awarded a Pulitzer prize in 1961 for a story describing how officers and directors of Georgia-Pacific Corp., a forest products concern, engaged in personal outside transactions with the company.

Painstaking Research

Pulitzer prizes for distinguished editorial writing went in 1947 to William H. Grimes, who was editor of The Wall Street Journal until his retirement in 1958, and in 1953 to Vermont Royster, who succeeded Mr. Grimes as editor.

Mr. Kohlmeier's stories on the Johnson fortune were based on facts painstakingly dug out. The reporting was done in Austin, Johnson City and more than a dozen other Texas cities, as well as in Washington, New York and other points such as Little Rock, Ark., and Oklahoma City, Okla.

In his research, Mr. Kohlmeier dug into Federal Communications Commission files that were more than 20 years old and long since had been sent to a Government warehouse. He read yellowed copies of the Congressional Record from the days Mr. Johnson was on the Senate Commerce Committee. He examined land deeds and bank stockholder lists at more than half a dozen Texas county courthouses. He interviewed four of the FCC's seven commissioners, two former commissioners and nearly a dozen FCC staffers. He also interviewed Johnson confidants, broadcasters, brokers of television and radio stations, and present and past Congressmen and Senators.

Mr. Kohlmeier, 39 years old, is a native of St. Louis. A 1950 graduate of the University of Missouri, he served two years in the Army and joined The Wall Street Journal in 1952. He served in the Journal's St. Louis news bureau for two years and in the Chicago bureau for two years. He then worked for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat for three years, rejoining the Journal in Washington in 1960.

He is married to the former Barbara Wilson of Washington. They have two children, Daniel, five, and Ann, two, and live in Bethesda, Md.

Earlier Award

Mr. Kohlmeier's series on the Johnson fortune has also won a distinguished service award for Washington correspondence from Sigma Delta Chi, the national journalism fraternity.

The most valuable thing about a Pulitzer Prize is that it reminds a newspaper of what a newspaper is supposed to be.

The Wall Street Journal is one of the nation's largest newspapers.

But its mission is not mere *size*.

It is said to be one of the world's most influential media. But its mission is not *power*.

It is 75 years old. But its mission is not just *longevity*.

Winning a Pulitzer Prize sharpens the understanding of what a newspaper is really all about.

The Wall Street Journal's mission is that of all good newspapers: to discover facts its readers should know, to report those facts with the utmost respect for truth, and to transmit those facts as swiftly as possible so that decisions and opinions can be formulated by readers while such judgments still have meaning.

If any one factor accounts for The Wall Street Journal's size, influence and longevity, it is its insistence that facts have meaning only in terms of people.

It is people who make news, and who are affected by news happenings.

With this ground rule, business news (which is The Wall Street Journal's specialty) is bound to be interesting.

Business news is about humans first, and dollars and machines and factories second. It is about what people think, believe, wish, plan and do as they go about the business of making a living.

Thinking readers feel a deep need for such information.

The best proof is that America's busiest men devote precious time every business day to the national business daily.

That daily audience today is over 880,000 in paid circulation alone.

Not numbers—people.

People who will be pleased that *their* Wall Street Journal has just won another Pulitzer Prize—the third in five years.

A superior editorial product has created a superior advertising medium.

LL STREET JOU

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
Editions published: Eastern, Midwest, Pacific Coast and Southwest / Distributed everywhere every business day.

run shops with workers who are not only untrained, by and large, but are forever being called away for therapy, Alcoholics Anonymous meetings, conferences with social workers, or classes in the education department, Mrs. Smith has placed great stress on the industrial-training program at M.C.I.F.; indeed, she has ambitious plans for branching out into beauty culture and electronics. The man in charge of all the reformatory's industrial activities had been wanting to go over some budgetary matters for a week or more, and Mrs. Smith now interrupted her tour to make a call at his office. Then she went down for a brief look around the kitchen area, where she found one group of girls making a fruit sauce for the noontime dessert, another group peeling a mountain of potatoes, and a third group listlessly scrubbing what seemed to be an already spotless table.

In the kitchen area, Mrs. Smith encountered Roberta Ryan, a tall, muscular girl with a short haircut who had been giving the officer in charge of her wing a certain amount of difficulty.

"So, Bobbie, how are things going?" Mrs. Smith inquired. "Everybody up there on good terms now?"

"As far as I'm concerned," the prisoner replied tersely. "I figure a dame's not worth it!"

Homosexuality, as in all prisons, is a problem at M.C.I.F., and there may be explosive rivalries among aggressive women as they seek to gain the admiration of more passive inmates. Most prison authorities, knowing that they cannot eliminate such emotions among large groups of adults penned up together, simply try to keep them within reasonable limits. Bobbie, looking down in embarrassment, with her large hands plunged into the capacious pockets of her kitchen apron, brightened when Mrs. Smith said, "I'm sure you can arrange matters so that there won't be any more trouble."

"O.K., Mrs. Smith," Bobbie answered in a deep tone, as if one chief were conferring with another. "We'll keep it under control. Don't you worry."

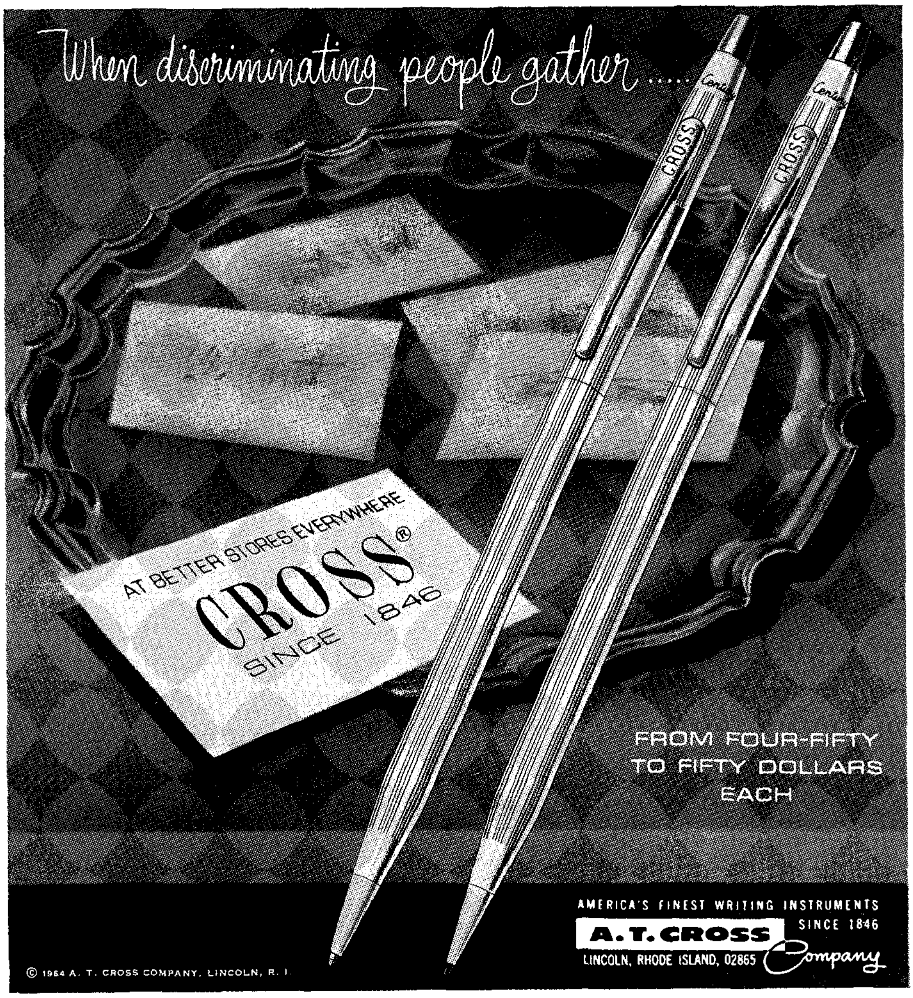
At Four Corners, the superintendent looked at her watch and saw that it was time for the classification conference. Postponing her inspection of the infirmary, she headed for the library, where she found, among others, the staff psychologist, the recording officer, the librarian, several social workers, and those correctional officers not on duty in the wings. The recording officer set up microphones around the long table, the librarian took orders for coffee at

Ballantine's 12-
the most
expensive-tasting
Scotch you
can buy.

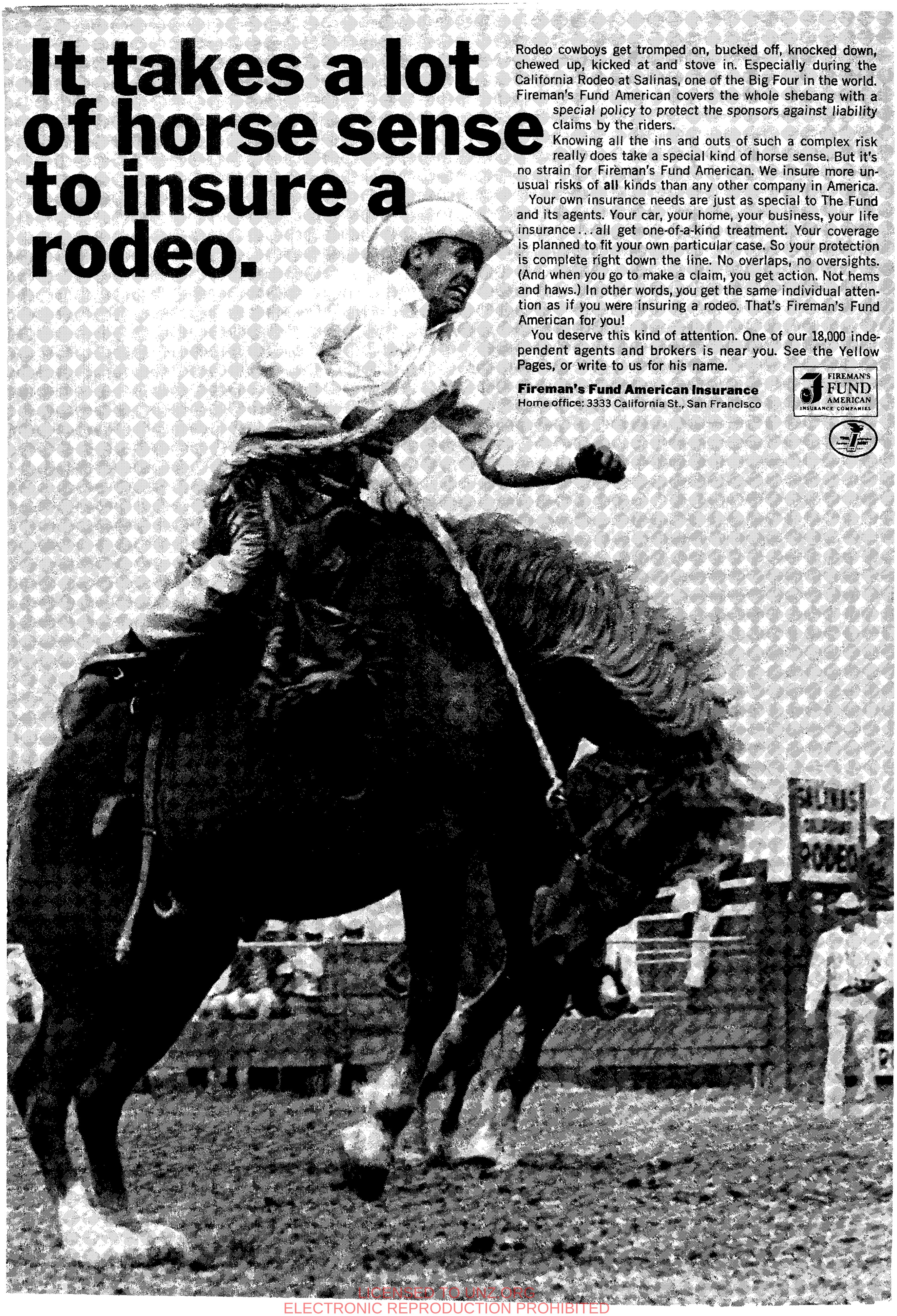
Ballantine's
TWELVE
12
YEARS OLD
FINEST BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
Dumbarton & Elgin, Scotland

Gentled in wood–
the Ballantine's way–
for 12 costly years.
About $9 a fifth.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N. Y. C.


When discriminating people gather .....
Century
CROSS
AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE
CROSS®
SINCE 1846
FROM FOUR-FIFTY
TO FIFTY DOLLARS
EACH
AMERICA'S FINEST WRITING INSTRUMENTS
A.T. CROSS
SINCE 1846
LINCOLN, RHODE ISLAND, 02865
Company
© 1964 A. T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R. I.

It takes a lot of horse sense to insure a rodeo.



Rodeo cowboys get tromped on, bucked off, knocked down, chewed up, kicked at and stove in. Especially during the California Rodeo at Salinas, one of the Big Four in the world. Fireman's Fund American covers the whole shebang with a *special policy to protect the sponsors against liability* claims by the riders.

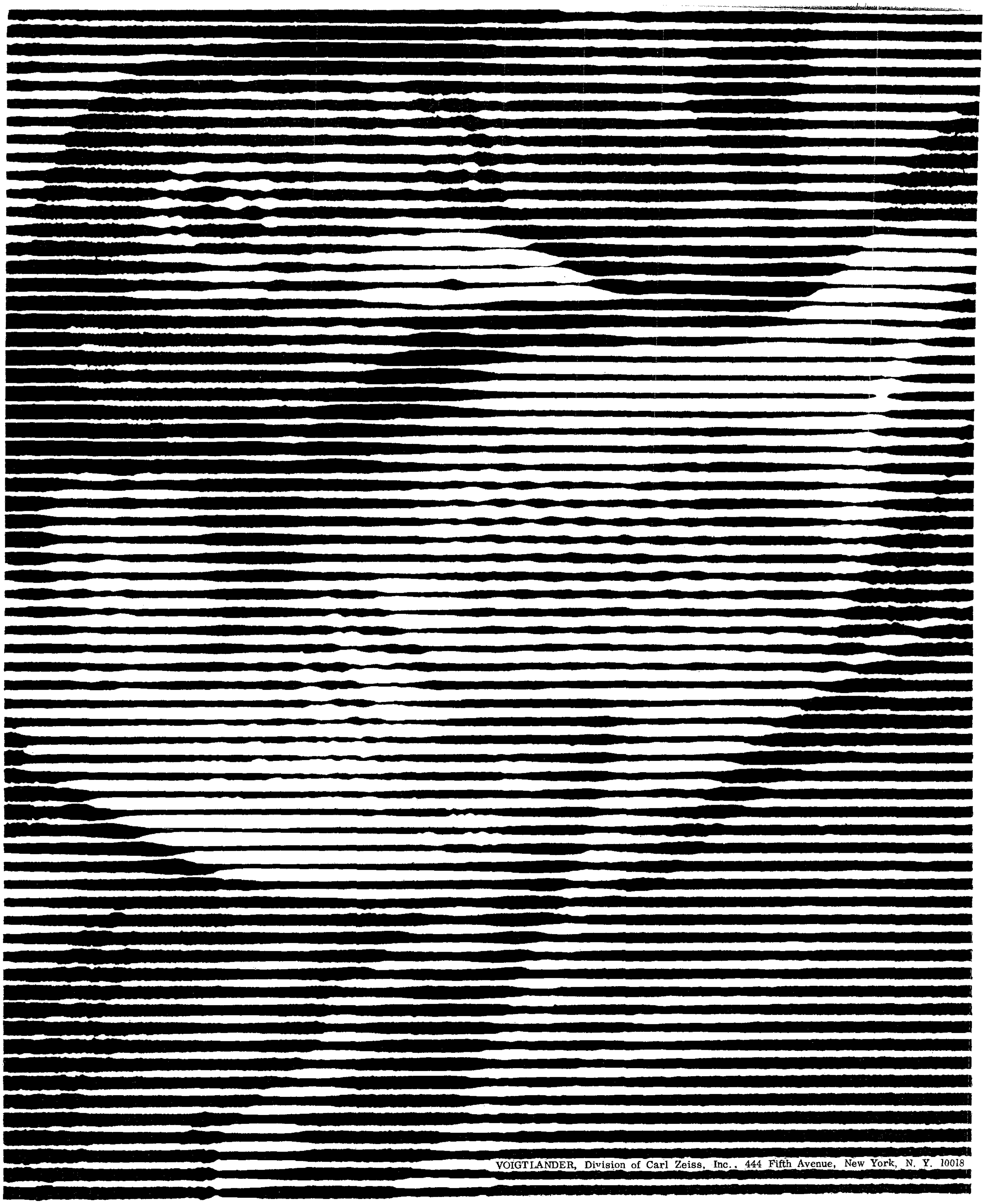
Knowing all the ins and outs of such a complex risk really does take a special kind of horse sense. But it's no strain for Fireman's Fund American. We insure more unusual risks of **all** kinds than any other company in America.

Your own insurance needs are just as special to The Fund and its agents. Your car, your home, your business, your life insurance . . . all get one-of-a-kind treatment. Your coverage is planned to fit your own particular case. So your protection is complete right down the line. No overlaps, no oversights. (And when you go to make a claim, you get action. Not hems and haws.) In other words, you get the same individual attention as if you were insuring a rodeo. That's Fireman's Fund American for you!

You deserve this kind of attention. One of our 18,000 independent agents and brokers is near you. See the Yellow Pages, or write to us for his name.

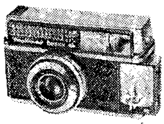
Fireman's Fund American Insurance
Home office: 3333 California St., San Francisco

FIREMAN'S FUND AMERICAN
INSURANCE COMPANIES



VOIGTLANDER, Division of Carl Zeiss, Inc., 444 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10018

With **VOIGTLANDER,** when you say "watch the birdie," your pictures will show more than you've ever seen before. All cameras can't make this clarity claim. Step back about a dozen feet and look at the picture on this page. See the difference a slight optical correction makes? Glass is glass. It's the experience of 207 years of hallowed lens crafting that makes it Voigtlander. While all lenses may appear the same, they all don't see the same.



This is the Bessy AK . . .
the first camera with
3-way automation,
plus instant-load
Kodapak photography.
Yours for only $79.98

Voigtländer

thirteen cents a cup, and then the review of new prisoners on the roster for the day began with Gertrude Klein, a seventy-one-year-old white woman committed to Framingham for drunkenness. The social worker assigned to the case reported that Gertrude was five feet tall, weighed nearly two hundred pounds, and had a round face and short white hair just emerging from the last of a henna rinse. Housework had been her occupation during most of her life, although for three years she had been a "matron"—that is, an attendant in a women's rest room—at Filene's, in Boston, a job that apparently represented the peak of her career. Gertrude's bitterest memory, the social worker went on, one that still remained vivid after sixty-two years, was of a day when her whole family—including her father, her stepmother, and her stepmother's children—had locked up and gone off for a picnic, leaving her to sit alone on the steps of the closed house. At sixteen, she had become pregnant by a man twenty years older than she was; the baby had been put out for adoption. She had started to drink at thirty-five, but although liquor had brought her forgetfulness from what she called her "misery and loneliness," she had realized that it was too dangerous for her and had resolutely given it up for a number of years. But after certain new disappointments in her life, she had taken to it again. There had been eight arrests for drunkenness, the most recent of them following a three-day bout that had landed her at M.C.I.F. in a condition hospital records described as "dishevelled and incontinent." The case was too familiar to provoke much discussion among those seated around the table. Mrs. Smith pointed out that the prisoner's own stated goal—"If I can just get back to my two rooms and my Social Security, I'll never drink again"—was constructive but probably too much to hope for. Indeed, a woman trying to scrape by on less than a hundred dollars a month, with few friends and no family, might well tend to drink not only for forgetfulness but as a means of getting herself committed to an institution where she would find at least some comfort and security. Custodial care was about all the prison could offer such elderly alcoholics, and without more ado it was determined that Gertrude Klein would live in the West Wing and work as a helper on a cleaning detail.

The second prisoner to be considered that morning, Virginia Turner,

The Caribbean is a falling-in-love-with place ...come and let us show you why.

From Grand Cayman to British Guiana, there are such sea vistas, beachscapes, jungle mountains and island-happy villages, that you can't help but lose your heart to this gay, glorious little sea. You won't be the first. It's been happening to visitors since 1492.

And what fun getting there on a fabulous BWIA 727 Sunjet. Bounteous BWIA service puts you in the mood for this part of the world—relaxed and carefree—from the start. And your travel agent makes planning so simple. Just tell him your heart's desire.

For falling-in-love-with-places vacations on any of the lovely BWIA islands, fly the airline that knows...and serves...the Caribbean best. Ask your travel agent, any BOAC office or, in Florida, BWIA-Miami. Today.

And for free Caribbean Fun Pak write to BWIA, Dept. N-6, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.

17-day Round Trip Economy Excursion Fares

TO:	FROM N.Y.	FROM MIAMI
Grand Cayman	$155	$ 59
Montego Bay	155*	64
Kingston	155*	64
St. Kitts	161	128
Antigua	161	133
Guadeloupe	180	138
Dominica	173	145
Martinique	190	149
St. Lucia	181	153
St. Vincent	199	165
Barbados	189	161
Grenada	204	168
Trinidad	209	170
Tobago	209	170
British Guiana	247	210

* Via BOAC

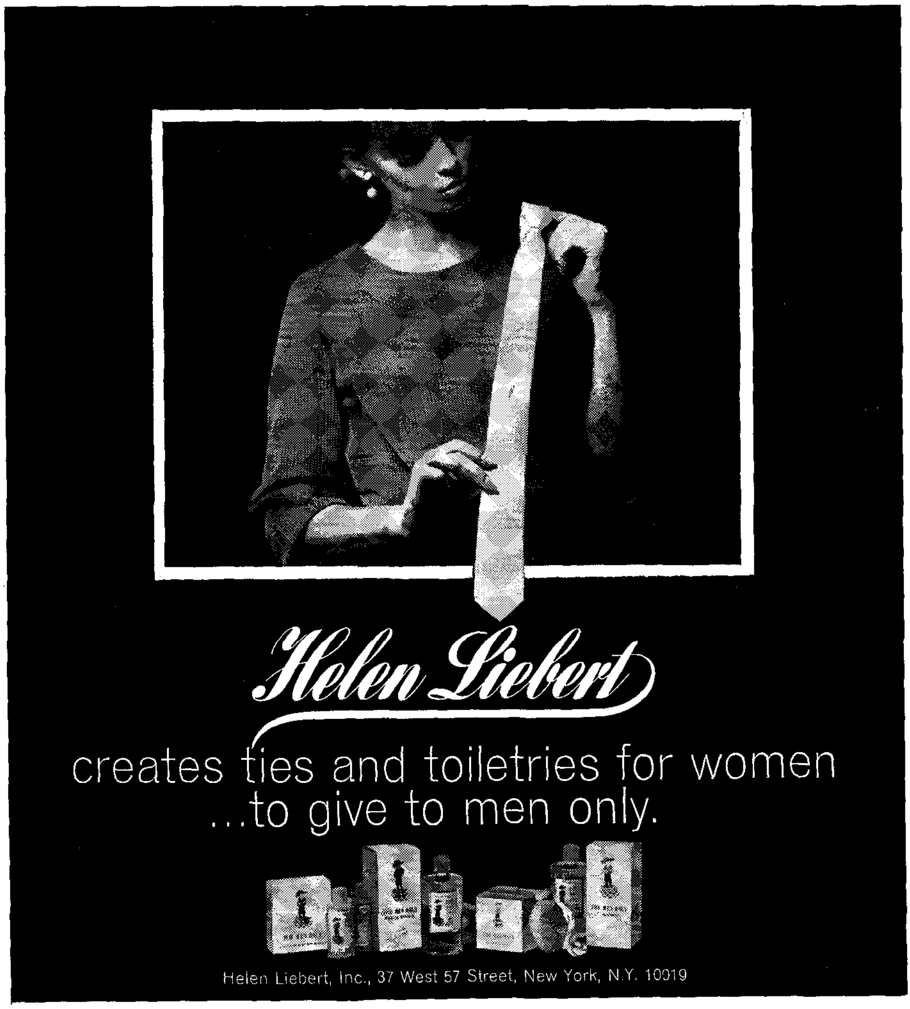
BWIA
THE AIRLINE OF THE CARIBBEAN

We've loved the Caribbean for 25 years...come and let us show you why.

(*Advertisement*)

Go find yourself an island.

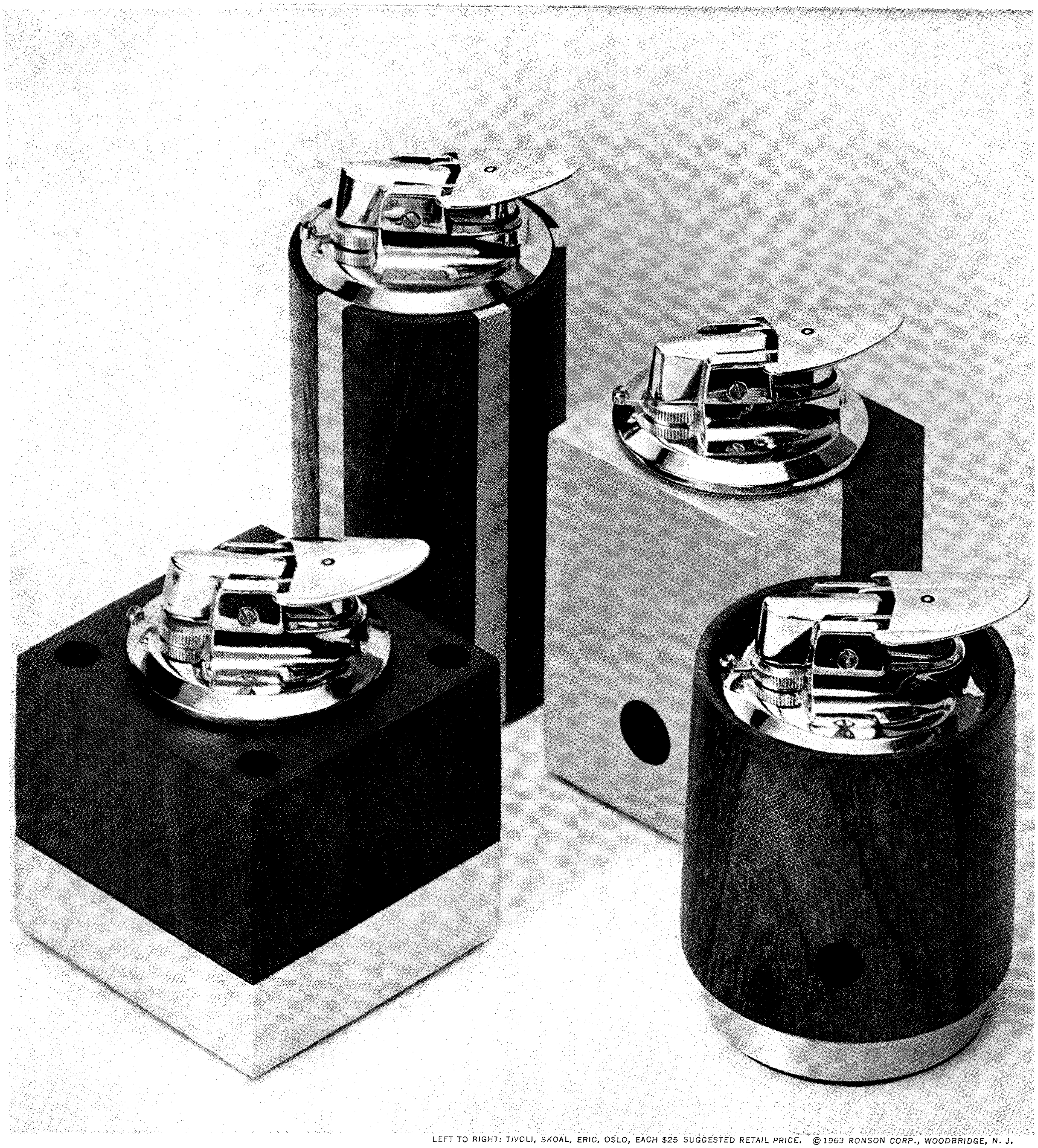
Barbados. Guadaloupe. St. Croix.
Each with its own personality. Its own foreign origin.
Its own unique natural splendor. Three islands under three flags.
Each set, gem-like, in the delicious Caribbean.
Which is the island of your dreams? Visit them all and find out.
Our Island Discovery Plan makes it fantastically easy.
Where will you stay? Read on, to your delight.
Grapetree Bay in St. Croix.
Fort Royal in Guadaloupe.
Sandy Lane in Barbados.
Come and go as you please. Stay where you like as long as you like.
Hop from one island to another whenever you like.
Your accommodations are waiting for you;
the same special low rate at all three hotels.
A rate that includes everything: rooms, breakfast and dinner.
A rate that brings you *extraordinary savings.*
Why stay in the same old rut this summer? Go find yourself an island.
See your Travel Agent or contact:
Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y. JU 6-4500
P. S. Summer is perfect in the Caribbean. Trade winds provide
air-conditioning outdoors. Your hotel room provides it indoors.



Helen Liebert
creates ties and toiletries for women
...to give to men only.
Helen Liebert, Inc., 37 West 57 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

was described as a very small (everyone called her Bitsy) seventeen-year-old white girl with bleached blond hair and a rounded hundred-pound body, who had been arrested as a suspected prostitute and venereal-disease contact. Her mother, disabled by chronic arthritis and almost completely deaf, had disciplined her children—with increasing severity after Bitsy's father had deserted—by beating them with a broomstick that she kept near her wheelchair and occasionally by throwing things at them. Bitsy's feelings about her father's decision to walk out on her mother were conflicting—"I couldn't stand it myself," she admitted, "her falling over all the time and getting burnt on the stove and everything"—and in some ways his departure had come as a relief, because she hated him, she said, for "interfering" with her older sister and for making advances to "every girl friend I brought into the house." After a couple of brushes with the authorities as what Massachusetts law calls a "wayward child," she had accused a sailor of raping her. A little later, at the State Industrial School for Girls, in Lancaster, she had tried to carve hearts and initials on her legs in imitation of tattooing and had generally been considered an unhealthy influence on the other girls. In answer to the present charge against her, Bitsy had said that when sailors got V.D. they had to give *some* name or else they'd be put in the brig, and so they gave *her* name. And the infirmary reported that although the child was in poor physical shape, she was not infected with a venereal disease. The social worker commented that, despite all her promiscuous conduct, Bitsy was actually afraid of men, and Mrs. Smith suggested that the newcomer might benefit from living in one of the cottages; the informal, open-door atmosphere might give her at least a taste of the affection and sense of belonging she obviously craved. Miss Mary Clary, the supervisor of Hodder Cottage, agreed, and Mrs. Smith ended the discussion by saying that Bitsy Turner would live in Hodder and work in the Flag Room.

A teen-age Negro shoplifter was next, and after she had been described as repressed, confused, unkempt, worried about her poor complexion, and rendered even more self-conscious by the fact that she had only four teeth, Mrs. Smith remarked wryly that whatever else Framingham might or might not do for the poor girl, it could at least give her a set of dentures. She had dropped out of school in the seventh grade, and just as Mrs. Smith was



LEFT TO RIGHT: TIVOLI, SKOAL, ERIC, OSLO, EACH $25 SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE. © 1963 RONSON CORP., WOODBRIDGE, N. J.

The new Rosewood Collection by Ronson... another reason why table lighters are back on the table. These remarkable lighters work on butane gas. You fill them just once a year. They have no wick. No cotton. No messy, drippy fluids. You adjust the flame with a fingertip dial. Low for cigarettes. Medium for cigars. High for pipes. After giving thousands of lights without refilling, they take just seconds to refill. Remarkable. **RONSON® Varaflame® Butane Table Lighters**

At 8:15 A.M. Walter Goodman's wife served him his first cup of pure Brazilian coffee. After one taste, he leaned over and kissed her. By the time he left for work, Walter Goodman had agreed to new living room drapes, 5 Bossa Nova lessons, and another small loan till his brother-in-law Sheldon finds himself.

Man...that's coffee!

Anything unusual ever happen when you serve coffee?

Or is your coffee greeted with dead silence from your family and friends?

Try pure Brazilian coffee.

For centuries almost every American coffee brand—including yours, probably—has blended Brazilian coffee beans for quality, aroma and flavor.

Yet many Americans have never tasted a pure Brazilian coffee.

It's quite a treat.

Everything you like in a really good cup of coffee becomes richer, more concentrated, in a pure Brazilian coffee.

Right now you may not be able to find a pure Brazilian brand in your neighborhood.

But you should in the near future. In fact, you could probably hurry things along a bit by lobbying with your grocer.

Don't be bashful, tell him you'd like to try a Brazilian coffee soon.

You'll be delighted with the difference it will make in your coffee. And in your husband.

Incidentally, if you'd like a free booklet, "How To Make Better Coffee," write to Dept. C., Brazilian Coffee Institute, 120 Wall St., N.Y.C. 5.

COFFEE OF BRAZIL

inquiring whether the clinical tests showed her to be retarded, the meeting was interrupted by an emergency in the East Wing. The officer in charge there called to report that Regina Thomas, more agitated than ever, had just been sent back to her quarters from the Shirt Room after attempting to slip a pair of shears into the front of her dress. "I guess I can't put off my talk with her any longer," the superintendent said. She asked the chief social worker to take the chair during her absence, and hurried over to the East Wing.

Having glanced through the wooden slats of the door to Regina's cubicle and found her slouched across the bed, pale and sullen as she gnawed at her knuckles and rubbed the toe of one shoe against the wall, Mrs. Smith picked out the appropriate key from a ring she carried on her left thumb and opened the door.

"Well, what is it, Regina?"

The girl did not look up.

"Why did you take the shears?"

Still no reaction.

"We've had a long history of that, haven't we?" Mrs. Smith went on gently. "Forks, knives from the kitchen, boards with nails in them."

Something like a smile appeared on the girl's face.

"Shears are more dangerous," Mrs. Smith observed. "What did you have in mind?"

"Nothing," Regina muttered.

Mrs. Smith asked about the "Tomorrow will never come" essay. "You wanted someone to find what you'd written, didn't you?"

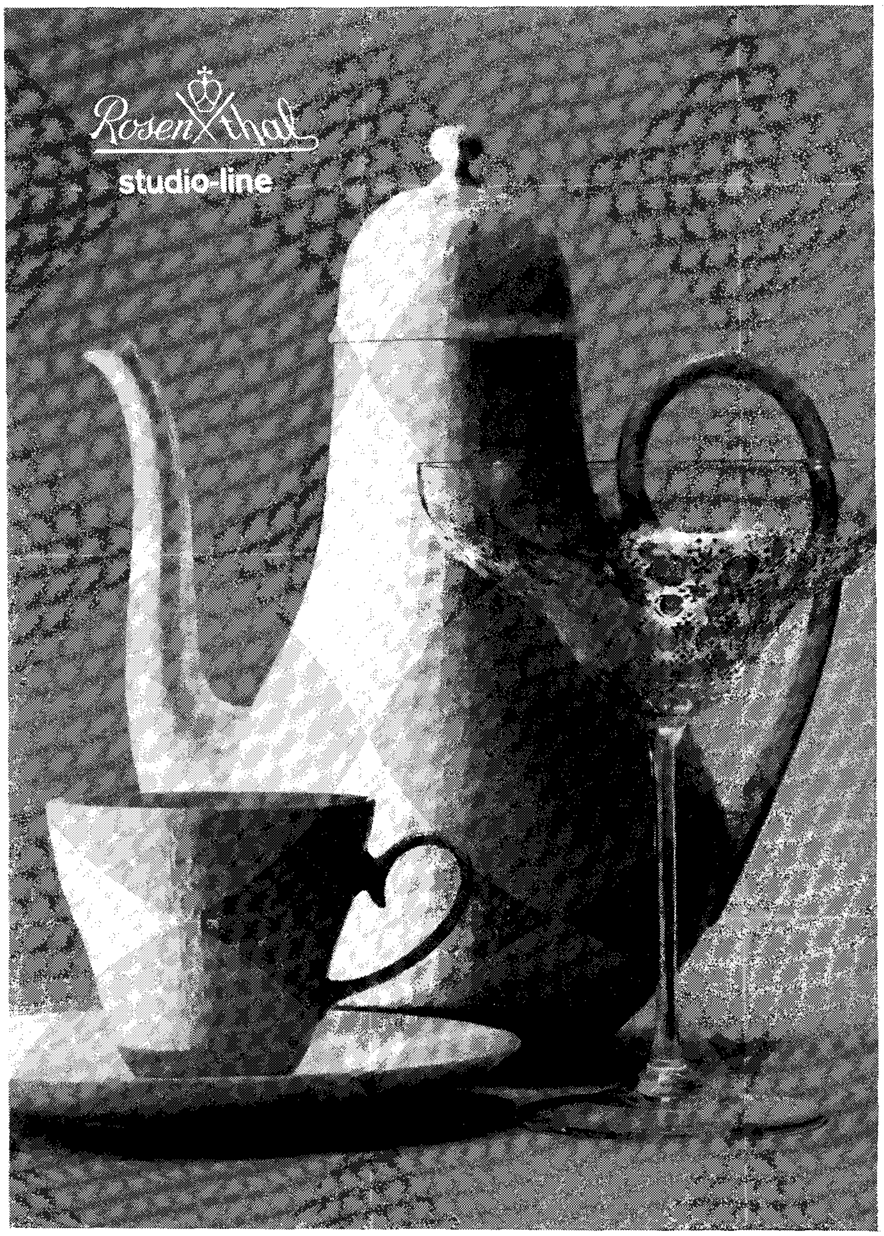
Regina merely pushed her shoe harder against the wall, and Mrs. Smith waited in vain. This uncommunicative girl, who had made no friends at the reformatory, who either ran away from trouble or tried to demolish it by breaking down a door or putting her hand through a pane of glass, typified in many ways a whole tribe of alienated teen-agers, thrown up out of the destructive chaos of their childhood environment into the temporary enforced order of the reformatory, only to be returned, in due course, to that same confusion. They were always on guard, and perhaps Regina's feelings about the world she lived in had been expressed most directly at the end of her last escape attempt after she had been run to earth and found cowering in a corner of a woodshed, her face contorted in fear and defiance, when she threatened her pursuers with a length of two-by-four.

"Regina, your progress has been

A thought:
china, glass and silver must complement each other and blend.

A man:
the Danish artist Bjorn Wiinblad enhances one romantic ornament through the contrast of three precious materials.

A product:
"Romance" in thinnest porcelain and luminously clear lead crystal Sterling silver to match



Designers of the ROSENTHAL STUDIO LINE:

Bele Bachem, Munich
H. Th. Baumann, Munich
Sigvard Bernadotte, Stockholm
Acton Bjorn, Copenhagen
Lucienne Day, London
Cuno Fischer, Stuttgart
Elsa Fischer-Treyden, Berlin
Karl Gustav Hansen, Copenhagen
George Butler Jensen, Chicago
Alain Le Foll, Paris
Richard Latham, Chicago
Raymond Loewy, New York
Raymond Peynet, Paris
Emilio Pucci, Florence
Bjorn Wiinblad, Copenhagen
Tapio Wirkkala, Helsinki

☐ Shown: "Romance" Motif $17.95 per place setting. Other "Romance" patterns to $59.95..."Romance II"Crystal, $7.00 per stem...Sterling, $75.00 per place setting.

For Studio Line Brochures send 10c to Dept. N20

ROSENTHAL CHINA CORPORATION, 21 East 26 Street, New York, New York 10010
Rosenthal Canada Ltd., 40 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont.

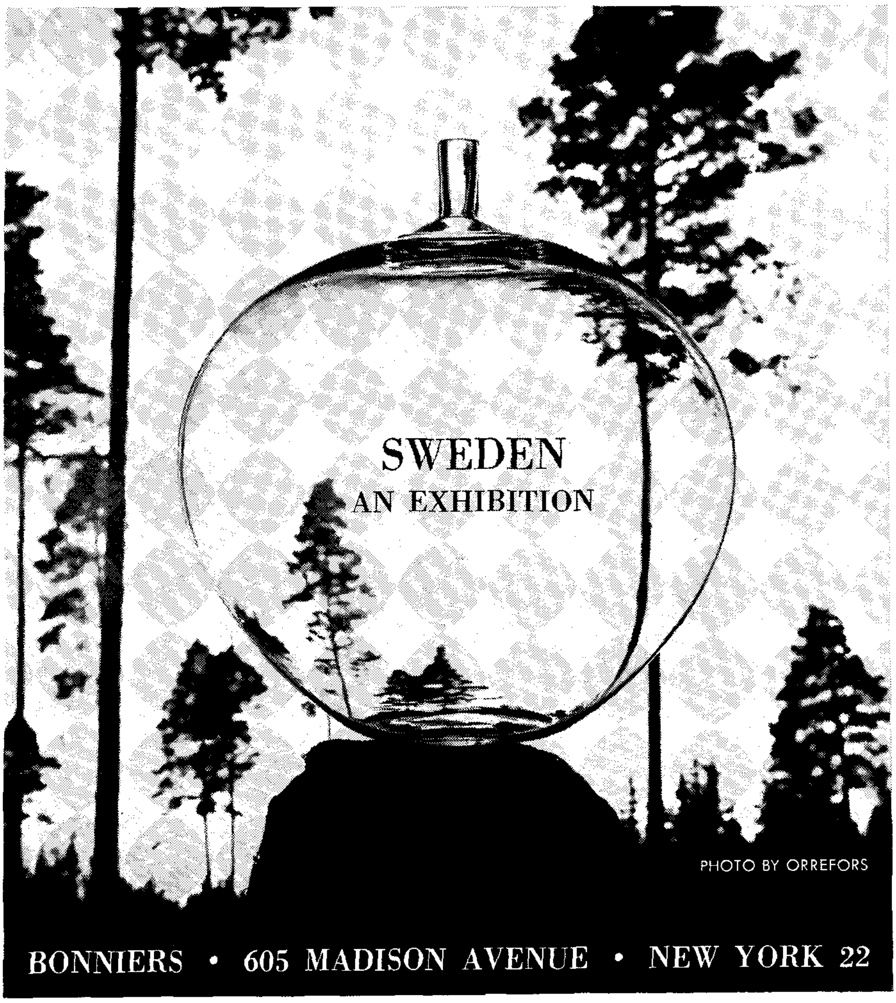
GEN. U.S. IMPORTERS: VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.

IMPORTED
BY VAN MUNCHING & CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.
Heineken Beer

HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW

Everybody should drink it all the time. Or at least once in a while.

Why? Because better beer just isn't made. Need a for instance? O.K. Our brewmasters actually *age* Heineken for three months. That makes for *naturally tiny bubbles*. And the smaller the bubbles the better the beer. So if you drink Heineken often, you know what great beer is. And, if you enjoy it just once in a while, you know what your regular beer should be. HEINEKEN IMPORTED BEER



BONNIERS • 605 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK 22

good recently," the superintendent said. "You haven't tried to run for some time, and I realize that that alone has been difficult for you. You will soon be up for parole. Stealing shears isn't going to help you. Now I want you to stay in your room for a while and think this over. Try to remember that we want to help you—and you aren't going to solve anything by doing something foolish."

Before leaving the East Wing, Mrs. Smith reminded the officer on duty that Regina needed close watching and also needed contact with other human beings. "Maybe she'll talk to you," the superintendent suggested. "But don't push too fast. You'll have to give her time."

On her way back to the classification conference, Mrs. Smith paused to intervene in a minor disciplinary dispute between an officer who was a comparatively new employee and an eighty-two-year-old alcoholic known affectionately throughout the prison as Maggie, who had been committed so often since her first visit, in 1912, that she had come to regard M.C.I.F. in a somewhat proprietary way. When the officer had asked to see Maggie's pass, the old woman had simply trotted on with a remark to the effect that anyone ought to know she wouldn't be wandering about the halls unless she had a pass. The officer had insisted, and Maggie had asked haughtily, "What is this, the bloody salt mines?"

"Maggie," Mrs. Smith admonished, "a civil question deserves a civil answer."

"Oh, good mornin' to you there, darlin'," said Maggie, flashing her pass at the younger officer without deigning to turn her eyes away from Mrs. Smith. "My, but you look pretty today, darlin'." And, nodding her birdlike head, she hurried on her way.

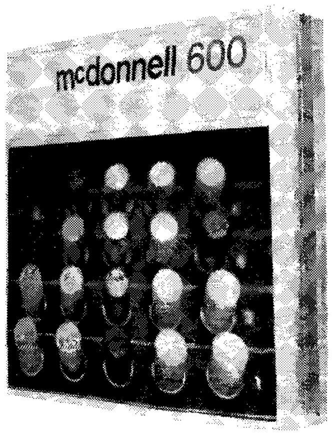
Mrs. Smith was delayed again as she passed her own office when her secretary ran out to ask if she would take a call from a man at the Telephone Company about the intercom system for the new buildings. When she picked up the phone, the man said he wondered if she was aware that it would cost no more to rent the equipment she had in mind from New England Tel. & Tel. than it would for the state to own it. Mrs. Smith had not been aware of this, and said she would like to do some checking. She then put in a call to the Massachusetts Department of Administration and Finance at the State House in Boston to speak to the director of communications, who had to approve all phones in

McDonnell 600 helps you make an investment decision every trading day of your life

Each time the stock market opens for business, you make an investment decision – a decision to buy, a decision to sell or a decision to neither buy or sell. McDonnell 600 is a quarterly publication developed specifically to provide a basis on which you can make intelligent investment decisions. It helps in these 10 ways:

- **By providing fundamental research data reflecting growth, earnings, yield and present worth, as well as relative market performance over a 13 week period for 600 carefully selected companies.**
- By indicating with specific numbers not only whether one company or industry group appears to us to be a better buy than another, but by *how much.*
- **By feeding into the computer researched data and professionally determined evaluations on more than 600 stocks in 30 industry groups, allowing for week-by-week comparisons.**
- By including industry-by-industry averages of both fundamental data and technical performance indices – two basic components of security evaluation.
- **By providing a guide to the "weighting" of portfolios using our comparative analyses of the relative strengths and weaknesses of the industries covered.**
- By using a common denominator (the "present worth" theory) for evaluating a large universe of stocks.
- **By seeking to select, on the basis of computer readout, the most favorable stock groups.**
- By specifying our selections within the favored groups, and suggesting the precise percentage to be invested in these companies.
- **By supplementing the fundamental research information with technical performance data to show whether or not market activity appears to reflect the same favorable or unfavorable outlook which is implicit in the fundamental data.**
- By publishing regularly, updated-computer readouts and fundamental research on the stocks covered in McDonnell 600 to provide the kind of continuity and attention which serious investors require to make intelligent investment decisions.

McDonnell 600 is published to provide investors with a wide range of computerized research data which reflects both the fundamental and technical approaches. You may obtain a copy of the latest issue by sending a check for $20.00 to McDonnell & Company at the address below or at any of McDonnell's 17 offices. McDonnell & Company clients can obtain their copies through their local account executives.



☐ Enclosed is $20.00. Please send me the latest issue of "McDonnell 600."

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY________________ZONE________

STATE________________PHONE NO.________

McDONNELL & Co.
INCORPORATED
Established 1905

Members New York Stock Exchange and other principal exchanges

In New York: 120 Broadway, 250 Park Avenue

New York Asbury Park Boston Chicago Denver Detroit Newark Los Angeles
Oakland Toms River San Francisco San Jose Washington, D.C. Honolulu Paris

SOFT-SIDED MATCHED MATES FOR HIM AND HER

From the VENTURA Collection

27 SIZES FOR EVERY TRAVEL NEED IN 9 FASHION COLORS

FROM $22.50 TO $90 MATCHING TRUNKS TO $325

Ventura®

So High in Fashion...So Light in Weight

Travel plans start with Ventura, choice of discriminating travelers. In scuff-resistant "Dura-Vinyl"... structural aluminum frames and other quality luggage features.

Extra security personal **Keyless Combination Locks.**

Shown above, selections from the gentlemen's collection.

Brochure on request... Dept. NY, Ventura Travelware, New York 3, N.Y.

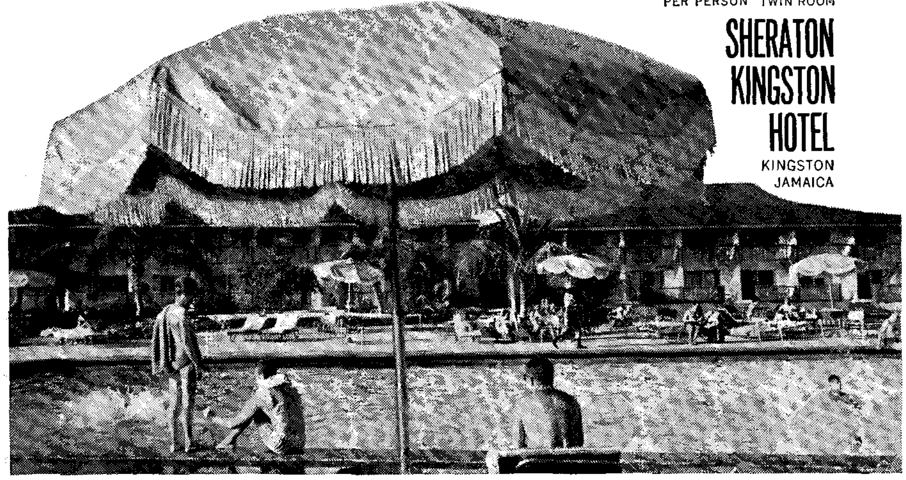
How Jamaican can you be? Come to Sheraton-Kingston and see.

It's new, lively, and a mirror of this sparkling island. It's a colony of long, low, cool, guest rooms with balconies clustering around a private pool and patios. It's the social center of New Kingston, with a bit more to do than bask in the Jamaican sun. Tennis and golf across the way. Much the finest in dining and cocktailing. Dancing nightly in the Jonkanoo Lounge. Island entertainment, with emphasis on native color and rhythm. Tempting free-port bargains right here. Come along, discover what else awaits.

For Insured Reservations call your travel agent, any Sheraton Hotel or Reservation Offices: New York—CH 4-0700, Chicago—SU 7-4585, Los Angeles—DU 2-8408.

$9.75 PER DAY
PER PERSON TWIN ROOM

SHERATON KINGSTON HOTEL
KINGSTON JAMAICA



state buildings, but he referred her to the Division of Building Construction, and there she learned that the chief engineer had already considered the question and had concluded that it would be both cheaper and more efficient to rent the intercom system than to buy it. It turned out, of course, that the chief engineer was not the final authority, and he suggested that Mrs. Smith iron the whole thing out with the business manager of the Department of Correction. This she did before returning to the classification conference.

In the library, Mrs. Smith found her associates just winding up the case of a woman whose husband had written to say, "Come off the booze and the pep pills, kid, or you and I are through forever." Mrs. Smith said that she was sure they were all impatient for the time when older alcoholics would be housed separately from delinquent girls, so that each group could be given the therapy and the work programs that offered the most hope of rehabilitation. In the meantime, the last of the new arrivals on the morning list would be assigned to live in the West Wing and to work in the central kitchen.

UPON leaving the classification conference, Miss Clary, the supervisor of Hodder, attended to some business she had in the psychology department before setting out to walk down the narrow road that links the main institution with the two old red brick cottages. The road, constantly patrolled, is actually a public thoroughfare, and some girls have escaped simply by thumbing a ride with passing motorists. When runaways are returned, their terms are lengthened, and some prisoners wind up serving long sentences for what were originally minor offenses. One of the earliest advocates of the open-door principle, at least for those able to profit from it, was Mrs. Jessie Hodder, who took charge of the Framingham reformatory in 1911, and for whom Miss Clary's cottage was named. Mrs. Smith's immediate predecessor, Dr. Miriam Van Waters, who served as superintendent from 1932 to 1958, continued and enlarged upon the humane procedures Mrs. Hodder began.

When Miss Clary, a handsome, alert woman who had been at Framingham for more than twenty years, reached Hodder, Virginia Turner, who had been assigned to her care at the morning conference, was already on the scene. Bitsy certainly lived up to her nickname. She was a doll-like creature

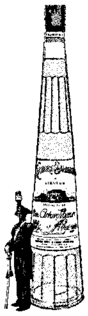
PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE PRINCIPE E SAVOIA HOTEL, MILAN

Fond of Things Italiano? Order this authentic Italian cafe umbrella from Galliano–Just $19.95.

Genuine Italian cafe umbrella—just like you see on the Via Veneto. 6 feet in diameter—tilting top, sturdy aluminum pole and 8 strong supporting ribs. Made of heavy-duty canvas—red, white and green with Galliano imprint.

Your Galliano umbrella is perfect for the lawn, beach, pool, patio or bar. If you're fond of things Italiano—try a sip of Galliano under your new umbrella. It's the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y., N. Y. ©McK&R, 1965



Mail to: Italian Umbrellas, P. O. Box 315,
Massapequa, Long Island, N. Y. 11760

Please send ( ) authentic imported sidewalk cafe umbrella(s). I enclose $19.95 for each. (Check or money order payable to Italian Umbrellas.)

Name____________________

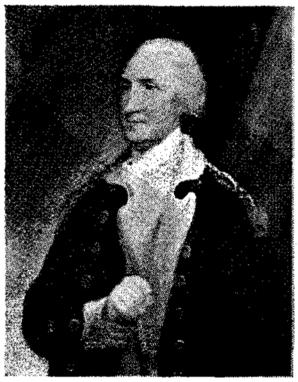
Street____________________

City________Zone______State______

Offer limited to Continental U.S.A.; expires August 31, 1965. Offer valid only where legal. Y

[An Eagle Never Forgets]

LET'S HEAR IT FOR GEO. WASHINGTON; HE'S 233 YEARS OLD!



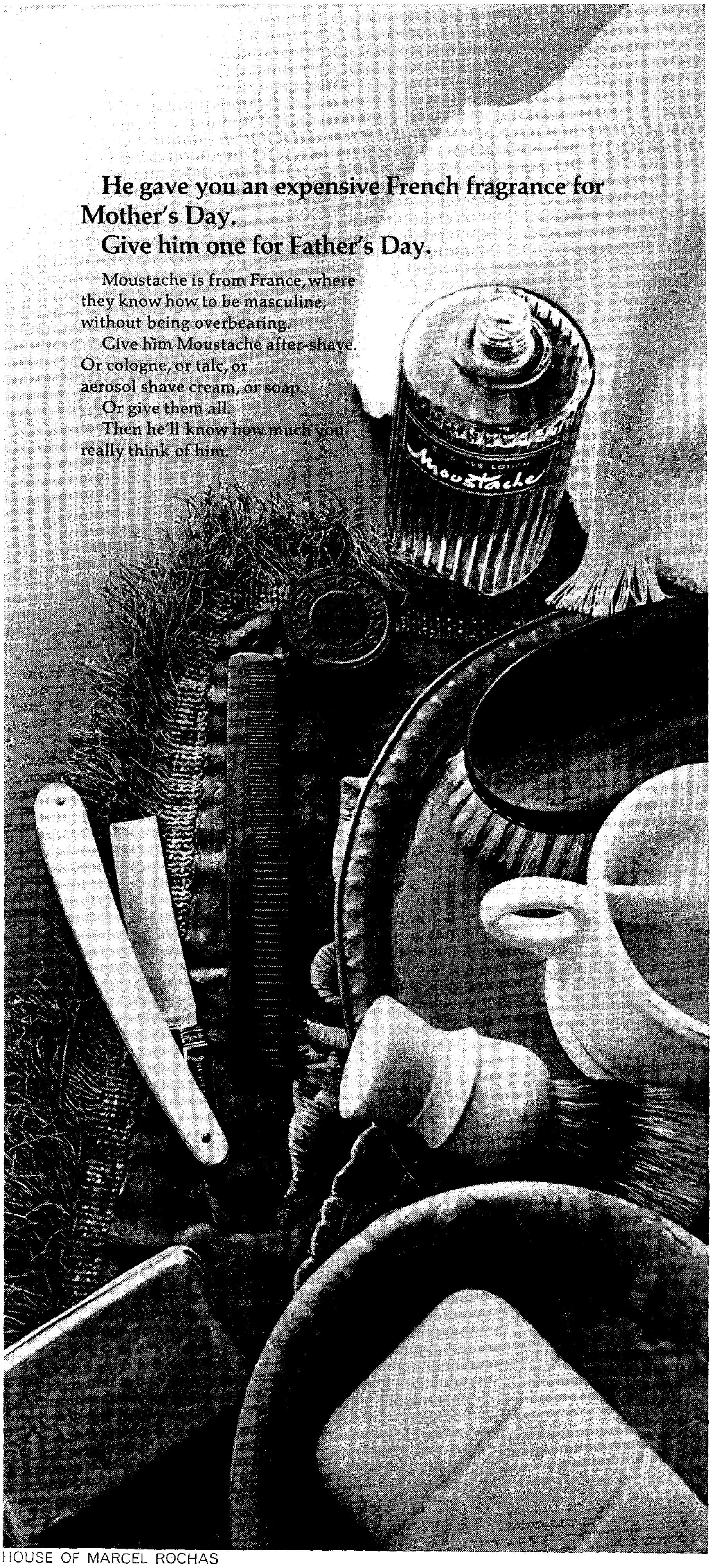
WE have been criticized in some quarters for forgetting Washington's Birthday again. ☆ We didn't forget; we just wanted to avoid the holiday traffic. Besides, who ever heard of sport shirts in February? You have? ✯ Well, not like Eagle's four new Revolutionary Plaids (Washington Squares?). Their authentic colors have been taken from the Pine portrait at Independence Hall (near Quakertown). We hold these hues to be self-evident. ✯ However, for the Continental Congressional Record they are: Of-Their-Eyes White, Saratochre (shown here), Wallis Corn, and Unroyal Blue. All with short sleeves and Eagle's traditional, Early American button-down collar ("First on the necks of its countrymen"), about $9.00. ✯ If you don't know where to find Eagle Shirts in your colony, write Goody Afflerbach at the address below.

(What do you suppose General Washington is saying above? "Sure I said natural shoulders, but this is ridiculous"; "Martha is doing the whole house Early American"; or "I don't want a refund, Sam'l, just fix the lapels"? The 13 best answers by July 4th win all four Eagle revolutionary plaids.) Send them to: EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA © 1965

with a small, flat nose and large china-blue eyes fixed in a wondering gaze, which contrasted sharply with a quick, bold way of speaking. Miss Clary decided to sit down for a chat with her in the time remaining before the other girls came back from their work assignments, and Bitsy quite eagerly told her that she had five sisters and brothers, although one of them, Josie, was actually the illegitimate daughter of the oldest sister. "That makes me her aunt," the girl pointed out. "Isn't it funny? You see, she's Claudette's daughter, and so my mother has no control over her. She never had none over me, either, to tell the truth, because I was always hanging around with Josie. Like we'd go in town and meet the kids on the Common and get introduced to the sailors at the U.S.O. Then we'd go off with them and listen to records and dance—I love to dance." Miss Clary asked if she hadn't been a bit young for all that. "Oh, sure," Bitsy admitted easily, twirling a ring on a plump and shiny finger. "I had too much freedom. They all say that. I was only thirteen when Josie first took me in town to meet the gang. They roll drunks and things like that. Do you mind if I give it to you straight? Well, they beat up faggots. Josie gave me my first tight skirt and sweater, and put makeup on me, and introduced me around. My mother was always sick, so we used to cut out, and one of the guys said, 'Hey, Josie, who's this?' and he was looking me over." Bitsy gave a realistic imitation of the examination. "And Josie said, 'That's my *sister*, and you leave her alone.' "

This stream of talk slowed down briefly, and the girl's blue eyes filled with tears, when she told about the time she had been raped. "That's the reason someone turns queer," she said. "Someone hurts them. But I didn't turn queer yet." She went on to tell Miss Clary that in order to visit Claudette, who had moved to California after giving birth to another illegitimate child—this one blamed on her own father just before he walked out on the family—Bitsy and Josie had hitchhiked across the country, sleeping in cars or in parks or in men's apartments, or, occasionally, in the Y. She felt funny, she said, if she didn't give in to men when they asked her to, because, after all, the other girls were doing it. "I didn't want to be the Virgin Mary," she said somewhat defensively. "I just did what the other kids did."

Miss Clary led the way to the cottage storeroom and handed Bitsy some clothes—three pairs of underpants,


He gave you an expensive French fragrance for Mother's Day.
Give him one for Father's Day.

Moustache is from France, where they know how to be masculine, without being overbearing.

Give him Moustache after-shave. Or cologne, or talc, or aerosol shave cream, or soap.

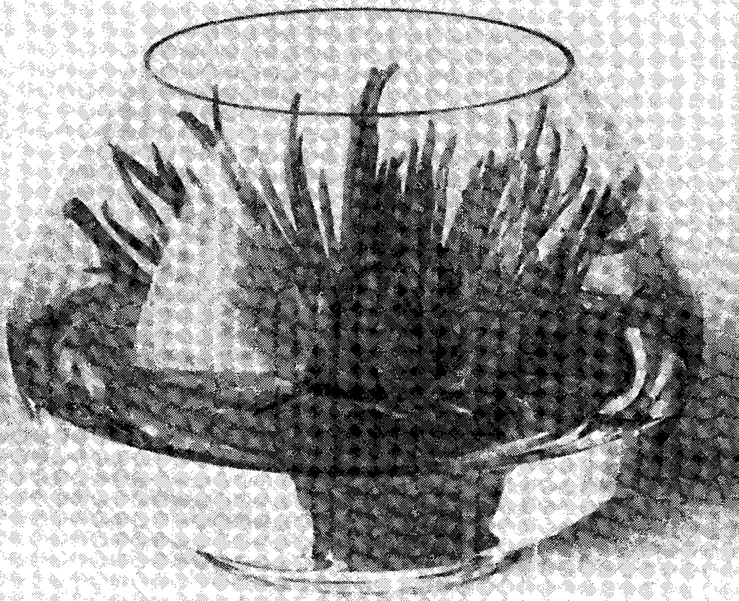
Or give them all.

Then he'll know how much you really think of him.

HOUSE OF MARCEL ROCHAS

FLOAT A FLOWER

. . . in our bell vase of clear Swedish crystal and create a lovely globe of color and serenity beside a chair or on your dinner table. An original way of saying thank you to a summer hostess, too. 4½" high, $6.50. Mail and phone orders invited.



GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 1-2400
SCARSDALE MILLBURN MANHASSET

GIANT CORP.
TREASURER
Harry Privette

A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Are you the kind of man whose talent for high-finance puts money in your company's till? Then you've earned your own Bigelow. It's the quiet way to register success. Bigelows are available in special designs, colors and textures. Write for our colorful free brochure on commercial carpets to Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. A, 140 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.

(*Advertisement*)

three brassières, and three state dresses—which she accepted with childish excitement. "I'm going to love it here," she told Miss Clary. "I loved it when I was at the Industrial School out in Lancaster. It was beautiful there, with the cottages and everything. Some of the matrons were grouchy, but some were really sweet, if you know what I mean. I fell for the grouchiest one. She was Scotch, and I got her a card at Christmas with 'You're the bonniest of them all' on it."

"It's a pity you ran away from Lancaster," Miss Clary said, adding a cake of soap to the pile of clothes.

"I ran because my best friend, Sylvie, ran," Bitsy explained. "And I wanted to see the kids in the gang. I'm not going to cut the kids out for anyone—not even if the Pope asks me."

Miss Clary turned to look at the seventeen-year-old girl who had been described in a policewoman's report, cited at the classification conference, as "a hardened prostitute." "I want to tell you something, Bitsy," she said. "We hope you'll get a good deal out of Hodder. There are going to be plenty of times when you're lonely, restless, unhappy, or just plain mad. But when you are, then the staff are here to help you. The staff may not be able to solve your problems, but they'll try to help if they can." The girl's attention was wandering. "And remember that you're making choices here all the time that will be important for the rest of your life," Miss Clary went on. "Choices of what to do and what not to do, choices of what you like and what you don't like, choices of friends—"

"What I like best is animals," Bitsy interrupted brightly. She held up one hand with three fingers raised, and Miss Clary saw the name "Jimmy" tattooed on the wrist. "We had three kittens once, but one of them got stuck in the door and it kind of mangled his foot. I still got my dog at home, though. The only things I ever cry about are my cats and my dog and my mother."

"We have all sorts of people here in Hodder," Miss Clary persisted. "We all live here like a big family, and so we have to be considerate of each other."

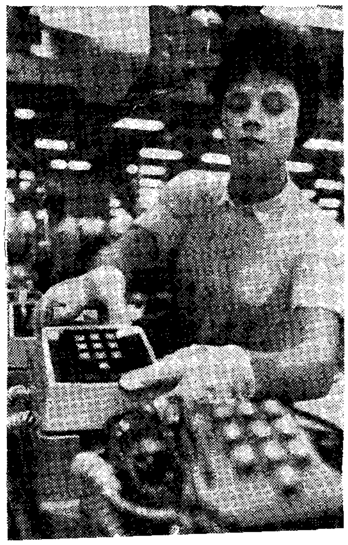
Bitsy was not listening. After showing her up to her room, Miss Clary went downstairs to the kitchen, where she found a thin young woman named Natalia James going through the motions of mopping the floor. Miss Clary asked Natalia whether she was planning to attend the Halloween party that evening. Natalia shrugged and

HOW YOU'LL PHONE FASTER BY TOUCHING BUTTONS

The new Touch-Tone® Bell telephone, made by Western Electric, is actually an electronic musical instrument. Each button you touch causes it to produce a different combination of musical tones. Calling by Touch-Tone phone is not only melodious, it's faster. An average call can be completed seconds sooner than by regular dialing. □ It takes 140 intricate parts, including transistors, to produce just the musical tones required in Touch-Tone service. These parts must be made and put together precisely so that every tone is always on pitch. And it must remain exact as it is carried over transmission lines to a Bell telephone company central office. There, other electronic equipment made by Western Electric must respond perfectly in order that your call can be sent on its way in seconds. □ Western Electric will be making Touch-Tone phones to meet the demand for improved communications within the next few years. Precision production on such a scale requires a special kind of manufacturing skill. For our job, too, is to keep costs down, yet maintain high standards of reliability. □ In these ways we help your Bell telephone company bring you the finest in communications service at low cost.

BELL SYSTEM

Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM



continued to move her mop aimlessly over the floor. In the past, this prisoner had displayed *unusual ingenuity in* securing and hiding narcotics. And evidently someone in the cottage had been involved in the manufacture of a kind of liquor from fruit juice and sugar, left to ferment in bottles that had been found, in the course of recent shakedown inspections, behind the kitchen stove, at the bottom of a garbage pail, and even suspended in a plastic bag inside the tank of a toilet. For these reasons, Miss Clary and other officers had been speculating about a carelessness of dress and remoteness of manner that they had observed in Natalia for several days.

"I'm supposed to go as Cleopatra," Natalia mumbled, as if she had finally understood Miss Clary's question about the Halloween party. "I'll see how I feel."

"I hope you decide to go," Miss Clary said.

AT M.C.I.F., the main meal of the day is served at noon, and in the absence of the deputy it was up to Mrs. Smith to "take the dinner line" as the prisoners filed past at Four Corners. At her request, she was joined in the observance of this formality by one of the participants in the classification conference—Dr. Norman Neiberg, director of research at M.C.I.F. for the Division of Legal Medicine, an agency of the Massachusetts Department of Mental Health. There were several questions she wanted to discuss with him, and it seemed unlikely that either of them would have time for a talk during the afternoon. Dr. Neiberg, who had been an engineer before he became a psychologist, was responsible for selecting graduate students to do field work at the reformatory, and Mrs. Smith urged him to hold out for someone who was reasonably mature to fill the next opening. "Some of them come in here and are overwhelmed by the stories the girls tell them," she explained. "The inmates love to get that kind of recognition, and they'll play it up all they can."

"What you are saying," Dr. Neiberg replied, "is that you'd rather have social workers than *voyeurs*. I'll do what I can." He then asked how it had gone with Regina Thomas, whose difficulties were well known throughout the prison.

"You know how hard it is to get her to talk," said Mrs. Smith, "but this time she sure left me hanging."

"Typical," declared Dr. Neiberg. "She's never really trusted any kind of

BERMUDA SPYCE
Royall Lyme

Royall Lyme imports—from the islands

Articles of good grooming and impeccable taste. Invigorating Royall Lyme toilet lotion, from the sweet oils of hand-pressed plump, fresh West Indian limes, blended to a secret formula. And–Bermuda Spyce, a manly essence made with oils of the PIMENTA CITRIODORA and other Island spices. Both lotions for use as cologne or after-shave. And—Royall Lyme soap, hard-milled in England to our formula, carries both the fragrance and refreshment of the Islands. Sold in selected department stores and men's specialty shops.

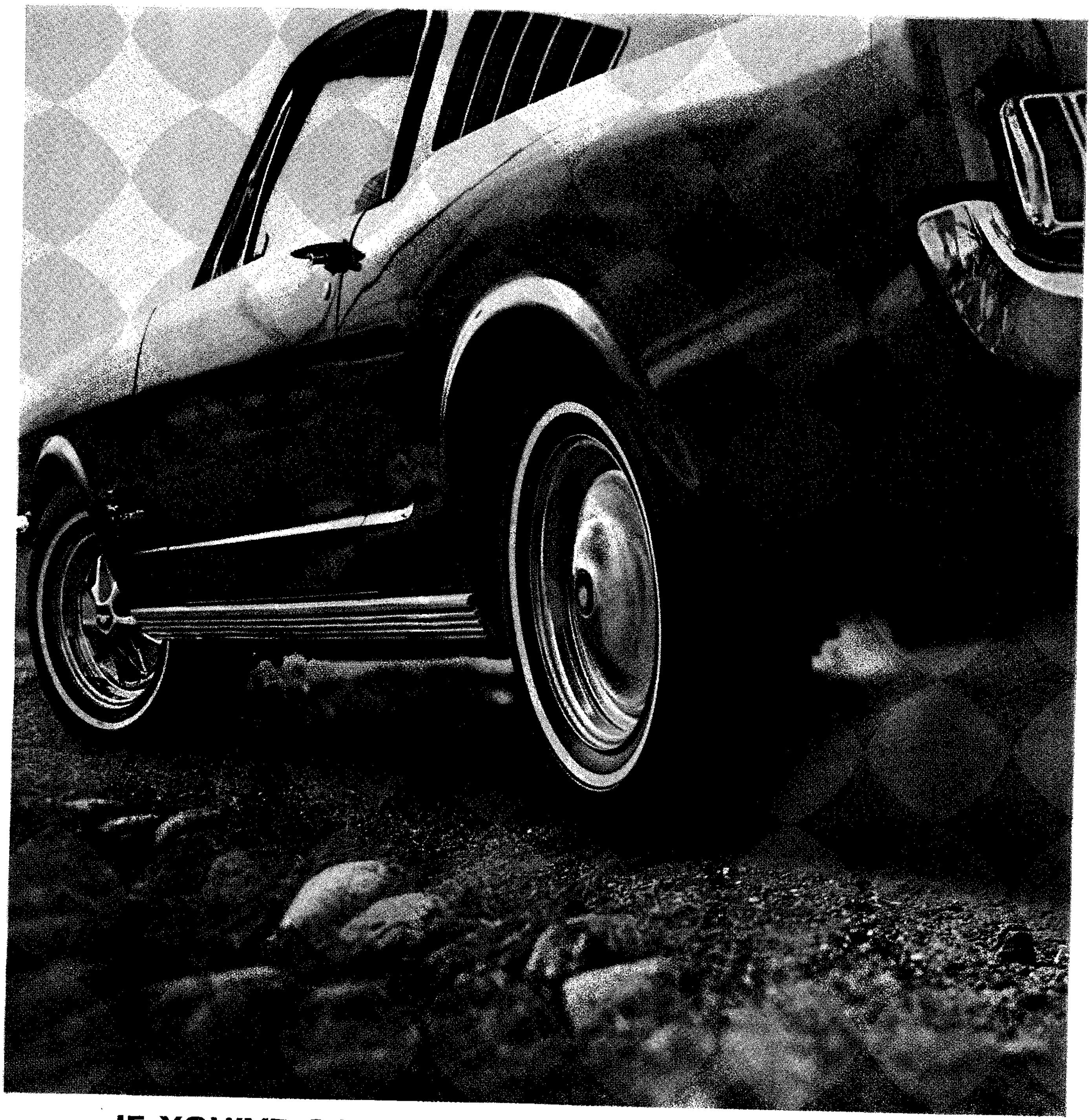
Prices from $3 to $12 plus tax.

ROYALL LYME LTD. 232 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 16

9 out of 10 fathers would rather wear Taylor Ties. No wonder. They want to look distinctive.

Whether he prefers contemporary or traditional, Taylor Ties help a man express his individuality. Taylor Ties for discriminating fathers are at: B. Altman & Co., New York/ R. H. Stearns, Boston/ Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia/Kleinhans, Buffalo and other leading stores or write to: Taylor Ties, 40 E. 34th St., N. Y. C.

TAYLOR



IF YOU'VE GOT THE GEARBOX TO DISH IT OUT... WE'VE GOT A 125-M.P.H. TIRE TO TAKE IT

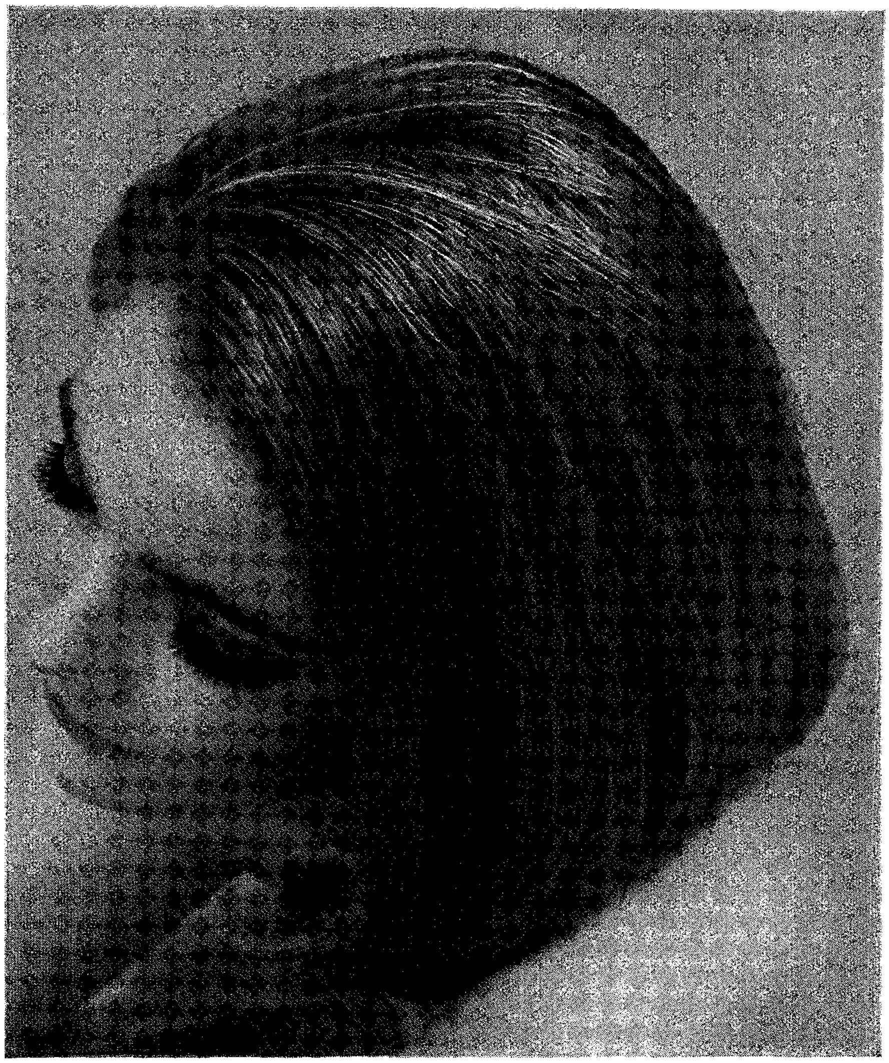
We call it the Super Sports 500. We designed it expressly to match the characteristics you buy a sports car for—acceleration, cornering, braking and high-performance stability. We proved it on our blistering hot Texas test track—at sustained speeds of 125 m.p.h., day in and day out. We call it a 125-m.p.h. tire—though many 60-m.p.h. drivers will buy it. Mostly, we proved it gives you an extra margin of safety for your own personal driving. Here's just a sampling of the facts: A special race construction inseparably welds the nylon cord body to the tread for thorough protection against blowouts. You get a wrap-around tread for cat-claw traction, especially on curves. You get special tie-bars built right into the tread to take wavering out of turnpike speeds. You get our long-wearing Sup-R-Tuf rubber for extra miles and months of service. You can get all the facts from the man who sells the Super Sports 500—at your Firestone Dealer or Store.

Sup-R-Tuf—Firestone T.M.

THE SPORTS CAR TIRE SUPER 500 SPORTS FROM FIRESTONE

FORMING
DE
PANTENE
Conditioner & Setting Lotion
1
Normal Hair
FORMING
DE
PANTENE

Can a gentle, conditioning/setting lotion of Paris, London, Madrid, etc., etc., succeed in Hard-Sell, U.S.A.?



Only if you try Forming DE Pantene® Once.

Pray do. Years now, Forming DE Pantene has been the set most sought by Europe's natural beauties. Because it is the one. The one with pro-vitamin, D-Panthenol. In consequence: Forming DE Pantene deep-conditions while it sets. Does a do that lasts longer. Defies humidity. Leaves the hair lustrous, vibrant and full-bodied. Now it is here. Two ways. No. I for normal hair. No. II for dry or color treated hair. At about $3. And happily found at Henri Bendel; Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel & Co.; Hudson's, Detroit; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin & Co. and other fine stores.

FORMING DE PANTENE at these enlightened stores:

Baltimore, Md.
Hutzler's
Boston, Mass.
Filene's
Buffalo, N.Y.
The William Hengerer Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio
H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio
Halle Bros.
Denver, Colo.
Neusteters
Hartford, Conn.
G. Fox
Memphis, Tenn.
Julius Lewis
Miami, Fla.
Jordan Marsh, Florida
Milwaukee, Wis.
T. A. Chapman Co.
New Orleans, La.
D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
Newark, N. J.
Hahne & Company
Omaha, Neb.
J. L. Brandeis
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Kaufmann's
Providence, R. I.
Gladdings
Rochester, N.Y.
B. Forman Co.
St. Louis, Mo.
Famous-Barr Co.
Syracuse, N.Y.
The Addis Co.

authority figure, you know—be they mothers or fathers or superintendents. But, for the first time, she seems to be relating a little to the officer at her work placement. Stealing the shears may even be part of it. I think you ought to get her back there as soon as possible."

"I had thought of letting her out this afternoon," Mrs. Smith said, "but she's in such a self-destructive state that I'm almost afraid to take the chance."

"I guess that's the sort of chance we have to take, though," Dr. Neiberg said. "It may help to let her see that we trust her, even though she doesn't trust us."

Dr. Neiberg followed Mrs. Smith into the staff dining room, protesting that he was on a strict diet and could only join her for a cup of tea. At first they had a table to themselves and went on discussing prison business, but Mrs. Smith noticed the new officer who had challenged Maggie in the corridor looking around uncertainly for a place to sit, and signalled for her to join them. The new officer was from the Midwest, and Mrs. Smith mentioned that she herself was an Iowan by birth and had spent six years in Minnesota, at the State Training School for Girls in Sauk Centre, before moving east to become superintendent at Framingham in 1958. At Sauk Centre, she said, she had had some experience with the open-door policy that was followed in the cottages at Framingham, and she admitted that some prisoners couldn't handle that sort of freedom; there had been quite a number of runaways. "Of course," she added, "we didn't have enough police out there in the hinterland."

"You had Mike, though," said Dr. Neiberg.

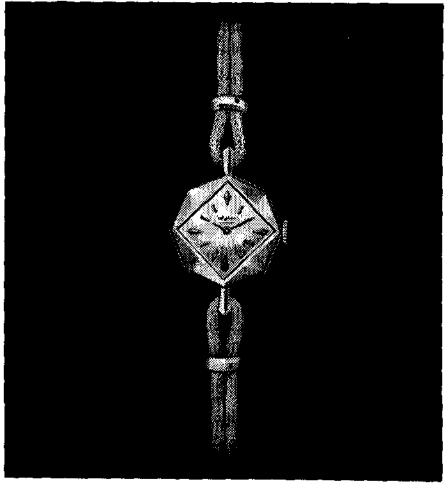
"Oh, yes, my husband would be out with me many a night hunting girls, many a night," Mrs. Smith said. "I think he often wondered what his job was in those days—selling furniture or helping run a reformatory."

The new officer asked Mrs. Smith how she had happened to go into penology. Mrs. Smith laughed, and said it undoubtedly went back to the fact that she was a Methodist minister's daughter. "Daddy was a man of firm convictions," she said. "We all adored him, but all that fire and brimstone probably got me interested right from the start in what it's like to be in conflict with authority. And, of course, it was excellent training going on the circuit from church to church, meeting all kinds of people, and working on vigor-

the most important part of a watch can't be seen

It takes more than springs and wheels and jewels to make a great watch. It takes people. The most vital component of a Wyler watch is the skill of the men who make it. These craftsmen take genuine pride in making Wyler watches, so that a jeweler can take professional pride in selling them. This is the kind of workmanship you thought disappeared long ago.

14K Gold Case. $100.00 p.t.

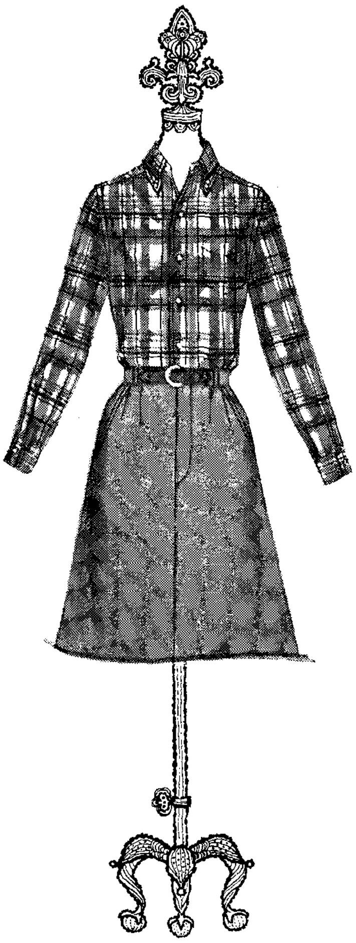


Wyler
incaflex

WYLER WATCH CORPORATION, NEW YORK 10

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

© THE VILLAGER INC., 1965 • MANNEQUIN DES- REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Haberdashing

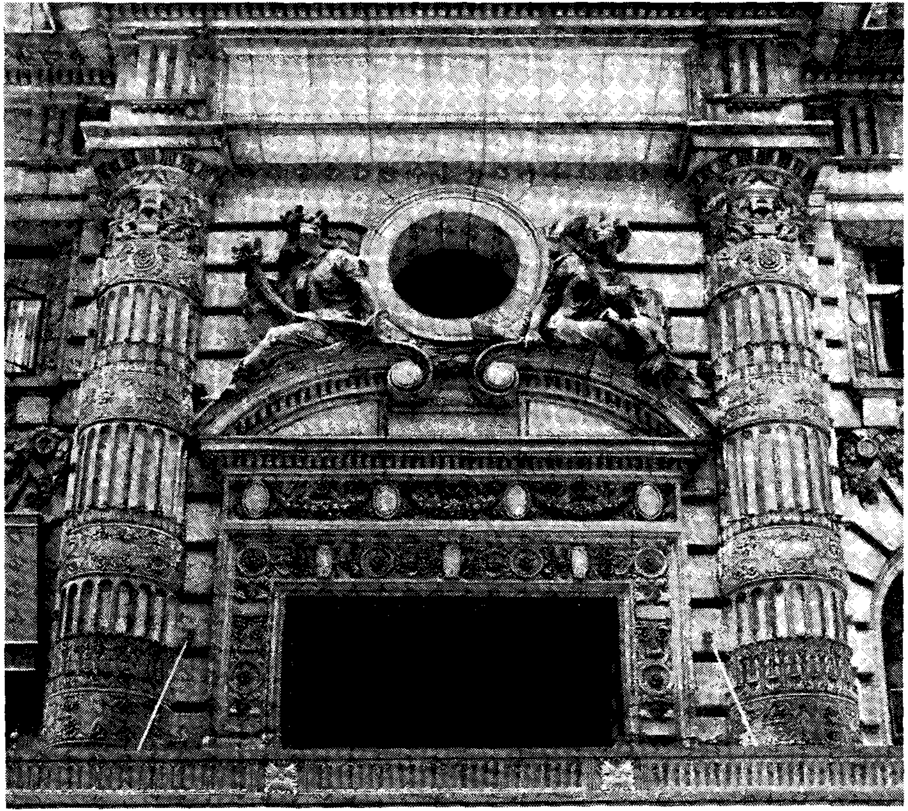
Correct enough to edit the Princetonian . . . except for the leeway in coloring allowed to the female of the species. The haberdashery shirt, sizes 8 to 16, in cotton India madras. The fly-front shorter skirt of Fortrel polyester and Avril rayon, with leather-tab belt, back pocket. Cornflower, Dusty Olive, Wild Cherry, Meadow Green, Russet, Wheat. Sizes 6 to 16.

Shirt about eleven dollars, skirt about thirteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager ®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

The Gotham Hotel, situated on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 55th Street, is an elegant New York hotel with beautifully appointed rooms and suites, excellent restaurants and cocktail lounges, superb banquet rooms and meeting facilities and a Nineteenth Century facade (illustrated).



The Gotham, 5th at 55th, *N. Y. 19. Tel.: CI 7-2200. Frank C. Bromber, Executive Director. Reservations: Atlanta - 524-3486; Chicago - 664-5100; Detroit - 962-2700, Miami - 754-1667; Wash., D.C. - 338-6481; Toronto - 363-1648; or your travel agent.*

ous, open-air projects. We once cleared some virgin land and built a house on it."

"Did this father of yours," asked Dr. Neiberg, "approve of your chosen career?"

"No, he was bitterly disappointed," Mrs. Smith said. "He always used to say that birds should leave the nest as soon as their wings are strong enough, but, dear Lord, when I wanted to leave the nest to go into social work, he went on about the evils of the slum environment and gave me another bird proverb—'Birds of a feather flock together.' "

They all laughed, but as they rose to go back to work, Dr. Neiberg remarked that her father may have had a point, since a fascination with the darker side of life, not to say an actual feeling of kinship with the criminals, was anything but rare among the eminently respectable people he had met working in prisons.

HAVING taken a minute to check on the preparations being made for the Halloween party in the gymnasium—already transformed with cardboard witches and orange and black streamers—Mrs. Smith returned to her office determined to catch up on the administrative tasks that she had had to put aside in the morning. Later in the afternoon, however, the instructor in the Flag Room came into her office with Rosetta Cowley, a Negro girl convicted on a prostitution charge, who had suddenly begun to cry. She had refused to tell the officer why she was upset, but one of the other prisoners thought that she might have recognized somebody in a group of new arrivals who had passed the door on the way to the receiving unit in the Annex. Mrs. Smith told Rosetta to pull herself together and explain what had happened.

"It's Magdalena, the girl who used to live with me and my man when I was on the street," Rosetta replied in a low voice. "She came in today."

Mrs. Smith glanced at the admissions list on her desk and found the name Magdalena Sanchez. "Why does that upset you, Rosetta?" she asked.

"It upsets me plenty."

"But tell me why."

"She's gonna hang me, that's why."

"Not here, she's not," Mrs. Smith said firmly.

"We had trouble," Rosetta explained. "She did my man dirt, and I told on her. So he cut her with his knife. And now she's out to get me."

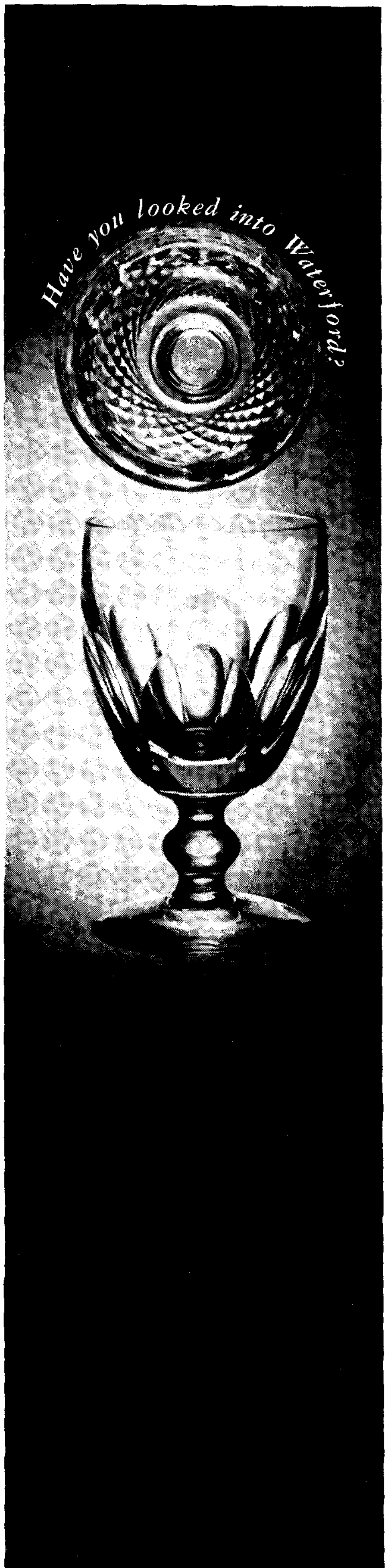
Mrs. Smith picked up the phone and asked an officer in the receiving unit

The real U.S.A.? For an incorrigible fact-collector like Richard Bissell (1913-. . . ., Phillips Exeter '32, Harvard '36) it's maybe "a kid sitting on the railroad track at Trempealeau, Wisconsin, looking at the Mississippi" or "a salesman checking into the Par-A-Dise Motel in Ashland, Oregon." And that's just to begin with, because the "real" U.S.A. could be Virginia City, Nevada, "jumping up and down and making more noise than a stamping mill and a South American revolution colliding head on." In the July Holiday there are scores of collisions as each of Bissell's U.S.A.s runs smack into the next one. And you don't have to go along with all his partialities (ferryboats, breakfasts in the dining car, waitresses named Delores) to share his general love for vital information and genial people. Somewhere, amid the geysers, Temporarily-Out-Of-Order signs, New England ladies, and the Cheesequake Service Area, home of timid cheeses, you may just settle upon the real America. Holiday, for nineteen years now, has been discovering and rediscovering the U.S.A. for its readers—real travelers, on quests of their own, and stepping off always in style. They wouldn't miss this Travel U.S.A. issue of Holiday for—well, for a night in Meddybemps, Maine, which is a name Bissell admires. It is for them that Holiday is edited . . . and because of them that advertisers have come to regard Holiday as the real buy.

THERE'S ONLY ONE

HOLIDAY

A CURTIS PUBLICATION



Every facet on this page is cut by hand with love in Waterford, Ireland. The Colleen, top view, $8.50. Side view, Kathleen, $5.50. Waterford signs every piece. For complimentary brochure, write to Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Wm. Smith & Sons Ltd., Toronto, Canada

to bring Magdalena Sanchez to her office right away. Rosetta shivered. There was a knock on the door, and when Mrs. Smith called out, "Come in," her daughter Molly poked her head into the room.

"Mother, I know you're busy, but can I take the car?" Molly asked.

The superintendent treated her daughter to a look of exasperation that she would never have inflicted on one of the inmates. "Where do you want to go?"

"Oh, just to the library," Molly said gaily.

"To the library," her mother repeated while Rosetta stared glumly out the window. "That sounds harmless enough. And then?"

"Well, maybe over to the Standishes', to see some of the kids."

"To the Standishes'," Mrs. Smith said. "All right, Molly, but nowhere else, please. To those two places and then straight home."

"Thanks a lot, Peaches," said Molly as she made for the door.

"And, Molly," Mrs. Smith called after her, "drive carefully."

"Sure will," said Molly. "Don't you worry."

Molly's place in the doorway was taken by Magdalena Sanchez, a tall girl with a mass of teased hair piled high on her head and a scar running from the corner of her eye to the edge of her lip. This was the badge of the disobedient whore—a brand marking her as the property of some determined pimp.

"Magdalena, I understand that you and Rosetta know each other," Mrs. Smith said.

Magdalena nodded.

"And I hear that you and she had a disagreement some time back."

Magdalena nodded again.

"Well, in here, you must understand that we forget what happened outside. We don't carry on our quarrels here or seek revenge for them. Do you see what I mean?"

Magdalena, looking down at her feet, did not answer.

"We intend to protect both of you from whatever might harm you. We expect you to extend that protection to each other. Magdalena, if we found that you were intimidating Rosetta, we would have to act accordingly. We're not asking you to love her, but we're all under one big roof together, and if you want any privileges at all you've got to respect the rights and the safety of everyone else. Am I making myself clear, Magdalena?"

"All right," Magdalena said sullenly.

"Do you promise me?" Mrs. Smith insisted. "It's important that we trust each other in this matter."

"All right," Magdalena said, with a little more conviction.

After both prisoners had withdrawn, Mrs. Smith made a note to remind herself that Rosetta and Magdalena must be assigned to different living and working areas, got to her feet, locked her office door, and set off for the staff dining room. The tables set up for the National Council on Crime and Delinquency dinner had been decorated with yellow and brown chrysanthemums from the greenhouse. The silverware shone. The tea urn had been polished. Satisfied, the superintendent took time out to go back to her own home and change into a silk dress. While she was there, Mike, Jr., came in and announced that he had been invited to dinner at a friend's house. She told him to put on a clean shirt and wear a tie.

FOR the three-to-eleven shift, the deputy on duty was Mrs. Margaret Ruggerio, a graduate, in education, of Regis College in Weston, Massachusetts, who became a policewoman during the war years in order to help support her family. Seated in her office at a large, old-fashioned desk beneath a plaster Madonna and a framed sign bearing the words "BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD," Mrs. Ruggerio read over a briefing from the superintendent about the Halloween party, a note to the effect that Regina Thomas had been unlocked and would need careful watching, a listing of the new assignments made at the classification conference, and a report from the kitchen that a paring knife seemed to be missing.

Later in the afternoon, the sound of footsteps and bantering talk in the corridor indicated that the girls were being dismissed from their work assignments and returning to their living quarters. Upon stepping out of her office to make sure that everything was going smoothly, Mrs. Ruggerio at once noticed Regina Thomas walking straight toward her, pale and squinting through the smoke of a lighted cigarette. (Smoking is not permitted in the corridors.) When only a few feet separated them, the girl whispered tensely to Mrs. Ruggerio, "I want to go to Maximum." Grasping Regina's left hand and pinning her elbow firmly, Mrs. Ruggerio steered her in the

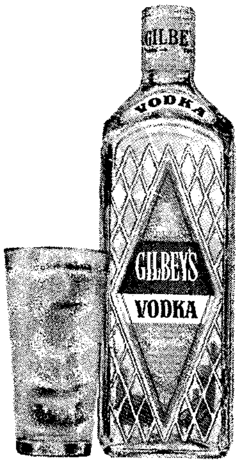
Vodka 80 Proof • Distilled London Dry Gin 90 Proof • Both 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • W. & A. Gilbey Ltd., Distributed by National Distillers Products Co., N.Y.C.

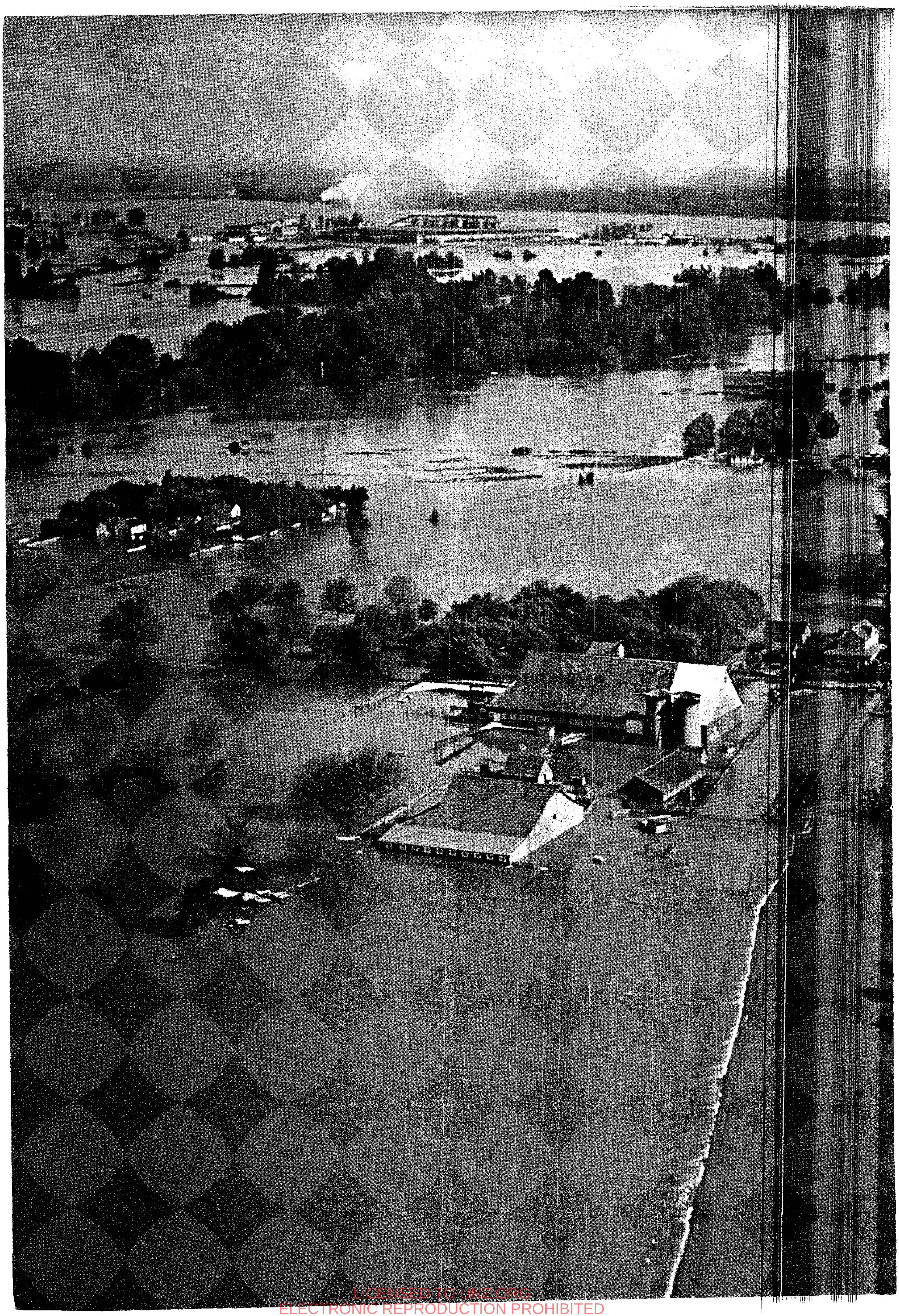
The people who made vodka smart have now made Gilbey's the smart vodka. They have found it imparts delightful spirit while it brings delicious smoothness to every vodka drink. This real difference is why Gilbey's Vodka is being asked for more and more. You'll find it's sensibly priced, too.

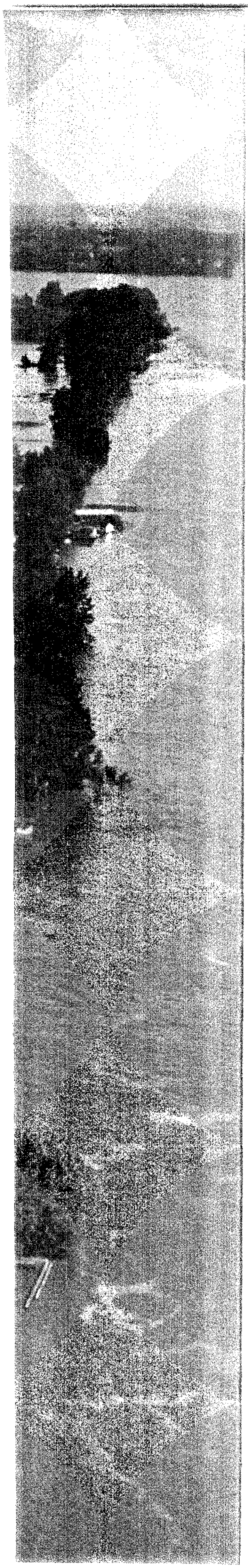
VODKA COLLINS*—fresh lemon juice, 1½ ozs. Gilbey's Vodka, teaspoon of powdered sugar if desired sweet. Shake vigorously with cracked ice. Strain into tall, chilled glass. Fill with club soda. Garnish with lemon slice and cherry.*

Smart,
smooth,
spirited...
Gilbey's Vodka

by the makers of Gilbey's Gin







IBM computers now help men curb floods at their source

EACH year, floods cost the U. S. a billion dollars' worth of damage to property, and wash away four billion tons of irreplaceable topsoil.

Much of the flooding occurs in the uplands, and feeds the rivers below. In many areas, engineers are bringing this flooding under control. IBM computers aid in their work.

Little dams tame floods

This work is under the auspices of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. It has helped hundreds of communities with water-control programs.

These usually consist of systems of simple earth dams, catch basins and spillways in the uplands.

But—a watershed can cover hundreds of square miles. How many dams are needed and what sizes? Where should they be placed? How much water should each retain?

Dozens of factors must be correlated and analyzed. Land contours. Local rainfall and storm histories. Porosity of soil cover. Water needs at each point downstream.

Engineers can find the solution quickly with an IBM computer. The computer can speedily analyze the flood data given it, and print out the effects of different kinds of water-control programs.

It can pretest these programs for every conceivable water condition, and find the most economical system of improvements—*before* any construction is started.

New community benefits

Once flooding is controlled, many unexpected benefits accrue. Farm income rises. Blighted land is restored. New reservoirs provide new recreation areas. Communities are not only safer—they can draw on more water the year round. That, in turn, is attractive to new industries, and creates jobs for local people.

Results have been so good that a thousand more of these watershed programs are now under way.

Computer speeds program

A spokesman for the Department of Agriculture's Soil Conservation Service said recently, "*By the use of computers, our watershed planning specialists can obtain in minutes the information that formerly entailed weeks of tedious work.*"

IBM®

IBM computers now help engineers plan flood-prevention programs in the uplands, where floods begin.

JADE EAST
A MANS COLOGNE
JADE EAST
AFTER SHAVE

COLOGNE $4.50 AFTER SHAVE $3.50 PRICES PLUS TAX SWANK, NEW YORK – SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

exhilarating elegance...

FOR MEN

JADE EAST

COLOGNE — AFTER SHAVE

direction of the Annex, saying nothing, for fear of snapping a last thread of self-control. But as they turned to mount a flight of stairs, Regina stiffened and stopped walking. Doubling up the fist of her free hand, she struck the panelled door of the record room, which held the dismal secrets of many hundreds like her, splitting the wood from top to bottom. "Regina, stop it!" Mrs. Ruggerio ordered, and she tried to press both of the girl's arms against her sides before she could hit out again. The prisoner was sobbing hysterically and fighting to break away when Mr. Roland Allard, one of three male correctional officers at M.C.I.F., arrived to assist Mrs. Ruggerio. It took the combined strength of both staff members to get Regina upstairs and into a room in the maximum-security section of the Annex. And even then it was a while before she could be persuaded to take a sedative and to undress and put on a prison nightgown. Finally the drug began to take effect, and, after a few final shudders, she dropped off to sleep.

MRS. SMITH's guests at dinner that evening included not only ten local members of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency but also the Commissioner of the Massachusetts Department of Correction, George F. McGrath, and the chairman of the State Parole Board, Cornelius Twomey. The Commissioner complimented Mrs. Smith on the food, and Mrs. Smith replied by thanking him for sending her so many talented inmates recently, particularly the woman serving a sentence for manslaughter who had made the cake they would be offered for dessert. The Commissioner pretended to look uneasy, and Mrs. Smith went on to remark that she hoped someday to find a good murderer to help with her housework. For the benefit of the non-penologists present, the Commissioner explained that killers are almost always first offenders and may, indeed, possess more skills and in general lead more successful lives, in prison or out, than the common run of petty criminals. The cake, when it was served, was pronounced excellent.

Over coffee, the conversation turned to the deficiencies of county jails. As evidenced by the new building program at M.C.I.F., state institutions have been moving rapidly away from the medieval theory that prisoners should be kept isolated in barred cells, but conditions in county jails, where minor offenders are frequently sent to serve short sentences, are often, as Commissioner McGrath put it, quite primi-

GLENSHORE slacks in 50% polyester/50% combed cotton. Ivy plain front; belt loops, cuffs. Waist sizes, 28-42; inseam lengths, 29-34. Inner tab model; hemmed bottoms, waist, 28-38; inseam, 29-42. Swinger Ivy; plain front, belt loops, hemmed bottoms; waist, 28-38; inseam, 29-32. Black, tan, willow, olive. About $6.98. For name of nearest store write, Jerry Shore Sportswear, Inc., 1701 Bassett Ave., El Paso, Texas.

"SCOTCHGARD" Repeller is a product of
3M COMPANY

live dangerously!

(the slacks are protected with "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller)

SHORE-PRESSED slacks by Jerry Shore Sportswear, Inc., introduce a new era in carefree living! Spilled drinks won't spot this Pepperell fabric, because it's protected with "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Stain Repeller. Even oily spills just "sit" on the surface until you blot them away. And forced-in stains generally spot-clean without leaving a ring. Thanks to **PERMANENT PRESS** the fabric never needs ironing, holds its crease permanently, and shakes wrinkles *before they form!*

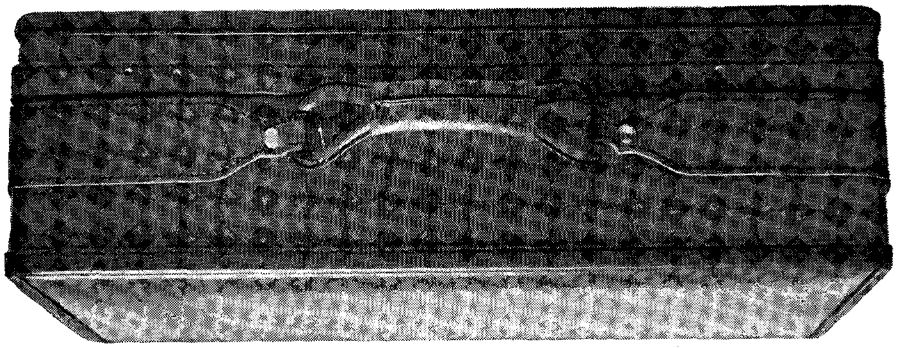
Scotchgard
STAIN REPELLER

drive A MAXFLI MILE

When the flag looks a mile away, hit more greens with your woods, get closer to more pins with your irons...no ball out-carries Maxfli. Sink more putts too...Maxfli holds your line from anywhere on the green. Stays white as the day you buy it. Your professional has them. Try one.

Dunlop
Sports Division
500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

"Continuing tests prove no other ball out-distances the Maxfli"



You can't possibly see why Hartmann International costs $7⁵⁰ more. So we're going to tell you.

Most of the reasons Hartmann luggage is worth more are invisible.

Hartmann International locks, for instance, are hidden away under two contour-shaped flaps.

(A precaution against damage, accidental opening or pilferage.)

The supported vinyl exterior of the Hartmann International has a completely flexible base.

Crush it and it springs back into shape. Stuff it and it "gives" to make room for an extra suit.

Inside, the cloth lining has an invisible layer of ZePel®. A stain resistant material that's impervious to the ravages of lipstick, perfume, hair oil, ink, or whatever. They roll or blot right off.

Those are some of the invisible reasons why we charge $7.50 more for Hartmann International.

There's one more reason that is clearly visible: you're looking at it.

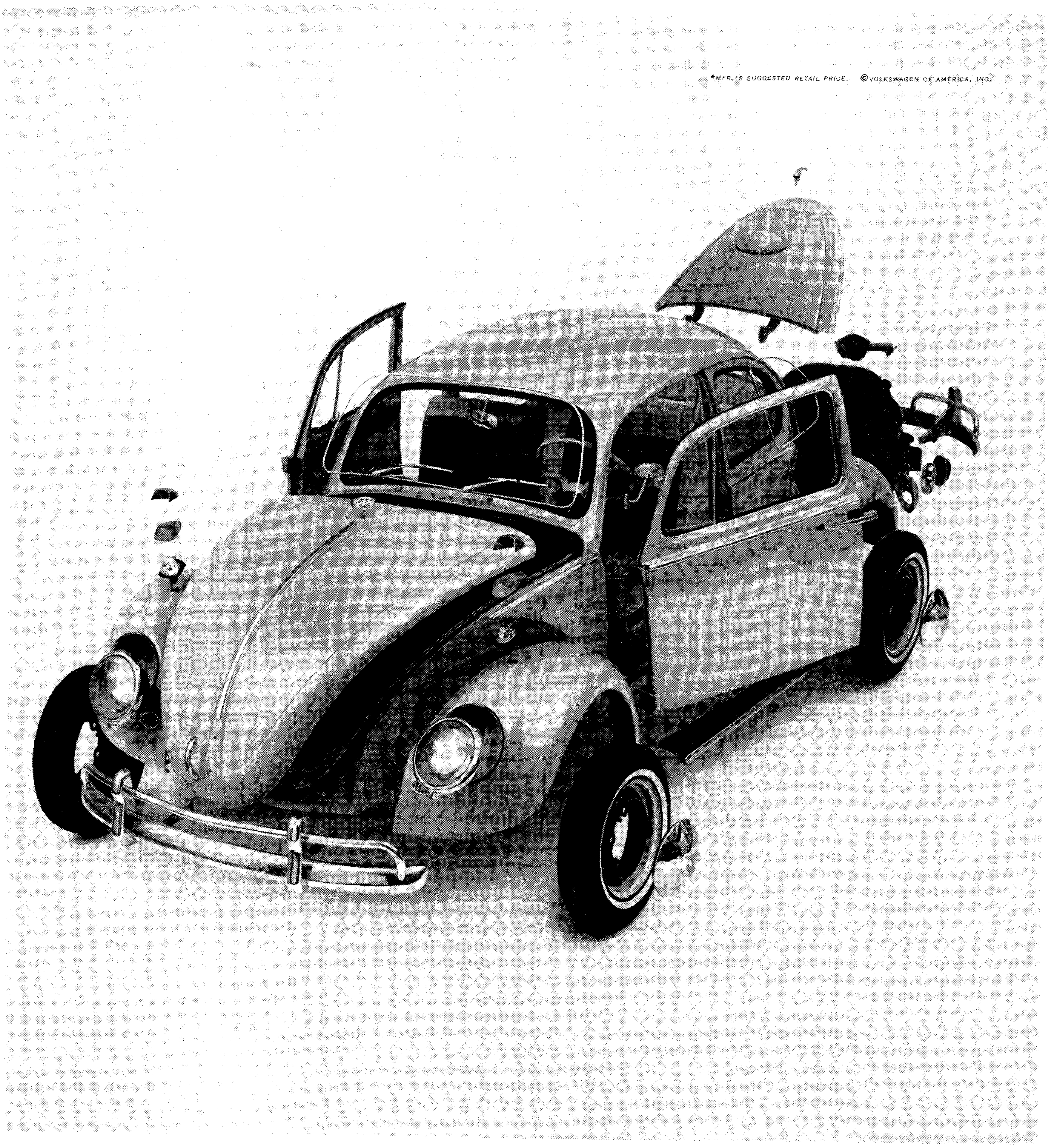
Hartmann Luggage Co. Lebanon, Tennessee

tive. "And even beyond all the talk about bad food, and the rats and roaches," he continued, "I think we have to ask ourselves what we're accomplishing when we sentence an alcoholic or a prostitute to spend five or ten days in a place like that."

"It's equivalent to putting them in the stocks," Mrs. Smith declared with some heat. "And it's just as old-fashioned. They can't even live there, much less get any kind of rehabilitation. I've known women who first really learned how to be criminals in a county jail. Heaven knows, we need to do more at the state level, too, but at least the Half-Way House in Dorchester, where released prisoners can live while they're adjusting to their new lives, is a step in the right direction. And someday we'll be starting even earlier, with laws that'll let us send girls out into the community to beauty-culture and secretarial schools, even to universities. Of course, there's got to be more cooperation from the outside in all this. Why, it's just taken one of my officers a whole month to get a girl who was here a rather unenviable job as a nursing aide. And the Commissioner knows how badly we need a full-time vocational-guidance officer here."

Commissioner McGrath smiled indulgently. "Our hostess sees her institution as a kind of finishing school for proper young ladies," he said. "Let's take a look around her campus."

Mrs. Smith led a quick tour through the buildings, finishing up at the gymnasium, where the Halloween party was in full swing. A few rather outspoken compliments greeted the men in the group—particularly Commissioner McGrath, whom many of the inmates knew by sight. He declined to dance, but he was persuaded to go through a curtained-off area designated as the Chamber of Horrors with Mrs. Smith, although he insisted, for the sake of the Correction Department's good reputation, that Mr. Twomey accompany them. In the dark, they struggled to keep their balance while walking over bedsprings covered with gym mattresses, and were further assailed by dangling wet cloths that had been freshly dipped in ice water for the Commissioner's benefit, by assorted banshee wails, and, finally, by a sheeted shape with blinking flashlights for eyes and shiny rubber gloves on its hands. The reappearance of the three officials was applauded enthusiastically. Given the rivalries and hatreds that are bound to flourish in a prison, many superintendents would have vetoed an opportunity for hazing such as the Cham-



*MFR.'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE. ©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Need a part?

Replacing part of a car is a pain.

But it's even more painful when you need a part and can't get it.

If you own a 6 or 8 year-old domestic car and need, say, a door handle or a water pump, you're liable to have quite a problem. (Unless you enjoy shopping in junkyards.)

When cars change so drastically every year, the dealer simply can't keep every part for every year in stock.

But the VW doesn't change drastically every year, so Volkswagen dealers don't have nearly the problem.

So far as we're concerned, a hood is a hood and a door is a door.

We can replace an engine in 90 minutes (or a rear fender for $21.09,* plus labor).

Above all, we can promise that you'll be able to get any part you need for any year Volkswagen you own.

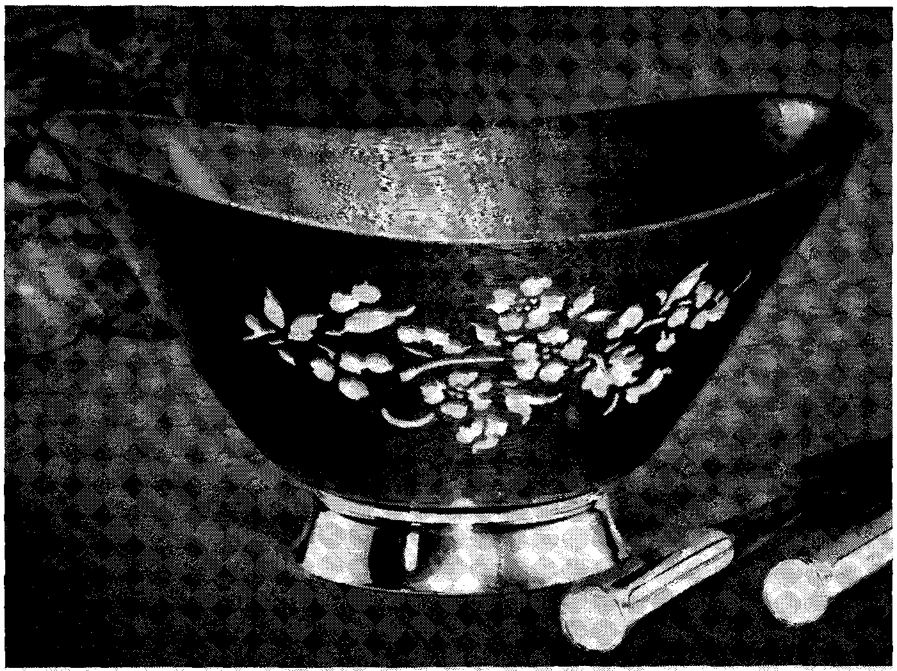
Once there were people who wouldn't have any part of a VW. Now they get all they want.

We're having Company tonight

Marriott Motor Hotels are favorite meeting places. Company comes for dinner, stays the night, often stays the week. What kind of Company? The blue-chip type. The organization type. We'd be happy to send you a list of our recent Company. Ask them about Marriott eager-to-please service, hospitality, rooms, convention equipment, banquet facilities, restaurants, atmosphere. Ask us for our convention brochure. We'd love to have *your* Company, too.

This is living... this is Marriott MOTOR HOTELS

Washington, D.C. • Dallas • Philadelphia • Atlanta (Fall '65) • Saddle Brook, N.J. ('66)
Write: National Sales Office, Marriott Twin Bridges Motor Hotel, Washington, D.C. 20001 or call 202/628-4200



Sitting pretty. On Gorham sterling, a rich, carved Honduras mahogany salad bowl. About 12" wide, 7" deep. $38.50.* Matching sterling-handled salad set is $11.00. Only to be found at finest jewelry stores and departments.

GORHAM Sterling

*plus applicable taxes

THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

ber of Horrors provided, but Mrs. Smith, after specifying that an officer should play the part of the ghost and that the other horrors should be provided by the more responsible girls on the recreation committee, had decided to take the risk. She had even permitted masks, despite the assistance a disguise might afford to any prisoner with escape on her mind.

Mrs. Ruggerio, having greeted the visitors, quietly directed Mrs. Smith's attention to a corner of the room where a group of inmates had congregated around Natalia James, of Hodder Cottage. Natalia, dressed as Cleopatra in a long skirt and a lacquered headdress, was holding court and sending her listeners into gales of laughter. As the visitors were departing, she stepped forward, her skin shining under elaborate makeup. "Goodbye, Commissioner," she said grandly. "It was so nice of you to drop in. And be sure to let us all out of here real soon now, won't you? *Real* soon?"

Instead of going home after seeing her guests to the front door, Mrs. Smith returned at once to the gymnasium. "Drunk or drugged?" she asked Mrs. Ruggerio.

"I don't know, but she's been high ever since she came in. Shall I take her to Maximum?"

"Yes, do that," said Mrs. Smith. "And while she's in this state, see if you can find out how she's been able to get whatever it is. I'll see her first thing in the morning. Is there anything further on Regina Thomas?"

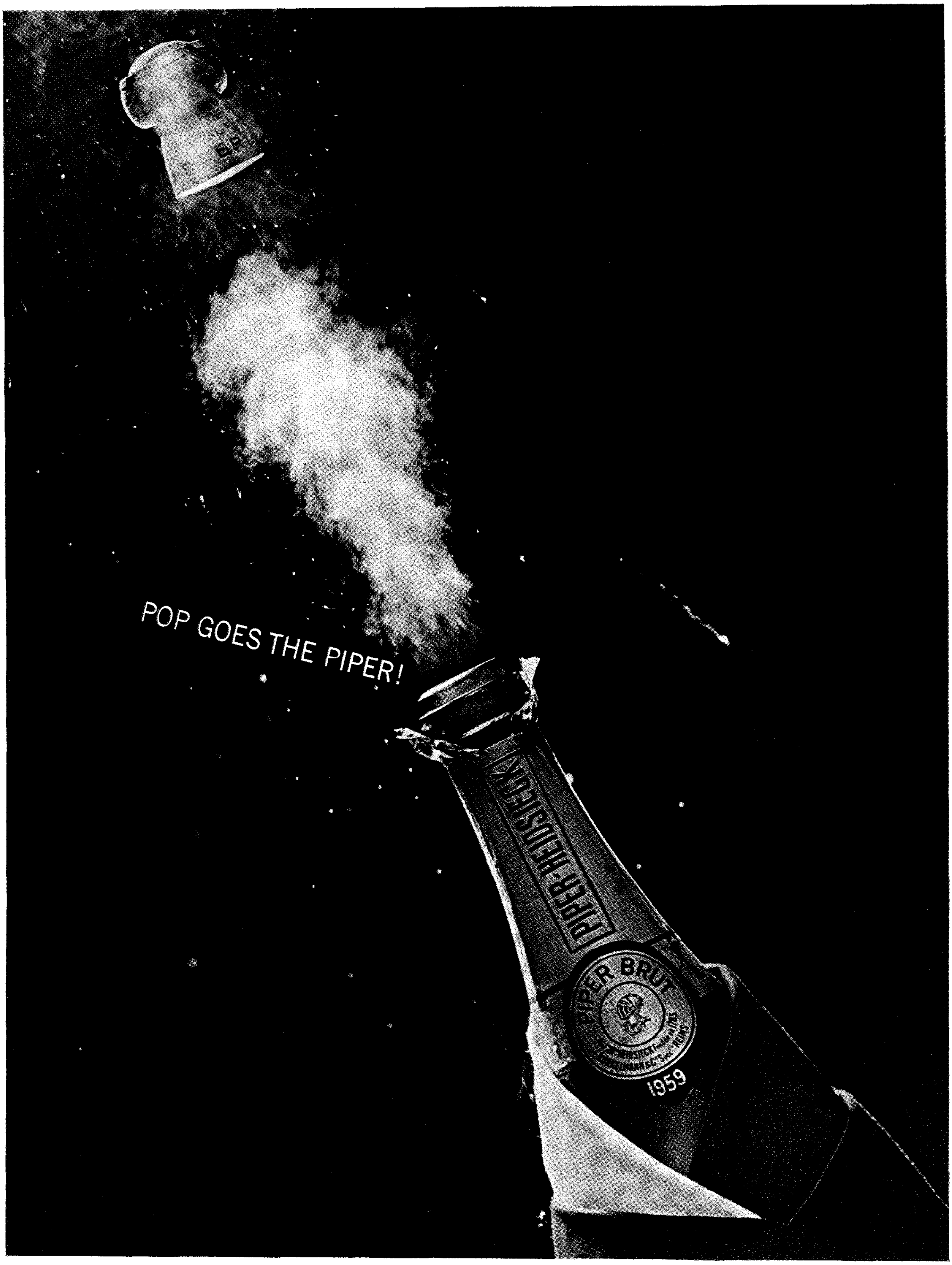
"You know about the door episode. According to the last report I had, she was still under medication."

"How many does that make in Maximum?"

"Counting this new one, three," said Mrs. Ruggerio. "We had to send Bobbie Ryan up about half an hour ago. The missing knife was found on her."

Mrs. Smith shook her head. "'A dame's not worth it,' she told me this morning. This looks like a night for you. Holidays certainly stir things up. Ask Mr. Allard to sit up there in the Annex for a while to make sure things are quiet. And call me right away if there's any more trouble."

UNLIKE the female correctional officers, Mr. Allard, a slim man in his forties, wore an olive-drab uniform and a cap bearing the insignia of M.C.I.F. He also carried a walkie-talkie strapped to his belt while he drove two busloads of girls in Halloween costumes back to their cottages, checked the cottage boilers, punched


POP GOES THE PIPER!
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
PIPER BRUT
1959

PIPER-HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE

...from grapes so rare, from care so experienced.
...even the cork is an exclusive preparation.
...the most civilized drink in the civilized world.

PIPER BRUT 1959 VINTAGE / PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE / CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS / PIPER PINK / RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

Floor style shown: 86712. Montina® and Corlon® are trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co. Floor design copyrighted by Armstrong.

There's a rumor going around that it takes a bit of magic to make Montina Vinyl Corlon floors. Please help us spread this rumor.

vinyl floors by **Armstrong**

clocks in the institution's various outbuildings, and stopped in the visitors' parking lot to take down the license number of a Chevrolet he did not recognize. Having completed his tour, Mr. Allard proceeded to the Annex, where the new prisoners were getting themselves ready for bed while Mrs. Mary Cleveland, the officer in charge there during the three-to-eleven shift, was locking the maximum-security prisoners in their cells for the night. After Mr. Allard had gone into a small sitting room, Irene Cavanna, the blond girl who had explained her scars to Mrs. Owens that morning, appeared in the open doorway. She was barefoot and had wrapped a large towel around her waist over a short red-and-white print dress. "I got a trailer," she said to Mr. Allard. "It's got four rooms in it, and I don't know what's happening to it now." There was a mirror on the wall, and she sauntered over to it, holding the towel around her as if it were a tight skirt. "How's that? Sexy?"

"You'd better get out of here now, Irene," Mr. Allard said.

"How about it?" the girl asked, perching on the edge of a chair. "Why not sell it instead of giving it away?"

Mr. Allard did not respond, and Irene went on to deliver another monologue: "I lost a lot of money once—forty-six dollars. A man stole it out of the pocket of my leather jacket. . . . I had a leather jacket with three-quarter sleeves. My mother asked me where I got it. I haven't seen her for five years, and good riddance. . . . Ten sisters and two brothers, and I don't know where they are, either. They're crazy, all of them."

Mrs. Ruggerio appeared in the doorway. "Don't you think you ought to have your shoes on, dear?" she asked.

Mrs. Cleveland had returned and was ready to start locking the rest of her charges in their cubicles for the night. "Come along now, Irene," she said. "Time for bed."

"Oh, sure, bed, bed, bed," Irene agreed, and she wandered off down the corridor, clasping and unclasping the towel around her hips.

"I just got a hurry-up call about Cally McQueen over in Wilson," Mrs. Ruggerio told Mr. Allard. "The baby really seems to be on the way this time. Will you drive her over to the Framingham hospital?"

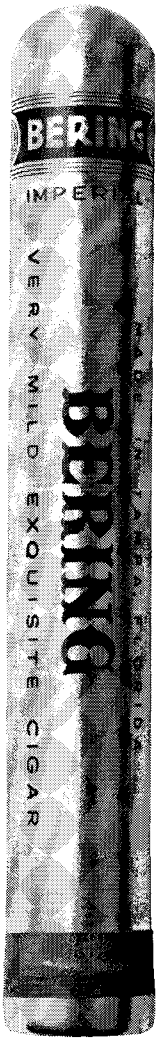
On their way out, Mrs. Ruggerio and Mr. Allard met Regina Thomas's social worker, coming in. Despite the hour, they were not surprised to see her, since she was known as one of the most conscientious members of the

ZEISS IKON
Ikomatic A
Wherever you Go
Go Ikomatic

Whether it's to a picnic or to Pisa, don't go without this new instant-loading camera from West Germany, the Zeiss Ikon Ikomatic. No other "matic" on the market is simpler or more fun to use. Just drop in a Kodapak cartridge and click away. You'll get brilliant pictures every time because the Ikomatic is a product of Zeiss Ikon, in the best tradition of precision German craftsmanship. For a quality look . . . a quality feel . . . and precision performance. Price? Less than $25 for the Ikomatic F with the built-in pop-up flash gun. There is also an electric-eye automatic Ikomatic A. See them both at your Zeiss Ikon dealer. Carl Zeiss Inc., 444 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10018. In Canada: 140 Overlea Blvd., Toronto.

THE GREAT NAME IN
ZEISS IKON
WEST GERMAN CAMERAS

Imperial
Actual size



A fine cigar for people who want the finest.

If you're one of those particular people with a special taste for an exquisite cigar, we invite you to try a Bering Imperial. It's made with Bering's own imported leaf. Furthermore, we don't use any fast-burning little scraps of tobacco. We still insist on using long filler natural leaf tobacco—throughout the cigar. That's why a Bering smokes cooler and smoother. Really fine cigars have never been made any other way. Try a 30¢ Bering Imperial. Bering also makes slim, long, short, robust and medium cigars, from 15¢.

BERING CIGARS
Made in Tampa Since 1905 by Corral, Wodiska y Ca.

staff. (She has asked that her name not be given here.)

"Regina's awake now," Mrs. Cleveland said. "Do you want to see her?"

"If I may," the social worker said.

Mrs. Cleveland's flashlight caught Regina's staring eyes in the dark, grilled cell, but when the social worker asked if she might come in, Regina closed her eyes and said nothing. "I thought you might feel like talking," said the social worker. There was no response. The older woman went into the room and sat at the foot of the bed and waited.

Finally, Regina propped herself up on one elbow and muttered, "I don't want to talk."

"Well, you don't have to," the social worker said. "Do you want me to go away?"

The girl began to pull at the edge of the blanket. "No," she said in a whisper.

They sat in silence, and at last Regina said, "I can't be good."

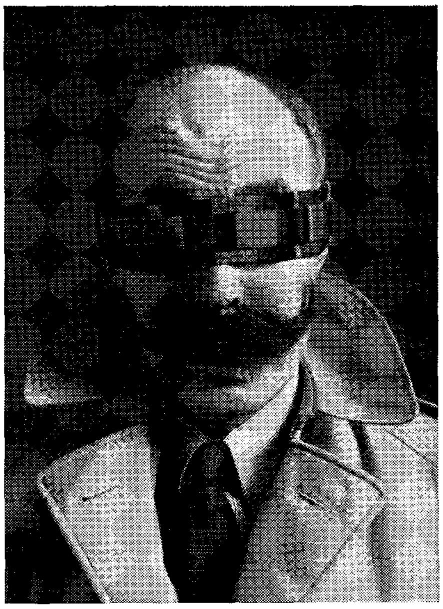
"We all have trouble with that," the social worker said. "And you're learning a little. At least, you asked to come up here yourself when you realized you couldn't control your emotions. I don't think you could have done that a few months ago."

"I'm here," the girl said, with difficulty. "But I don't know what good that's going to do." With a touch of panic, she added, "I've been shut up so *long*."

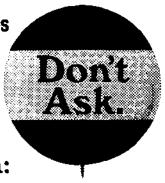
"Where would you like to be, Regina?"

The girl began to pull at the blanket again, but then her face cleared and she said, "I think I'd like to live on a farm way up in the woods beside a lake."

THE front door of the main building was locked at 9 P.M., but the real prison night did not begin until eleven, when the inmates had all been locked in their cubicles, when the lights were out in the wings, when Mr. Allard had checked and rechecked all outside doors, and when the evening officers had gone home and those assigned to sit up watching through the silent hours had reported for work. At eleven, Mrs. Ruggerio, having made her last rounds and completed her reports, was replaced by Miss Mary Cahill, who became night deputy at M.C.I.F. six years ago, after putting in about ten years there in various other positions. Miss Cahill, an exceptionally slight woman, arrived carrying a sizable lunch as part of a program to put on weight. Although physical strength is



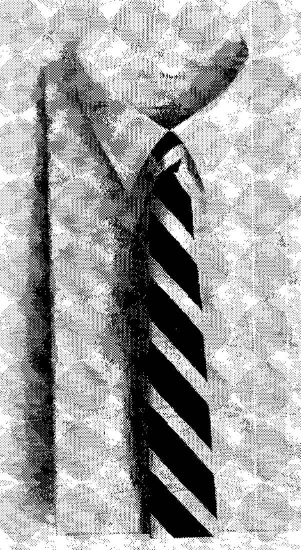
BJE ties are made by a secret process known only to the makers of Ernst Ties. Under no circumstances will we blurt it out. And don't harass the owners of fine gift shops for it either; they are sworn to secrecy. Just look for the fine BJE ties, and this button:



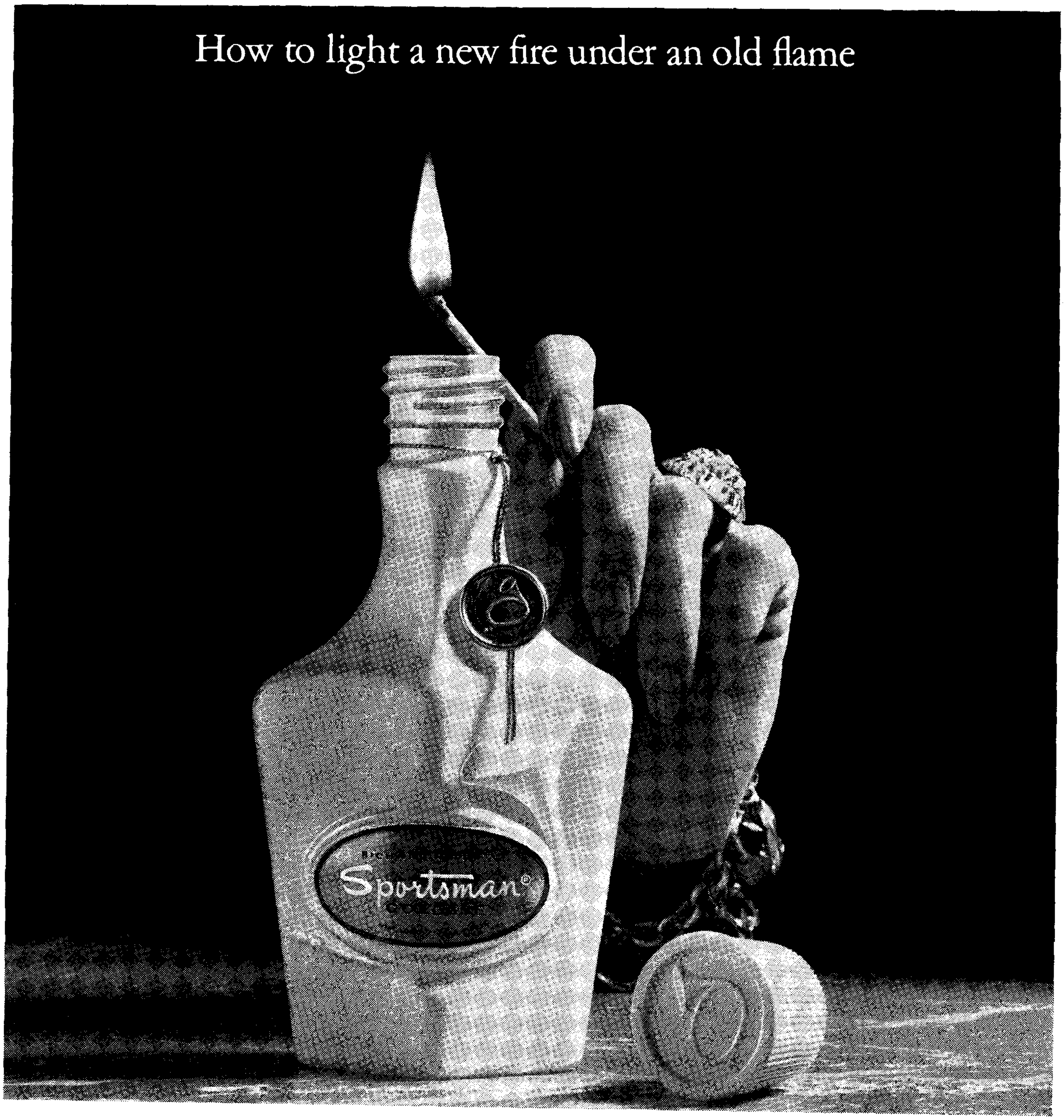
SOLD ONLY IN FINE SHOPS LIKE THESE: CREATIONS 'N THINGS, New York; TOWN SHOP, Chicago; FRASER'S Berkeley.
Or Write: ERNST INC., 275 Brannan Street, San Francisco

Poise

PAUL STUART'S WARM WEATHER SHIRTS MAINTAIN THEIR POISE ON HUMID DAYS. REASON: THEY'RE VOILE WEIGHT COTTON OXFORD. ADDED NICETY: THE COLLAR CAN BE WORN PINNED OR STRAIGHT. SHORT SLEEVES. WHITE OR BLUE. 14½-16½. $6.50
PLEASE ADD 50C PER PACKAGE FOR PARCEL POST.



New at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017


How to light a new fire under an old flame
Sportsman®

Giving him Sportsman Cologne
is a little bit like his giving you
chocolates.
Wonderful, but a trifle selfish.
For, when you give him Sportsman he
usually changes just a touch.
Maybe takes the plunge and
buys a racing sloop.
Or, tells the boss he won't move to
Cut Bank, Montana.
Definitely becomes more
unpredictable.
But, is it what Sportsman does to
him, or to you?
Who cares?
Have him splash on some Sportsman
and watch the fireworks.

**Hint: For the most fabulous free
men's fragrance offer in history,
see your Sportsman dealer today.**

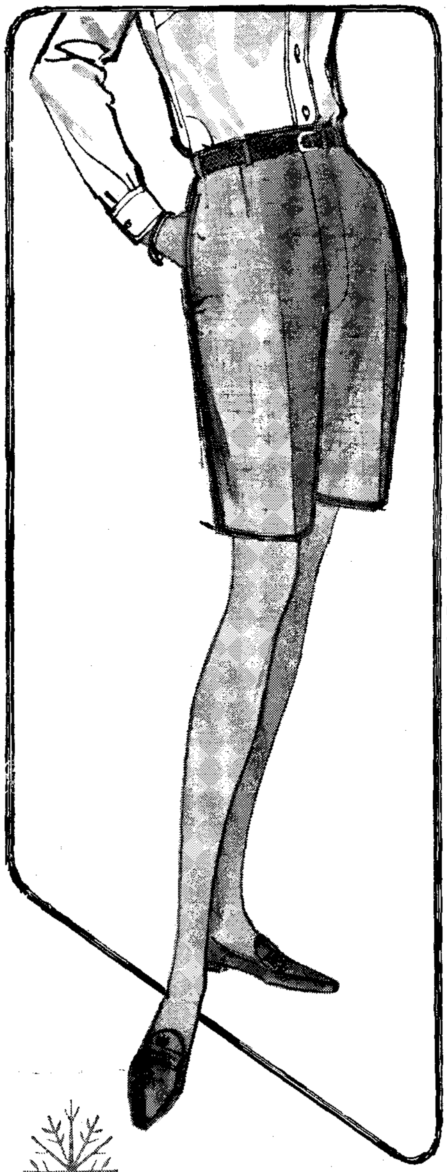
Sportsman
COLOGNE
Sportsman

RICHARD HUDNUT® NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

COLOGNE
AFTER SHAVE
PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE

Sportsman®

SPIRITED NEW SCENT OF THE SIXTIES
IN THE ALABASTER FLASK
WITH THE HUNTING HORN



Short story . . . very fitting: John Meyer man-tailors Bermuda shorts to woman's proportions. He's fetish about fit! Moral: try on these John Meyer Bermuda shorts . . . they'll become part of you. In textured heatherspun cotton with a touch of acetate. Cool green, pink, apricot and nine other gay Spring colors. Sizes 6 to 16. About $10.

For store nearest you, write John Meyer of Norwich, Norwich, Connecticut.

JOHN MEYER® OF NORWICH

AT FINE STORES

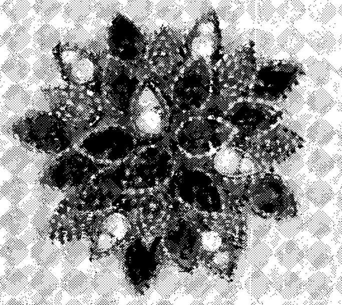
not a prerequisite for correctional officers, a certain amount of it may come in handy, as Mrs. Ruggerio had demonstrated earlier in the day. Miss Cahill herself had once been "jumped," just a few weeks after she had recovered from an operation, by a group of girls attempting to escape—a scuffle she always remembered with some humor, since even while several husky prisoners were forcing her to her knees to make her give up the keys, another was urging anxiously, "Don't hurt her. Don't hurt her. She's been sick."

Miss Cahill's first duty was to pick up the phone at the long desk in the front office, receive the counts from the incoming night officers, and make sure that they tallied with the counts called in an hour earlier by the outgoing evening officers. A census is taken twice during the day and every hour throughout the night, and in a night census officers are required to shine their flashlights on each bed and see not merely the shape of a sleeping body but actual flesh—a hand, an arm, a part of the face. That night the numbers checked, and Miss Cahill turned her attention to censoring the mail—a job generally given to the night deputy, and one that over the years has given Miss Cahill an extraordinary view of the prisoners' longings, fantasies, and fears.

"I must tell you how important you were to me when I was at Mission High," she now read in a letter a girl had written to a nun she had known many years ago. "There wasn't anybody like you and there hasn't been since. You used to say I showed real promise in your classes and I never forgot those words. So many things have happened to me and I am so confused. I hope you will write to me even though I am in prison." Another letter, laboriously spelled out in a large, childish hand, was an appeal from an inmate known as Big Esther, an obese, lumbering woman in her thirties who because of some act of violence had been separated from society as a "defective delinquent." "Grandma, *when* am I going home?" she wrote. "I been here for eleven years and nothing seems to happen. They are nice to me but when are you going to send for me?" The prison authorities had long ago concluded that the recipient of the letter was both too poor and too old to provide proper care for her granddaughter, and that, in fact, nobody was ever going to send for Big Esther. One letter, conceivably the sort of coded communication that makes censorship necessary, was set aside for Mrs. Smith's attention the following morn-

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

"Paris Jewel Boutique"

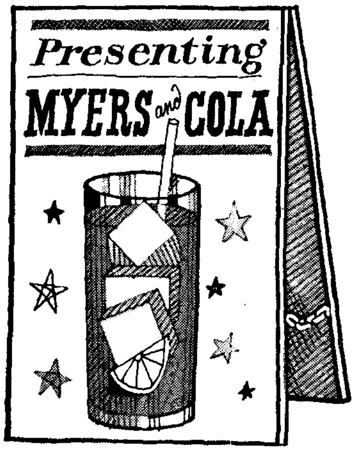


Forever Flower

Elegance that will bloom to the end of time. Multi-petaled flower clip of emeralds, rubies, diamonds and pebbled 18 kt. gold, $1,650. Matching earclips available.

Design © Actual size.

746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Who?

You may remember this lovable team as Rum and Cola. But "Rum" is like "Smith"; there are so many. The one that really stars with Cola on the Thirst Circuit is Myers. M-Y-E-R-S. (It's a Jamaican name with the accent on flavor.) Want to get into the act? Pour 1½ oz. Myers Rum into an ice-filled highball glass, fill with cola, add slice of lemon or lime. Say, you're a great producer!

FREE BOOKLET full of exotic food and drink recipes—shows many imaginative ways to use Myers Rum. Write: General Wine and Spirits Company, Dept. Y12, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.

IN FOOD . . . OR DRINK . . . MOST ANYTHINK . . . ENJOY CRAZY MIXED-UP MYERS!

MYERS'S RUM • 84 PROOF • GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.

Riders rest their mounts at Qu'Appelle Valley, Saskatchewan.

Head north. Go where toll-free, uncrowded modern highways lead to spectacular sights, sophisticated cities and unspoiled places. Fish, sail, swim in warm fresh-water lakes. Scheduled rail, air and bus travel is always close by. No passports needed. This is Canada. Friendly. Inviting. Exciting. And so close to home. Modern resorts, family accommodation, lodges, motels are everywhere. So is the fun. Mail this coupon for your free Canadian Vacation Package, today.

U.S. dollars have extra value in Canada.

Take a fun-crowded vacation in uncrowded CANADA

CANADA
Adventure along THE TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY
canada
Trans-Canada Highway

Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada

Please send the Family Fun Package to:

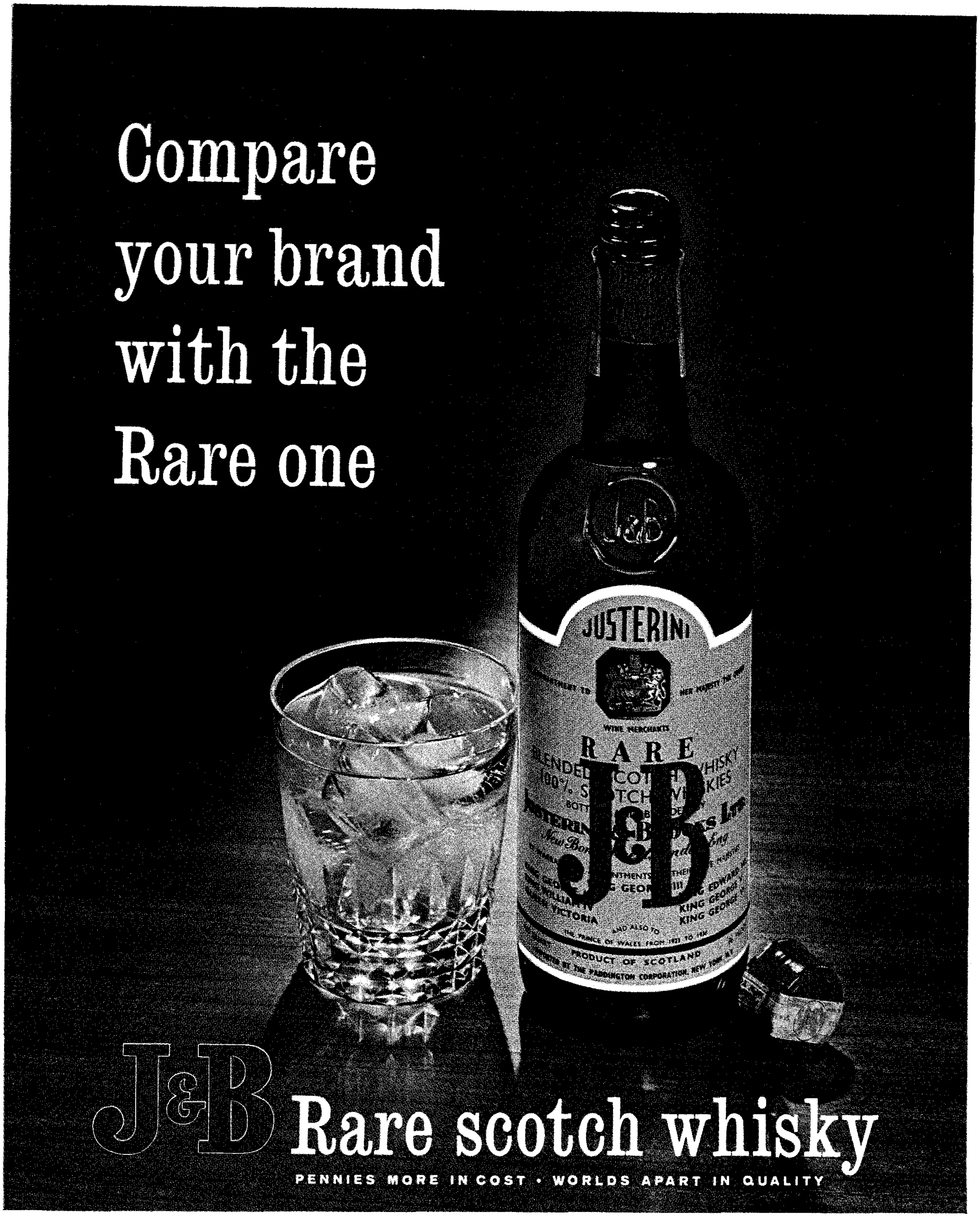
NAME .... (Please Print) 005-05-5

14

ADDRESS ....

CITY .... STATE ....

USG-65-28


Compare
your brand
with the
Rare one
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
J&B Rare scotch whisky
PENNIES MORE IN COST • WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

There is a very special quality about J & B Rare that sets it apart...a flavour so subtly different and delightful that words simply cannot describe it. So try J & B Rare and compare it. Prediction: you will make a most rewarding discovery. J & B is a product of the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks whose patrons have included, along with the immortal Charles Dickens, many of history's great.

"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK 20

ing. "Dearest Baby," it read. "I am hoping to see you soon and I want you to come *straight* up here. I haven't had a decent smoke in a long time. How's the big boy, Harry? It's been a long time." But the contents of most of the letters were only too familiar to Miss Cahill. "Dear Daddy," began one, through which she skimmed rapidly. "My social worker says I should write to you and tell you all that has happened and how I feel. . . . After you left, Mommy was going out with these different men and leaving us with boy baby-sitters, one of which was always trying to get me to play Dr. and nurse with him and took the buckle end of the belt and hit Billy with it. . . . I remember once Billy and I took off to come and see you in the bank, unknown to us banks close on Saturdays and we got lost. The police brought us back and Mommy and some man called Al was watching for us and we got a licking . . . a wayward child complaint signed by Mommy . . . St. Margaret's Home for two years . . . said his friend should be able to have relations with me also . . . wandered around the streets all night until the police picked me up . . . May God bless you, Daddy Dear, and keep you safe from all harm."

At 1 A.M., Miss Cahill set out down empty corridors to exchange a few words with the officers on duty in the darkened, silent wings. The Annex was peaceful, and Mrs. Dorothy Smith (not related to the superintendent), who had been taking the eleven-to-seven night shift for the past seven years, was doing a jigsaw puzzle at the desk. She said she planned to switch over to crocheting soon, because she found that varying her activities helped keep her awake. In the recreation room, which also served as a dining room, tables were set for breakfast, beige plastic cups placed upside down on their saucers. Miss Cahill and Mrs. Dorothy Smith conducted the hourly bed check together, and found Regina Thomas's arm hanging loosely over the edge of the bed, Bobbie Ryan's large frame sprawled out face downward, but an empty bed in the cell assigned to Natalia James. A dim figure stood facing the grilled window.

"Can't you sleep, Natalia?" Mrs. Dorothy Smith asked.

"No, I can't," the prisoner said tonelessly.

"Do you want anything?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, best get into bed."

"What time is it? Twelve?"

"It must be getting on for two

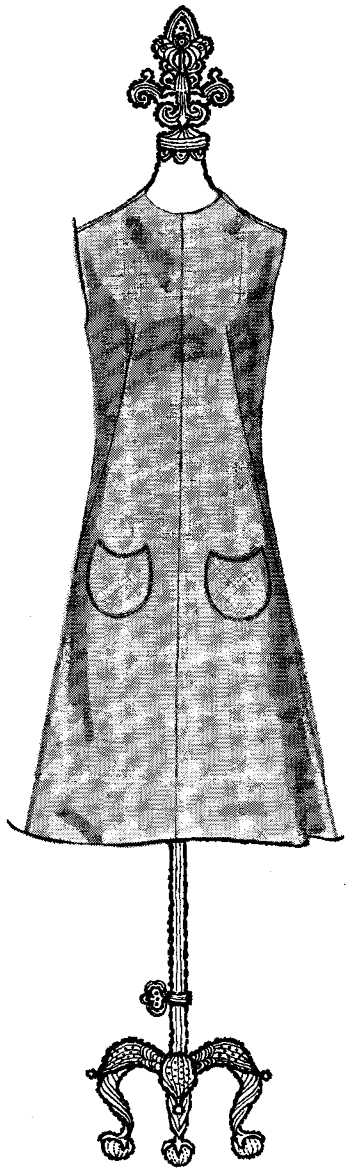
Some men
who wear walk shorts
with aplomb
were once
British Colonial
officers.
Others are merely
those who knowingly
insist on
British-made
DAKS walk shorts.

DAKS®

BRITISH-MADE WALK SHORTS FROM $15.95

TAILORED BY S. SIMPSON LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND. IMPORTED BY DAKS U.S.A., INC., NEW YORK

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



Go

A VILLAGER® of vigor and intensity. Just watching it hang in a closet, you can feel its energy waiting, like a sleeping lioness. Cotton and acetate Heatherspun, shaped to swing like a bell, to run, to dance. Cookie-shaped pockets, strong countryside colors . . . Cornflower, Dusty Olive, Wild Cherry, Wheat, Meadow Green. Sizes 6 to 16.

About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965. MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

now. Try to get some sleep, won't you?"

"Sure, I'll try."

As the officers moved away, they agreed that Natalia's sleeplessness looked like one of the first symptoms of withdrawal.

"Somebody told me her father was a musician," Mrs. Dorothy Smith remarked, "and he was on dope, too."

" 'The sins of the fathers,' " Miss Cahill quoted. "We see a lot of that, don't we? Regina Thomas's mother was here back in 1930. In fact, she was pregnant at the time, and I think Regina's older sister was born right here in Framingham."

THE night wore on. After the two-o'clock break, when many of the officers got together in the front office to eat their sandwiches and drink their coffee, after Mr. Francis Miskell, the male correctional officer on duty from eleven to seven, had gone over the same route Mr. Allard had followed, punching the same clocks in cottages and outbuildings, trying the same doors to make sure they were locked, and even testing the sprinkler system in case of fire, after the nurses in the infirmary had prepared all their morning medications, after Miss Cahill had read and sealed the last letter, at last the blackness in the tall windows began to soften faintly. And then, at the quietest hour, there came a knock at the front door. Miss Cahill went to the door and, without opening it, called out to ask who was there.

"I've come from Dorchester," a man's voice answered. "I've got my sister here."

"Just a minute," Miss Cahill said. She went to the switchboard and called Mr. Miskell at the maintenance office in the main garage to ask him to come around for an admittance. When she heard his voice on the other side of the front door, she unlocked it, and let in a tall, thin young man supporting a somewhat older woman who had fresh bruises and some blood on her face.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," he said, "but this is my sister. A social worker named Miss Gafferty told me I could bring her here and have her commit herself."

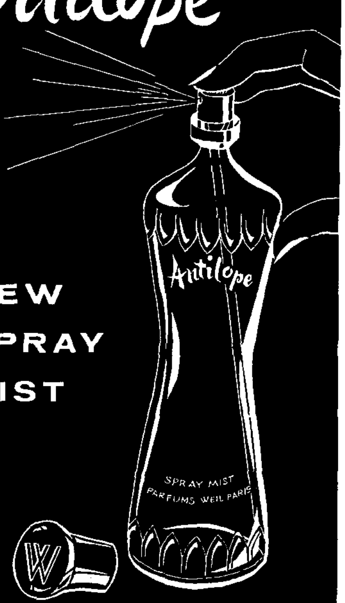
"That is possible," Miss Cahill said. "Did you call up today, or did you just come straight out?"

"Well, it's like this," the man said. "I did call in the morning, but then while I was waiting for the minister, my sister went off and we lost her again."

"I see," Miss Cahill said. "Does

Antilope

NEW
SPRAY
MIST



. . . now this beloved French fragrance can be right at your fingertips in a gentle mist of toilet water. 3 full ounces of this subtle, sophisticated scent. . . . $5. *plus tax*

at fine stores everywhere

PARFUMS WEIL PARIS

THE NEW RESTAURANT
OF OLD VIENNA

le Palais

LUNCHEON * COCKTAILS

Sumptuous Viennese
PRIX FIXE DINNER
$7.50
also a la carte

Hans Hansberg and His Zither

IN THE
Sheraton-East HOTEL
Park Ave. at 51st St.
Reservations: Gregory—PL 5-1000

Don't miss *the* boat!

Do you believe in shipboard romance? Got a weakness for champagne cocktails . . . and strolling violinists . . . and the feel of spray in your face? Do you like 10-course dinners . . . and vintage wines . . . and waiters who call you by name? Like to laze 'round a pool . . . or dance till the stars disappear? Want to get to Europe in style? *Don't miss the ss United States.*

Don't miss all this: superb food, air-conditioned stateroom, legendary service, dancing, swimming, sports, parties, movies, a great crowd, exhilarating sea air, huge free luggage allowance, and more—*all included in your ticket* on the world's fastest ship. For information call your Travel Agent or UNITED STATES LINES, One Broadway, New York, N.Y.

ss United States

If this could make George Washington President, think what it could do for you!

CASWELL-MASSEY CO LTD
NUMBER SIX
Cologne Water
DISTRIBUTED BY CASWELL-MASSEY CO LTD CHEMISTS & PERFUMERS NEW YORK

Caswell-Massey No. 6 Cologne Water is strictly for heads of state. Past, present and future. Washington used it years before his inauguration. So did President Adams. Likewise Lafayette. Now, it's your turn. You'll know No. 6 by its high-spirited fragrance. (After 213 years, it's still pretty Revolutionary!)

Cologne Water and After Shave Lotion from $4 plus tax; Toilet Water from $10; Whale Oil Bath Soap from $4.75.

At the best men's shops and department stores, or write:

Caswell-Massey Co. Ltd.
Established 1752
America's Oldest Chemists & Perfumers
114 E. 25th St., New York, N.Y. 10010

your sister *want* to commit herself?"

"Yes, Ma'am, she does," the man said, looking at Mr. Miskell instead of at Miss Cahill. "Or she says she does. You see, I had her in a sanitarium, Ma'am, but she left it, and now I'm out of money."

"You done your share, Robert. I'll say that," the sister said. She shuffled around the room, on bare, sticklike legs that were dirty and covered with lesions. She stopped, swaying uncertainly in front of Miss Cahill, one hand clutching her coat, the other stretched out for balance. The man told her to sit down.

"No one can agree to your sister's committing herself except the superintendent," Miss Cahill said. "If you're really serious about this, I can wake her up and she will come over."

"I'm sorry about the hour," the man said, looking at the clock. "But what can I do? The police brought her to my house. I have a family to support."

"You done your share, Robert," the woman repeated, closing her eyes and covering them with her fingers. "Nobody can say you haven't done your share."

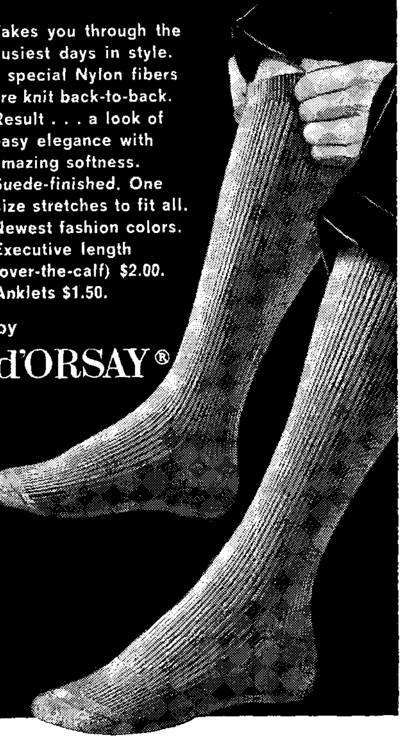
Miss Cahill put in a call to Mrs. Smith and explained the situation. "It will be only a few minutes," she told the man, and she sat down at the desk. Mr. Miskell sat down in the chair by the switchboard.

Mrs. Smith arrived in slippers and wearing a checked bathrobe under a coat. "Good morning," she said. "I hope you will forgive my appearance, but I didn't want to keep you while I dressed. Please sit down. What's the story?"

"It's my sister," the man began again as Mr. Miskell brought a chair forward for Mrs. Smith. "We've come to the end of what we can do for her about her drinking, and I don't know where to turn. I can't afford any more sanitarium rates. They just go up and up."

"You realize," said Mrs. Smith, "that voluntary commitment to a state institution is very different from treatment in a private sanitarium. She can come in of her own free will, but that doesn't mean she can go out the same way. She must sign a waiver of the right to appear in court herself, and two doctors and a social worker must appear for her and testify that she is unable to care for herself because of addiction to alcohol. I want you to understand this. It is not a criminal commitment—it goes through the civil side of the court—but it is a commitment all the same. We aren't run-

"DEBONAIR"
EXECUTIVE LENGTH HOSE

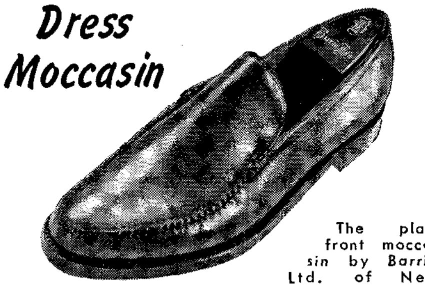


Takes you through the busiest days in style. 2 special Nylon fibers are knit back-to-back. Result . . . a look of easy elegance with amazing softness. Suede-finished. One size stretches to fit all. Newest fashion colors. Executive length (over-the-calf) $2.00. Anklets $1.50.

by
d'ORSAY®

FEATURED AT ALL wallachs STORES
Mail Orders EM 1-7500
32-36 47th Ave., Long Island City, N. Y. 11101.

Dress Moccasin



The plain front moccasin by Barrie Ltd. of New Haven. Imported grain calfskin, leather lining, expertly hand-stitched vamp and flexible leather sole combine to make this moccasin a natural complement to summer suitings and slacks. Hand antiqued and polished to perfection. Available in golden tan, chestnut brown or black grained calfskin.

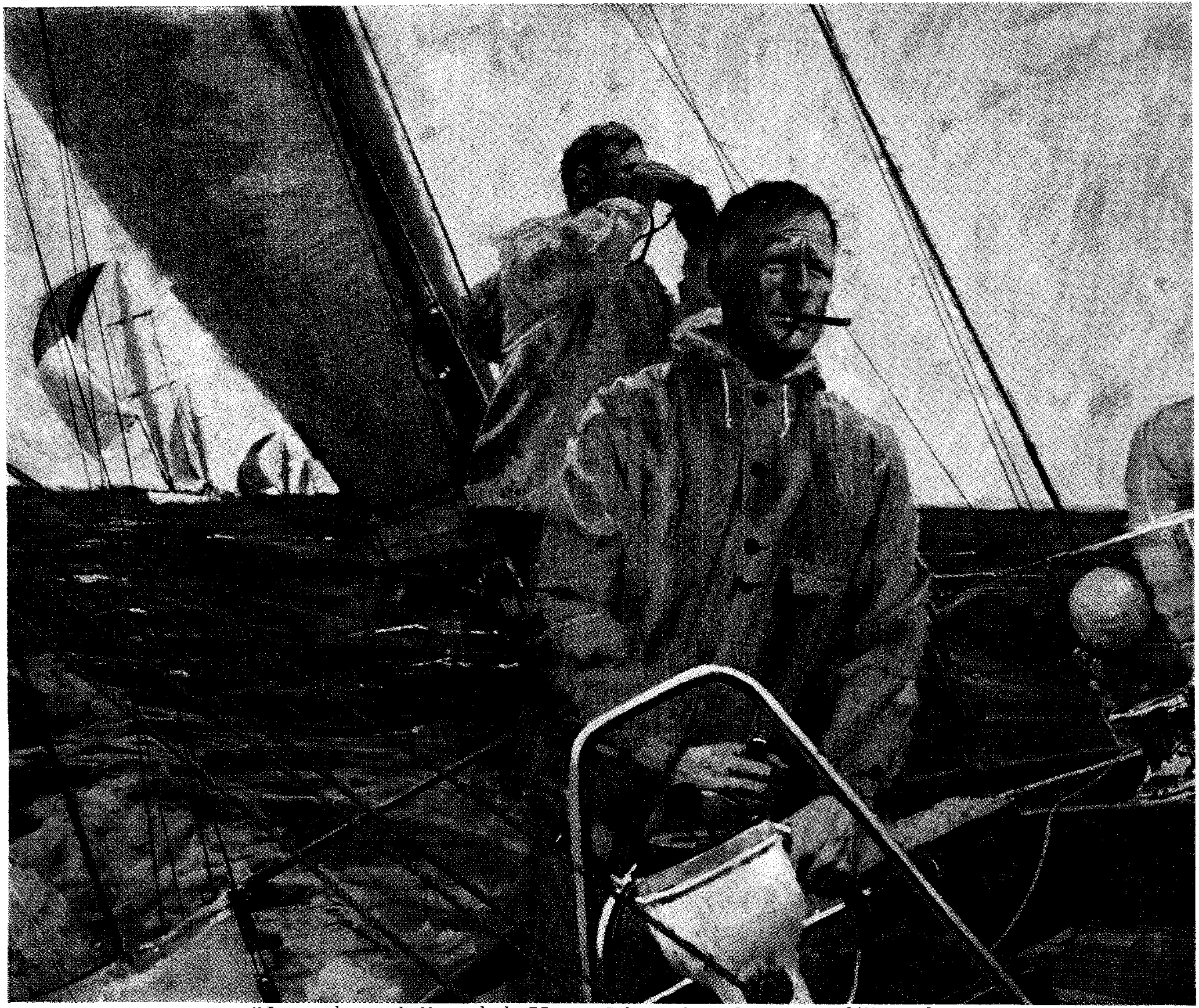
Order by mail, state shoe size—only $19.95 postpaid! Address orders to Barrie Ltd., 260 York St., Dept. N10, New Haven, Conn. FREE BROCHURE UPON REQUEST

Barrie Ltd. Booters NEW HAVEN HARTFORD

WORLD FAMOUS—
AND NO WONDER

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
Air Conditioned

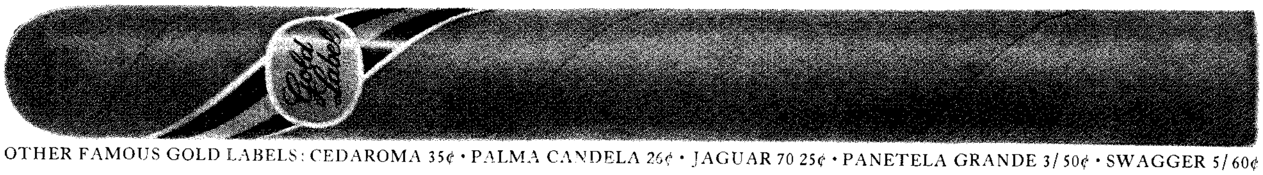
SPINNAKER RUN TO MYKONOS



"It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles and see the great Achilles, whom we knew"—TENNYSON

3
Corona deVille
Gold Label
Vintage Cigars

They have raced the wine-dark Aegean from Samos to Mykonos on the route of the ancient Greek triremes. The whine of the rigging rises above the shouts of the crew as the red yawl takes the lead, leaving a trail of multi-hued spinnakers in its wake. Victory in hand, the skipper relaxes and slowly lights his cigar. It is at times like this that men of action the world over seek the enjoyment and companionship of Gold Label—the internationally acclaimed cigar of superb aroma and masculine mildness. *Adventure with Gold Label anywhere in the world... it is worthy of the best times of your life.* CORONA DE VILLE 35¢... Alumipak of 3/$1. Gradiaz Annis, Tampa, Florida.



OTHER FAMOUS GOLD LABELS: CEDAROMA 35¢ • PALMA CANDELA 26¢ • JAGUAR 70 25¢ • PANETELA GRANDE 3/50¢ • SWAGGER 5/60¢

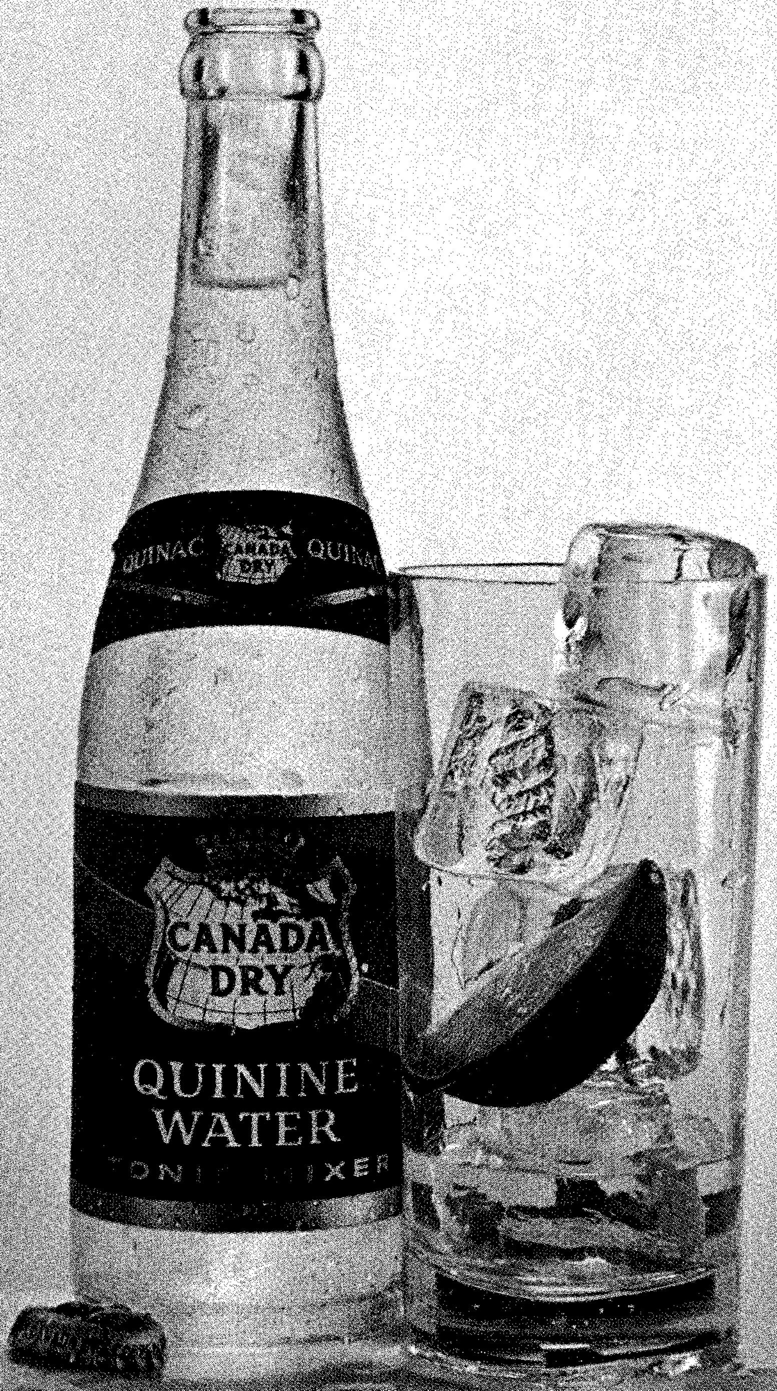
Gold Label

WORLD LEADER IN LUXURY CIGARS

Is this the No. 1 quinine water just because it's less bitter?

No, but it doesn't hurt.

Quinine was a bitter pill before Canada Dry Quinine Water came along. It's the best-selling tonic mixer that works positive wonders with gin. We gave it pinpoint carbonation to keep drinks livelier longer. Our secret of success is simple: Just make it less bitter and much better.


QUINAC CANADA DRY QUINAC
CANADA DRY
QUININE WATER
TONIC MIXER

ning a revolving-door institution here."

The man did not seem to understand, and he asked, "What does it all add up to?"

"It adds up to the fact that we'll do everything we can for your sister. She will have all the help we can give her—adequate board and lodging, a work placement, group therapy and individual therapy, attendance at Alcoholics Anonymous meetings, and many other specialized programs for alcoholics. But we can't do magic in fifteen days. The commitment is for two years."

"Two *years*," the man said in surprise, while his sister, who had raised her solemn, drunken face to listen to Mrs. Smith, shuddered and covered her eyes with her hands again.

"The commitment is for two years," Mrs. Smith repeated, "although we don't usually hold to that period. However, we seldom release to the community in less than three months."

"I can't do it, Robert," the woman was saying. "I can't do it. Take me home."

"You're perfectly free to go home if you want to," Mrs. Smith said gently. "But do think twice about it."

"I don't know how she got this way," the man said to Mr. Miskell. "She used to be the nicest girl."

"What should I do?" the woman asked her brother tearfully. "You tell me what I should do, Robert."

Mrs. Smith urged the woman and her brother to talk things over for a few minutes before reaching any final decision, and the three officers withdrew to stand by the windows. The outlines of trees, fields, roads, and buildings were becoming visible in the cold dawn, and the radiators were starting to thump and hiss throughout all the wings of M.C.I.F. While they were waiting, the phone rang, and Mrs. Smith, standing nearest, answered it. A nurse at the Framingham Union Hospital gave her the news that at three-forty-five Cally McQueen had given birth to a healthy seven-pound baby girl.

—Joan Colebrook

◆

Benjamin Britten, on winning last year the first Aspen Award for Service to the Humanities, said: "Music demands more from a listener than simply the possession of a tape machine or Mrs. Giles F. Filley, vice president; Mrs. E. Basil Reeve, vice president; Albert Brenman, secretary, and Vernon T. Walker, treasurer.

—*Denver Rocky Mountain News.*

Nice as those folks are.

How astute of The Drake to be near the business world

and the glittering night world as well.

The Drake Hotel rises majestically at Park Avenue and 56th Street in New York. Step out in any direction. Everything worth your attention is immediately at your command: theaters, shops, the business centers, galleries, the glittering night world.

When you return home to The Drake of today, the good feeling persists. Charming additions and tasteful new decor end your day on a high and luxurious note. These are among the reasons interesting people come to The Drake. And come back and come back and come back.

THE Drake

where the interesting people stay

IN NEW YORK: at Park Avenue and 56th Street • Phone (212) HA 1-0900

THE CURRENT CINEMA

One Good One

IN case you haven't had time to read "Epitaph for an Enemy," by George Barr, or "Eva," by James Hadley Chase, or Alain Reynaud Fourton's "Les Mystifiés," you will be glad to hear that all three novels have been made into movies, one of them good.

"Les Mystifiés" has become "Symphony for a Massacre"—the lush title of an austere French film about the failure of five professional criminals to buy five hundred thousand dollars' worth of drugs, which they hope to sell for a million dollars, when one of them makes a sudden decision to operate on his own. He acts swiftly and efficiently, stealing the satchel containing the money as it is being taken by train from Paris to Marseille, killing accidentally but necessarily when he is caught in the act, and establishing an alibi that baffles his three surviving partners. The men naturally suspect one another, but they calmly proceed to try to salvage the deal, believing that in time they will discover who was responsible for upsetting their plan. Although the murderer does betray himself—twice out of carelessness, once because one of the others included some counterfeit bills in his hundred-thousand-dollar contribution to the project—he manages to kill the three other men in time to protect himself. Finally, mistaken for the man he has just shot, he is killed, too.

"Symphony for a Massacre" was directed by Jacques Deray, with relentless restraint and in such a thoroughly unsentimental manner that he and the actors get away with clichés that could ordinarily have been passed off only by Humphrey Bogart or, these days, by the director of a James Bond movie: The artificial moment of suspense near the beginning when a man who is afraid he is about to be found out nervously asks, "What's wrong?" "Oh [pause], nothing. [Sigh of relief.]" The sleeping man who is not really sleeping but waiting for the right moment to pounce on the man rifling his luggage. The unexplained possession of a useful disguise. And the heavily ironic melodramatic ending. There is no appeal to emotion, the dialogue is laconic, the acting is understated, and the female roles are minor and strictly functional. Unlike "The Asphalt Jungle" and "Rififi," where the details of the crime and the humanity of the criminals were dwelt on at length, "Symphony for a Massacre" is an impassive account of the inexorable logic of a succession of violent deaths. There is no hero, no pursuing detective, and, because the seller of drugs survives to sell to others, no moral. This is an unlikely and difficult approach to a motion picture, but Mr. Deray has succeeded completely. Michel Auclair, Claude Dauphin, Jose Giovanni, Jean Rochefort, and Charles Vanel are excellent as the five men who die trying to pull the big job.

JOSEPH LOSEY, who directed "The Servant" with great skill, with a perfect understanding of his characters, and with an extremely subtle sense of mood, had earlier made another film dealing with the corruption of a man. This one is a clumsy version of "La Dolce Vita," called "Eva," which is symbolic and pointless.

Stanley Baker, a Welsh actor, plays Tyvian Jones, a temperamental Welshman (or bloody Welshman, as he is called at the end of the movie) who has become famous in Venice because his novel has been made into a movie (and shown at the Venice Film Festival) by an Italian director (identifiable by his Italian director's hat), who has a pretty assistant, played by Virna Lisi, to whom Mr. Baker is engaged. At this crucial moment, who should glide into his life in a gondola but Jeanne Moreau, or Eva? From then on, when she isn't contemplating herself in the nearest mirror or playing Billie Holiday's "Willow Weep for Me" on her portable phonograph, Miss Moreau treats Mr. Baker with a well-deserved shabbiness that reaches its climax when she beats him viciously with a handy riding crop after, having started to throttle her, he decides to kiss her instead as she lies asleep in her Venice apartment, which is decorated with her collection of glass eggs. Meanwhile, during a lull in the lasciviousness Mr. Baker and Miss Lisi have got married, but to no avail, and we have learned something we suspected all along—that Mr. Baker's novel, "Stranger in Hell," was actually written by his dead brother. Miss Lisi, coming home one night and finding her husband on the living-room floor and Miss Moreau upstairs playing "Willow

CARY Middlecoff
SLACKS with FORTREL®

SWING INTO ACTION

Take it from a former Masters-and-Open champ and one of America's leading Network TV golf authorities. "Nothing can match Jaymar's Cary Middlecoff Slacks—made of fine blends* of Fortrel—for slim good looks, wrinkle resistance and wash'n wearability. But, most of all, these slacks are unique in their design for total comfort." Look for the many exclusive Jaymar comfort features in Cary Middlecoff slacks at better men's stores everywhere, or write Jaymar-Ruby, Inc. Michigan City, Indiana for dealer nearest you.

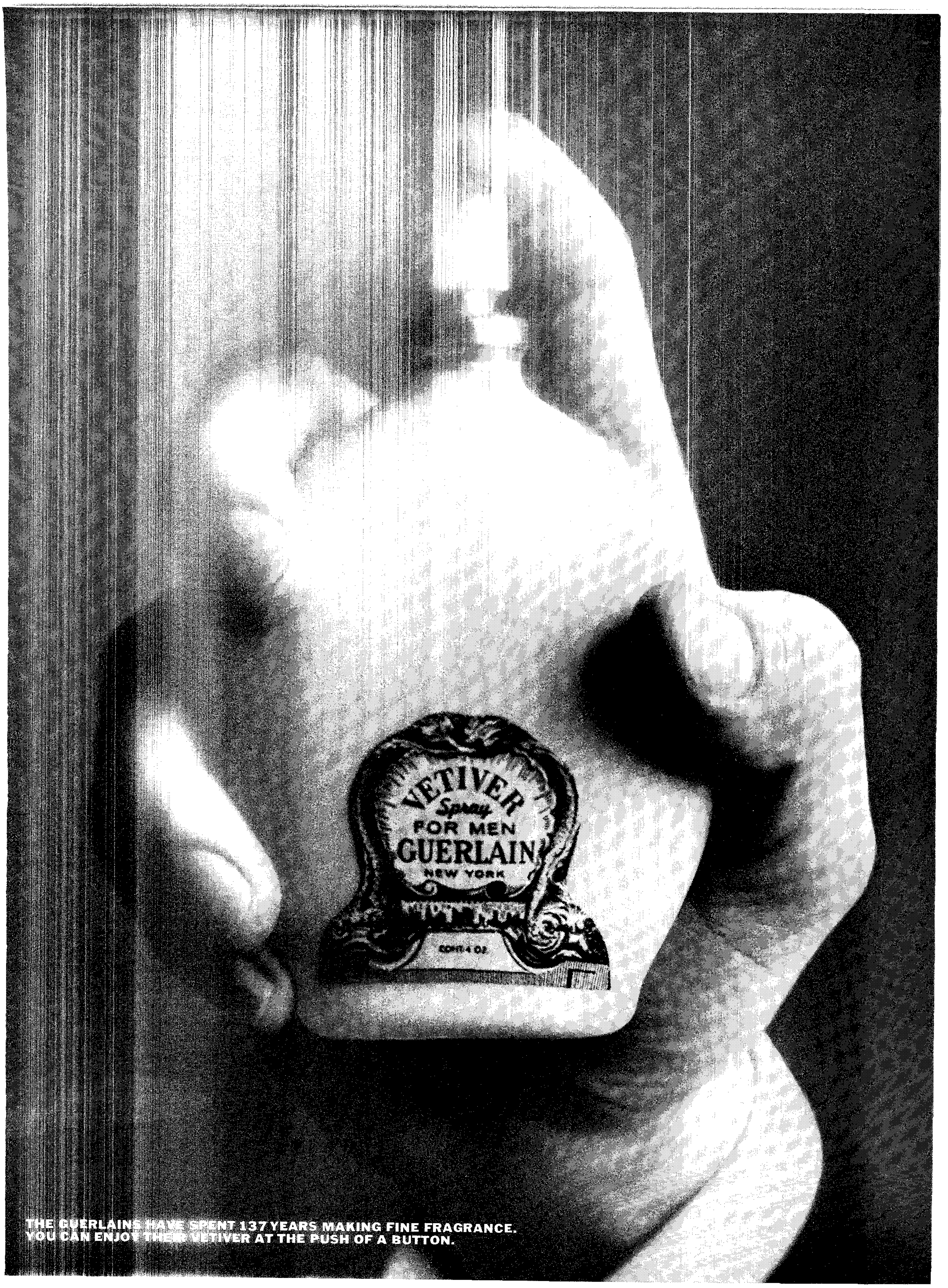
$12.95

® Fortrel is a TM of Fiber Industries, Inc.

CARY Middlecoff
A JAYMAR® SLACK

*55% Fortrel polyester/45% "Bud-Rel®" Rayon
65% Fortrel polyester/35% Cotton

Cary Middlecoff Slacks are available at: RICH'S, INC., ATLANTA, GA. • JACOBSON'S, MICHIGAN • B. ALTMAN & CO., NEW YORK, NEW YORK • FOLEY'S, HOUSTON, TEXAS. Other fine stores from coast to coast.


VETIVER
Spray
FOR MEN
GUERLAIN
NEW YORK
CONT. 4 OZ.
THE GUERLAINS HAVE SPENT 137 YEARS MAKING FINE FRAGRANCE.
YOU CAN ENJOY THEIR VETIVER AT THE PUSH OF A BUTTON.

Vetiver by Guerlain [illegible] cologne to spray on at all times—after shaving and before cheek-to-cheek dancing. $5.00 plus Federal tax.

父
Padre
Vater!
Père
פאָטער
Dad

Call him what you will . . . but delight him with a tin of fine tobacco for Father's Day (June 20)

Edgeworth
Ready-Rubbed

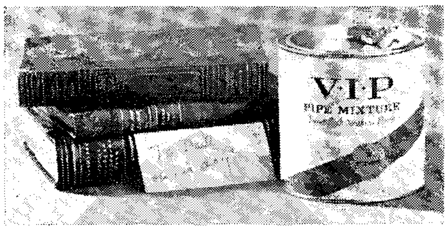
Favorite of seasoned pipe smokers in 70 countries.

Holiday
Pipe Mixture

Famous aroma men relish and women welcome, too.

Executive Mixture

Supreme flavor, aroma with no added aromatics.



Outdoor flavor and aroma of Sweet Birch Southern.

Peach Brandy Flavor. New pleasure breakthrough.

LARUS & BROTHER COMPANY, INC.
Richmond, Virginia
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877
From the House of Edgeworth

Weep for Me" in the bedroom, rushes from the house in tears, leaps into a motorboat, and drives to her death without leaving as much as a good manuscript behind her.

Mr. Losey has decorated this dire tale with some nice shots of Venice and Rome and with frequent visual and aural reminders of the symbolism hinted at in the title. For instance, Mr. Baker has a giant reproduction of Masaccio's "Expulsion from Paradise" fresco hanging at the top of his staircase, and from time to time a disembodied voice intones this mournful song, lyrics by the director: "Adam and Eve, it ain't the story that you believe." On the other hand, Mr. Losey ends the movie with a quote from the story that we presumably *do* believe: "So He drove out the man: and he placed at the east of the Garden of Eden cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way to the tree of life." What are we to believe?

The screenplay for "Eva" was written by Hugo Butler and Evan Jones, or, if they're lucky, by their brother.

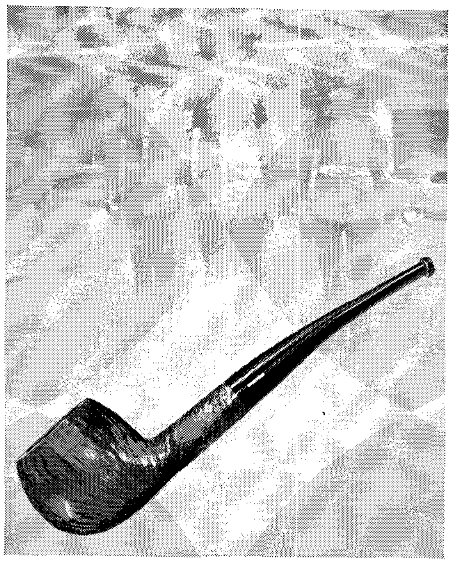
"UP FROM THE BEACH" is the catchy title of the movie version of Mr. Barr's novel. In it, against a convincing background of troops moving inland on the day after D Day, Cliff Robertson, playing an average American soldier named Sergeant Edward Baxter, marches back and forth between the beach and the town of Verville with a colorful group of French villagers, whom he has been ordered to get out of the way of the invasion. Among his charges are a beautiful girl Resistance fighter (Irina Demick), her wise old *grand'mère*, a small boy, a dog, and a man who looks like a cross between Buster Keaton and Mayor Wagner. There is also a prisoner—Marius Goring, as the soft-hearted German commandant the villagers have come to love—and he is being guarded by Red Buttons, who plays a wisecracking Jewish pfc. named Harry Devine. "Harry, you're divine," Sergeant Baxter says on occasion. As expected, both the pfc. and the commandant die before the picture is over. Broderick Crawford, listed in the credits as a "guest star," is very good in the small part of an M.P. major.

—SUSAN LARDNER

•

JOBS CITED AS ONE
ANSWER TO POVERTY
—*Santa Ana (Calif.) Register.*

Spoilsport!



Statesman $5.95
Ambassador of Enjoyment
Made in England

A good, honest pipe to smoke while calmly contemplating world affairs. Carbonized bowls, comfort-thin mouthpieces. Fitted with an unusual golden filter tube. Handsome new distinctive finish. Wide variety of shapes.

If you are interested in how fine pipes are made, and how they should be smoked, send for the fully-illustrated, 56-page "Comoy's Catalog". Please enclose 50¢ in stamps or coin.

COMOY'S of London
Five Generations of Pipe Makers
Div. Cadogan Investments, Ltd.
221 Park Avenue South
New York, N. Y. 10003

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

SEASON BEGINS JUNE 28, 1965
In the heart of the
White Mountains
Gracious hospitality in the tradition of the Dodge family for four generations. Congenial guests enjoy swimming, golf, tennis, shuffleboard, movies, and dancing. Cocktail Lounge. Fine Food. 185 guest rooms.
John B. and Frank Schuyler Dodge, Jr.
Co-Managers.
MOUNTAIN VIEW HOUSE
WHITEFIELD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

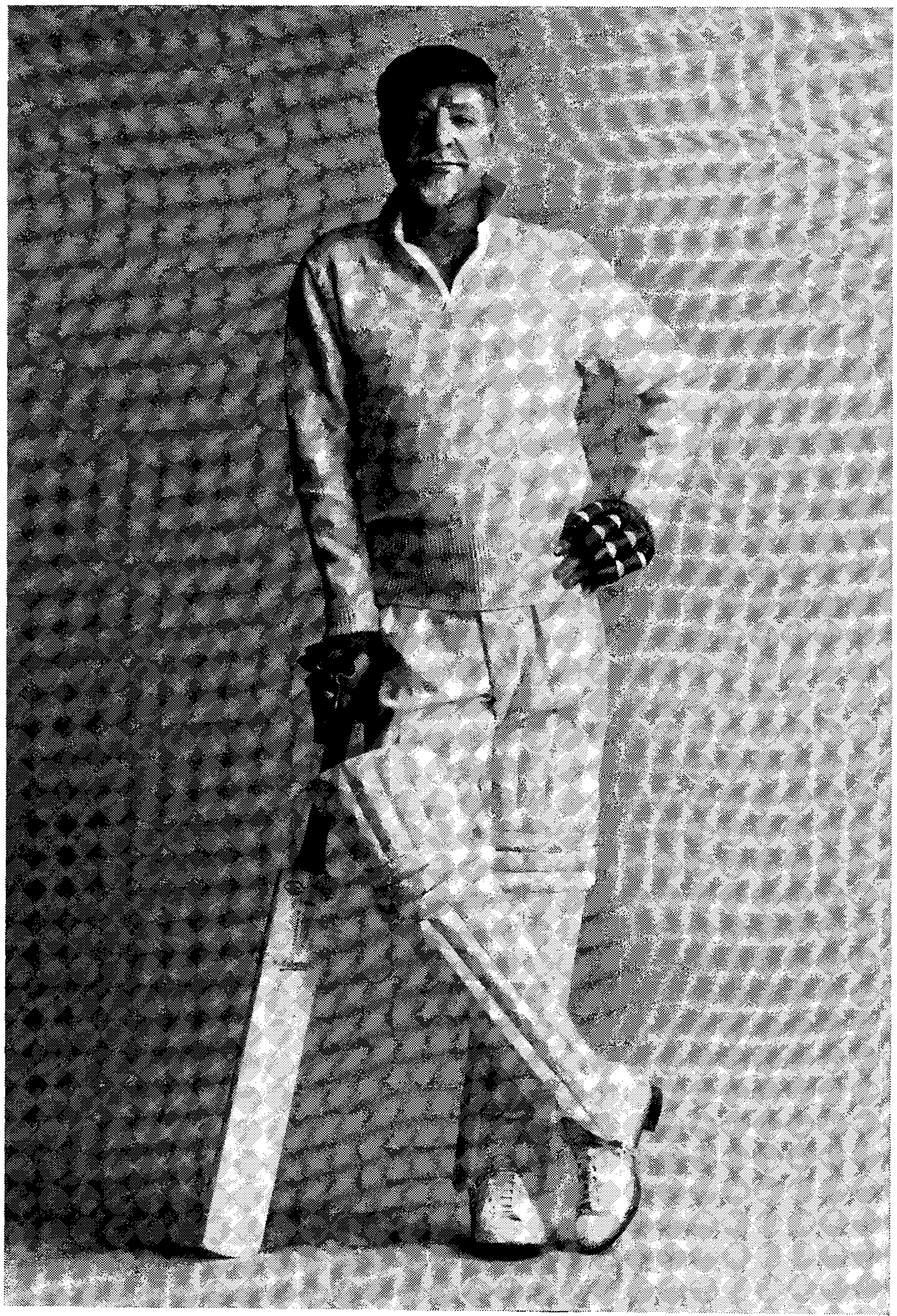
THE RACE TRACK

Hail to Thee!

MOST of us students of thoroughbreds' antics, which we loosely call form, went to Aqueduct for the Belmont Stakes last Saturday firmly believing that the ninety-seventh running of this blue-ribbon event for three-year-olds would be a two-horse show, between Tom Rolfe and Dapper Dan. It wasn't. Hail to All won it by a neck from Tom Rolfe, with First Family third, about a length behind, and about the same distance ahead of Dapper Dan. The time was 2:28⅖, and every moment of it was enthralling.

Though the warm sunshine of a fine afternoon should have shown the eight runners—three more than had been expected—at their best, most of them were light in flesh from severe spring campaigning. The crowd in the paddock had plenty of time to inspect them, too, for they were led around the parade ring for more than fifteen minutes before they were saddled. It seems that Tom Rolfe took his time about appearing, and held up the proceedings. Perhaps Frank Whiteley, Jr., his trainer, was borrowing Ben Jones' old trick with Whirlaway, and Bud Stotler's with Discovery; both those horses got the fidgets before a race, and their trainers, to save them, waited as long as they could before leading them into the paddock. When Tom Rolfe finally did show up, however, he was as cool and calm as you please, and the pick of the lot—very fit, and with a sheen to his coat. He's noted for his small size, but when you see him and Dapper Dan (they're both sons of Ribot) side by side, he is actually not much the smaller of the two; in fact, he is deeper through the girth and has more powerful quarters. After them, Hail to All was quite the best on looks. Incidentally, in the parade past the stand not one of the eight colts was accompanied by a stable pony to keep him from public view; I could hardly believe my eyes.

Bold Bidder, who was put in the race to make the pace for his stable-



Our captain, the Captain

Pictured here in sporting attire, Capt. K. R. Gazder, formidable batsman, distinguished pilot, and chief of AIR-INDIA's transatlantic operations.

Like all personnel who fly our New York-to-London runs, Capt. Gazder lives in London, where for the past 15 years he has nobly captained AIR-INDIA's own London cricket team.

Even though they may never be champions on the playing fields of Sussex, AIR-INDIA's crews bow to no one when it comes to their achievements in the air. Their skill and precision have given AIR-INDIA an enviable record of dependability throughout the world.

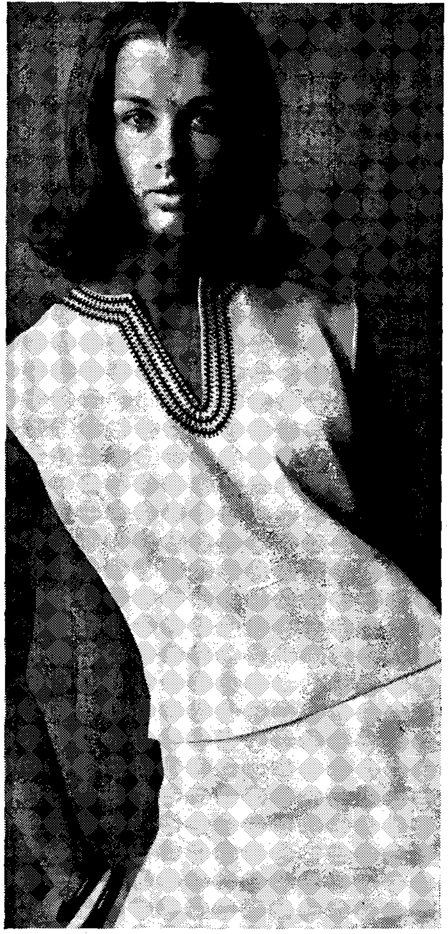
This splendid assurance, coupled with lavish Indian hospitality and delightful service, make AIR-INDIA the pleasantest possible way to fly to London.

Why not bowl on down to your travel agent today?

Jets daily to London, Europe, India, and the East from New York.
See your travel agent or AIR-INDIA, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 10019. Offices in principal cities.

AIR-INDIA
The airline that treats you like a Maharajah
Over 32 Years of Flying Experience

There is only one Arnel.
It lets shantung machine wash.



Arnel pours white shantung
over you with pure luxury.
Keeps it cool, crisp and
perfect. Easy to iron, too.
By Weber Originals in Belding's
shantung of Arnel triacetate
and other fiber. Edged in black
or white. 10-18. Blouse,
about $8. Skirt, about $10. At
B. Altman & Co., New York;
Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles;
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.

Celanese® Arnel®
Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

mate Dapper Dan, was quickest out of the gate, followed by First Family and La Cima, who is a huge, ungainly fellow. For more than a mile, those three rolled along lengths ahead of Tom Rolfe, with Hail to All and Dapper Dan even farther behind. The critical point of the Belmont is the last quarter mile, and when Tom Rolfe swung into the stretch half a length behind First Family, hopes for him were high. Then Hail to All came bearing down on him and took the lead in the last fifty yards. The winner is owned by Mrs. Ben Cohen—her husband is one of the top men at Pimlico—and was sired by Hail to Reason, the wonder two-year-old of 1960. I suppose the colt's success might be called a triumph of perseverance, because until he won the Jersey Derby at Garden State Park on Memorial Day he'd been finishing fast in his races but never quite getting up. By the way, Sellers, who rode Hail to All, and handled him with skill and assurance, warmed up for the job by bringing in four winners—one of them Our Michael, in the Tyro Stakes—at the opening of Monmouth Park the day before. (Ever so many Saturday horseplayers bet on La Cima because he was ridden by Ussery, who had had four consecutive winners that afternoon. They should have saved their money and put it on him in the last race; he won that, too.) I loathe making excuses for beaten horses, but, if you care, observers were of the opinion that Turcotte, who had the mount on Tom Rolfe, made his move too soon, with the result that the colt was tiring when Hail to All challenged. First Family deserves full marks, for he was with the pace all the way. As for Dapper Dan, he had no mishaps. Maybe he wasn't in the mood.

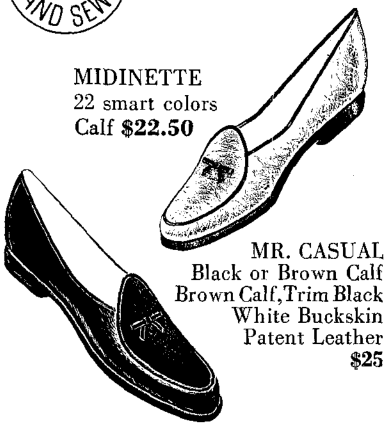
THE Metropolitan Handicap is invariably a thriller, and its seventy-second running, on Memorial Day, which was won by Gun Bow, was no exception. In addition, the day was the biggest ever for the Aqueduct management. Putting the tote before the horse is a popular pastime, so before I get around to the race I shall note that in the course of the afternoon 73,375 enthusiasts showered $6,120,631 into the straight, place, and show machines. This is the greatest amount ever bet in the pari-mutuel in this country, and although comparative figures are unavailable, I venture to say it's a world's record, too. The Big A has had many five-million-dollar days (the handle last Saturday was $5,449,027), but the

De Busschere

Belgian
Shoes

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President



MIDINETTE
22 smart colors
Calf **$22.50**

MR. CASUAL
Black or Brown Calf
Brown Calf, Trim Black
White Buckskin
Patent Leather
$25

Soft soled casuals known the world over.
Color brochures on request.

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N.Y.
CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.

Dining in the grand manner

REGENCY
ROOM

A gracious setting...impeccable service...impressive French, Continental and American dishes created by a master chef. Vintage wines.

HOTEL CARLYLE

MADISON AVENUE & 76TH STREET · RH 4-1600

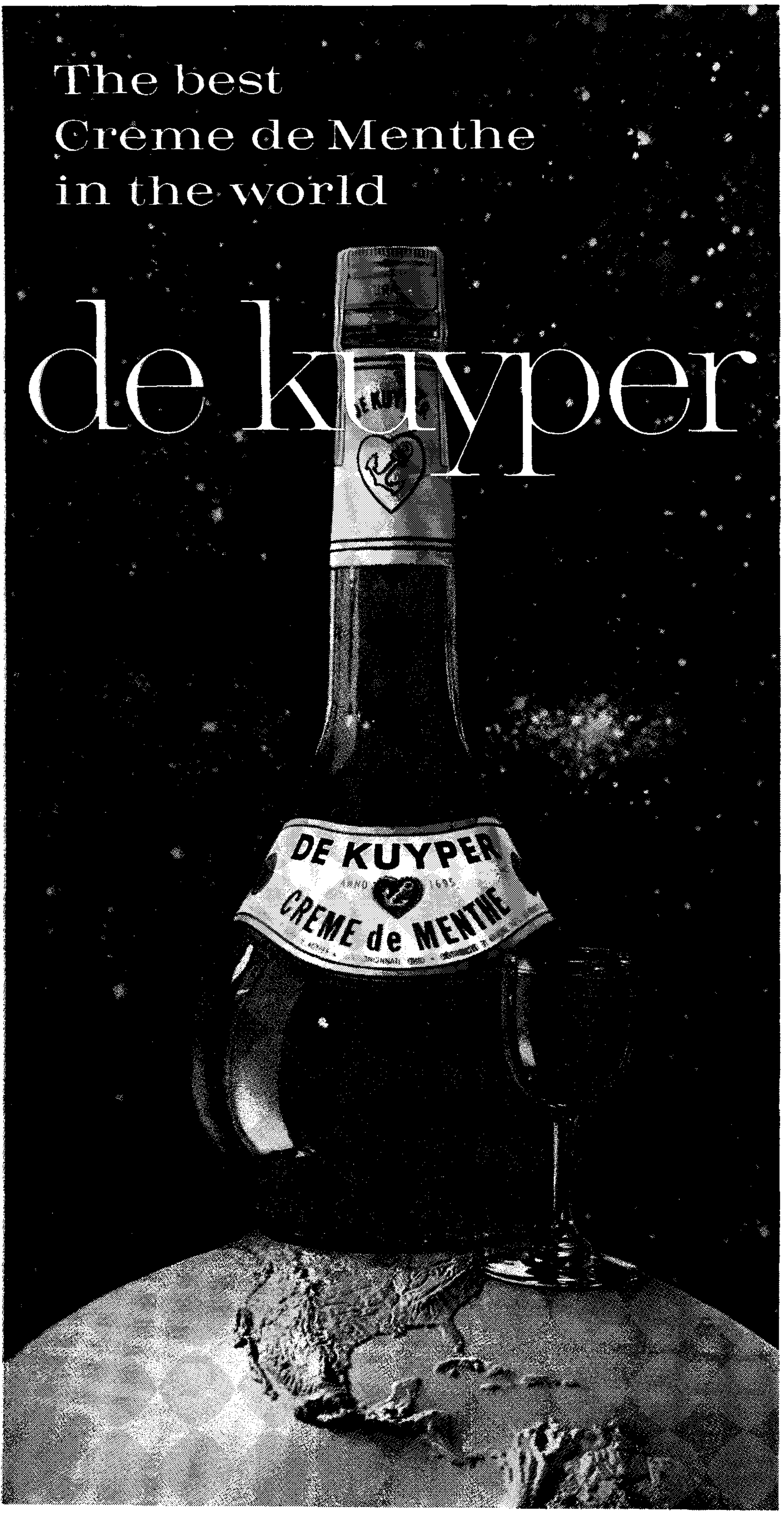
LITTLE PICTURE! BIG BROCHURE!

SEE BIG PICTURES in our brochure, "Furniture for Gracious Living" ■ Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. ■ Also at leading stores everywhere ■ For brochure send 30¢, Department N, **UNION-NATIONAL, INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.**

closest it had come to a sixer was on Belmont Day a year ago, with $5,834,896. Santa Anita has bigger crowds—the top one was 83,800, on March 1, 1947—but it had never had a five-million-dollar day until this year, on March 8th. Which reminds me that $822,862 was wagered on the Metropolitan—tens of thousands of dollars more than is bet all day at a number of major tracks I'm not going to name.

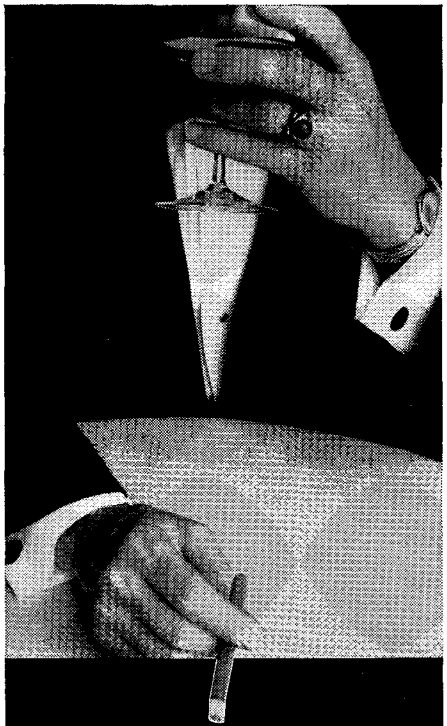
If it weren't for Affectionately, there wouldn't be much reason to go into the Metropolitan very seriously. As it was, she was the heroine of the race. Carrying 121 pounds to Gun Bow's 130, she came out of the starting gate in high gear and, followed closest by Malicious, stepped the first quarter in 22⅖, the half mile in 44⅖, and six furlongs in 1:08⅕—two-fifths of a second faster than the track record for the distance. Turning into the homestretch, she and Malicious weakened, and Chieftain, Tom Rolfe's elder half brother, swept past them. A furlong from home, Chieftain looked the winner all over, but Gun Bow, giving out with a burst of speed, caught him a dozen strides from the post and went on to win by a neck. Affectionately was third, five lengths behind, but she's still tops in my book. Gun Bow's trainer, Eddie Neloy, tells me that the horse has never been in better form. His next start will be in the Suburban on the Fourth-of-July Monday.

QUADRANGLE, winner of the Belmont Stakes a year ago, was not nominated for the Metropolitan, so he was flown out to Hollywood Park for the Californian Stakes last Saturday. He put on a good show, considering that it was his first appearance under colors this year, for he finished second



...and its cool, delicious taste is out of this world, after dinner or any time. It's one of 23 fine-tasting de Kuyper Cordials, a Dutch name famous since 1695. For free "Cooking with Cordials" booklet, write de Kuyper, Murray Hill Box 47, New York, N.Y. 10016.

60 PROOF. NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., NEW YORK



A lot of men are going to smoke Van Baars Juniors, the little Swedish cigars, because they're snobs.

That's the wrong reason.

The right reason, of course, is the taste. Van Baars Juniors are tastefully made of real cigar tobacco. Sumatra wrapper, Brazil and Java filler. Blended with Swedish skill and pride, these superior cigar tobaccos make a very mild, very light, exquisitely aromatic small cigar. One that really tastes like a cigar. We hope you try Van Baars Juniors. Whatever your reason may be.

van Baars
JUNIOR

Sole importers for the United States
"21" Club Selected Items, Ltd.
60¢ package of 10, $1.20 tin of 20

to Viking Spirit, to whom he gave eight pounds—and Viking Spirit, it may be said in passing, is no slouch, as those who saw him polish off his opposition by seven lengths in the Carter Handicap at Aqueduct on May Day will agree.

THE Coaching Club American Oaks, which is the season's top prize for three-year-old fillies, and the third in a series of three events devoted to them, will be the main attraction at Aqueduct this weekend. It is expected that Ground Control, winner of the Acorn Stakes, and Cordially, winner of the Mother Goose—the earlier events of the trilogy—will be among the starters. This department offers no selection.

THIS week's report would be incomplete without some reference to Long Look's victory in the Epsom Oaks, the British classic for three-year-old fillies. The American-bred daughter of Ribot, and owned by James Cox Brady, the chairman of the board of trustees of the New York Racing Association, she started at the fancy odds of 100–7 and won going away from seventeen other runners. Fair enough! —AUDAX MINOR

•

"The perpetual silent witness of the events in this unpleasant narrative is a common house fly.

"A fly with nacreous glistening body, mobile on three pairs of sharply black legs, airborne on veined transparent wings, armed with vicious soft proboscis and vigilant with two intent revolving eyes." These are the opening words of Richard Chopping's novel, and they set the tone of what is to come, for Mr. Chopping has an eye for exact detail and does not hesitate to put down what his eye sees. The result is often unpleasant and many of the people are repellent, but such is Mr. Chopping's authority as a writer that one reads in a state of helpless fascination.—*Spring catalogue of Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

Swatter in hand.

•

OVERCAST DAYS IN THE GREAT SOCIETY

[*From a letter from the United States Bureau of Hearings and Appeals, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare*]

You are cordially invited to attend such meeting. In order to make appropriate arrangements as to date, time, and place, will you please advise me, by the earliest convenient mail, of your interest in attending such a meeting when it is scheduled, of which date, time, and place you will receive timely advice at some date after your acceptance of this invitation is received.

Cuff Links of 18Kt Gold
LOGS $125 pair
SHELLS $100 pair
Olga Tritt
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.
*Federal Excise Tax Included

First Family of Photographers
Bachrach

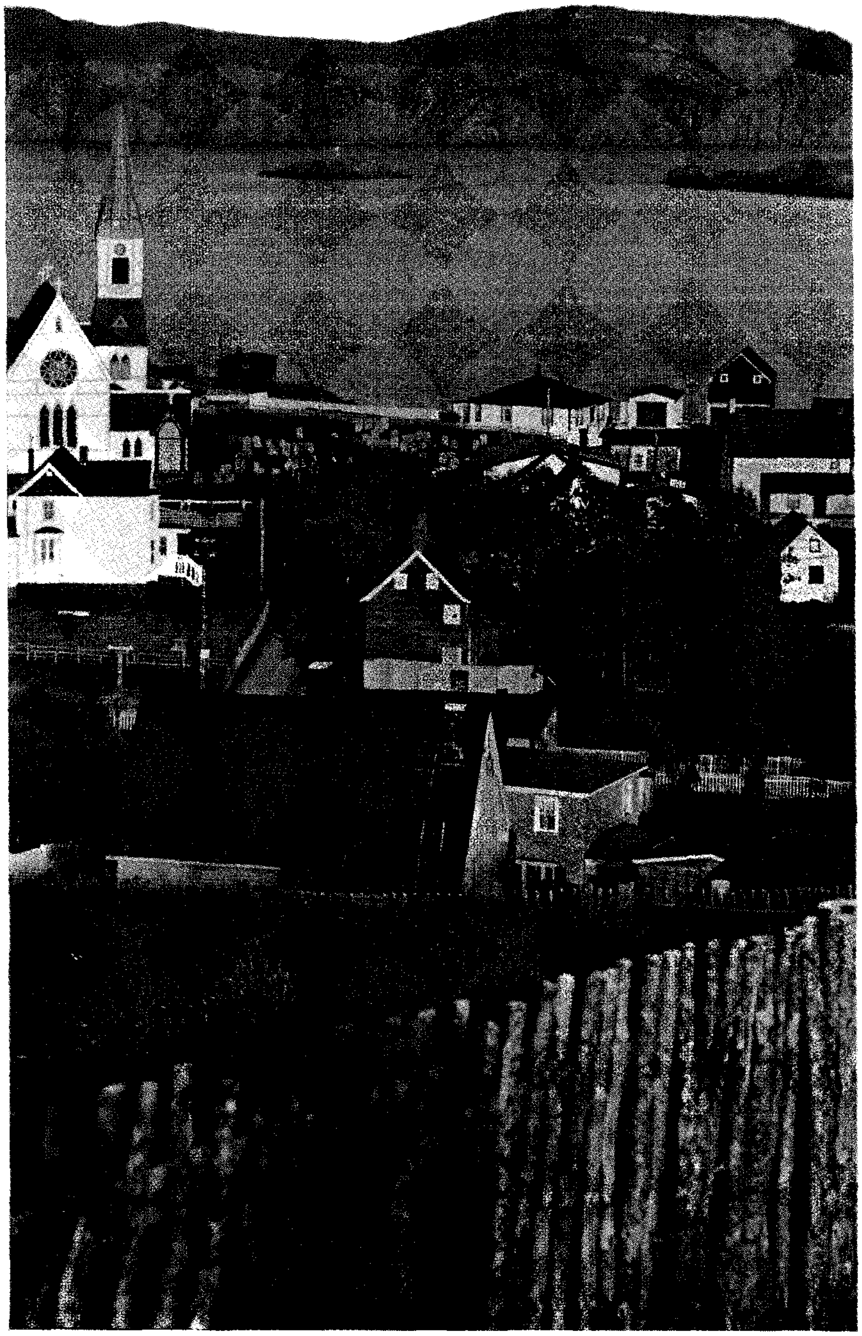
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
Also The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey

MENEMSHA BAR

The salty tang and romance of Martha's Vineyard and this snug fisherman's harbor — New York's most fascinating bar and cocktail lounge. *Excellent Dining Facilities*

130 East 57th St., New York

Before you fly to the Maritimes… don't you think you should know what they are?



There's Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. They all have towns as charming as this. And everything, everywhere is surrounded by beaches. Maybe 10,000 miles of them.

A quick whisk to Newfoundland via Air Canada to see wool being spun the way it was 300 years ago. You can pick up a hooked rug or a blanket. The kind that lasts forever.

Go down to the sea and hook an Atlantic salmon. Your guide will smoke it for you while you're hopping all over the Maritimes and send it to your home. Curiously enough it's called Nova Scotia salmon.

Fly this way to Moncton to see the Tidal Bore which is fascinating. The world's highest tide comes rushing up the Bay of Fundy in a genuine tidal wave. Two shows a day.

Air Canada will take you to Cape Breton Island where they still speak Gaelic, where the clans gather annually to dance and sing and celebrate. You will, too, when you hear the bagpipes.

You weren't going to leave the kids home, were you? Not when Air Canada will fly them and your wife at 25% off, any day of the week to any of its destinations in the U.S. or Canada. Just ask your travel agent for the full story.

Canadian Vacations, P.O. Box 598, Montreal 3, Canada

Please send information I have checked below:

☐ "Canada" Folder* ☐ New Family Fare Plan

My name____________________

No. & street____________________

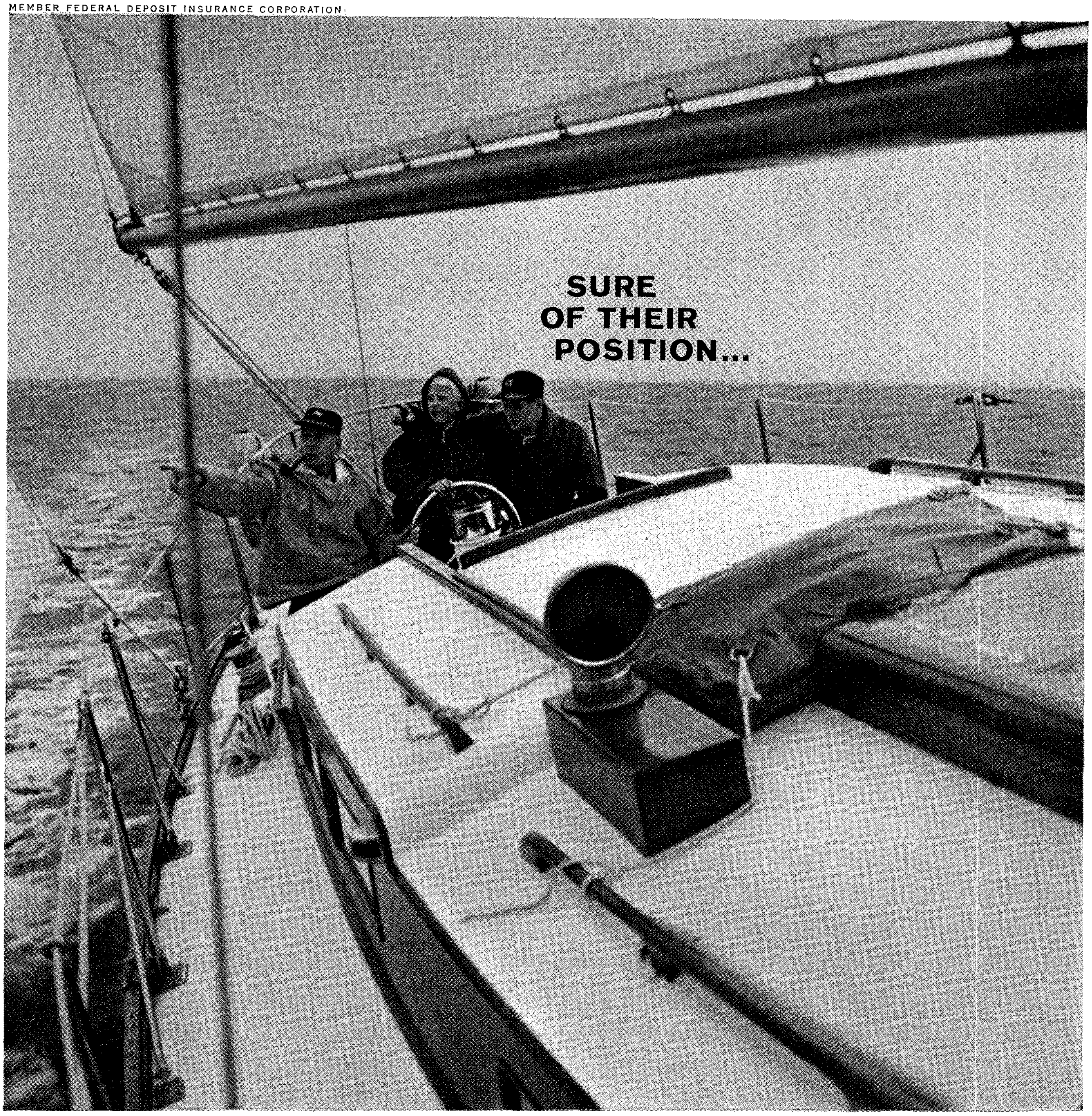
City__________State__________

*Brochure offer expires Oct. 31, 1965 NY 6

AIR CANADA

OFFICES: BOSTON, NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, TAMPA/ST. PETERSBURG, MIAMI, DETROIT/WINDSOR, CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE/TACOMA.

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



Executives find relaxation easier when National City manages their corporate pension trusts *and* their personal investments

The senior skipper, above, also directs operations of a large eastern plastics firm. As its president, he finds charting a course in the complex areas of corporate banking is a lot easier with help from National City.

Aid From Specialists

Our specialists have aided him in establishing—and managing—an effective company pension plan. Significantly, this executive has also placed his personal securities in the hands of our experienced Investment Advisory staff.

Total Banking Capacity

This is another example of business "professionals" turning to National City for the *total banking* capacity that can serve them in so many ways. We offer experienced, highly competent specialists who have practically at their fingertips all the facilities and resources of a leading world-wide bank.

Let us outline the range of trust and investment services available to your corporate and personal interests. Telephone, write or come in . . . and ask for "New Directions in Personal Investing"—Booklet F-14.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK©
TRUST AND INVESTMENT DIVISION • 399 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 2

ON the whole, this has not been an intellectually or aesthetically brilliant Paris spring season, but there have been two major exceptions, and they have been so cerebral as to be over almost everybody's head, as far as mere public pleasure has been concerned. Certainly the final concert, at the Salle Pleyel, of the recent eleventh season of the Domaine Musical, which is devoted to extreme contemporary music, was an exceptionally recherché event, even for that rarefied organization. The program concluded with the presentation, for the first time in France, of "Gruppen für Drei Orchester," composed in 1957 by Karlheinz Stockhausen, who himself directed one of the three orchestras that simultaneously played different and opposing parts of the composition. Combined, these three bands form the Symphony Orchestra of the Westdeutscher Rundfunk, of Cologne, the West German radio station that gave the Stockhausen work its première seven years ago and is the European broadcasting station most noted for its regular programming of *Musik der Zeit*—music of our time, atonal, far-out—which young German radio listeners are reportedly crazy about. For this special effort in Paris, two extra platforms for the orchestras were constructed on the main floor of the Pleyel. The one on the left was directed by Stockhausen and the one on the right by Michael Gielen, with the music from both pouring out like discordant cataracts on top of the audience in between and on the third orchestra, which was seated conventionally enough on the stage and was under the baton of Bruno Maderna. Stockhausen, who was the object of all attention, is an extremely handsome blond Nordic, now aged thirty-seven. Of his powers as a composer, the program noted in confused admiration, "How many new ideas and fertile roads are already owed to this great creator, who continually pulverizes the acquired styles and inherited systems of music."

It is true that his three-way stereophonic composition has the impact of a bewildering and semi-exciting pulverization of the sensibilities for any stray ignorant listeners to whom music still

Pools are spacious and uncrowded. Here's the one at Pink Beach Cottage Colony.

Five special Bermuda resorts where the atmosphere is like a private club!

BERMUDA OFFERS VISITORS a wide selection of resort facilities, from large and lavish to small and secluded.

THE HAPPIEST MEDIUM. Somewhere in between are five of the most beloved and sought-after resorts on the island. We would call them cottage colonies but one is actually a small waterside hotel. All are privately owned and individually operated, and of a size that fosters a more personal welcome and a more relaxed atmosphere. So many guests tell us that they feel they have been taken into a friendly private club!

EACH IS DIFFERENT AND DISTINCT, but there are certain delights that all provide. Whether yours is a private cottage for two or for family, or a room at the inn, your vista will be of shining waters, and your terrace will be a bower of semi-tropical beauty.

You'll enjoy privacy and seclusion when you wish, but find congenial company at lunch, for cocktails, dinner, later evening entertainment. You'll probably find poolside buffets, beachside refreshment, dancing under the stars, and even picnic lunches for your sight-seeing jaunts by motorbike.

All five are your entrée into Bermuda's world of pleasures—golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, sight-seeing, shopping and water sports. Why not ask your travel agent today?

Horizons in Bermuda

Atop a sunny hill overlooking Coral Beach in Paget Parish with all Bermuda at your feet. A luxurious old Bermuda mansion and a cluster of elegant cottages. Big pool, tennis, golf, ocean swimming—and the food is famous. Robert F. Warner, Inc., Representative, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. JU 6-4500.

Lantana Colony Club

Beautiful coral cottages on Great Sound at lovely Somerset Bridge. Most attractive clubhouse, superb décor, choicest cuisine. Own private beach. Sunfish, O'Day Sailers, all water sports. Golf, tennis nearby. John H. Young, Owner-Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Glencoe

A charming and informal waterside inn ideally located in Salt Kettle, Paget. Beautifully appointed air-conditioned rooms, dining on the pool terrace, all water sports with a special flair for sailing. Reggie Cooper is the Owner-Manager. Hetland & Stevens Inc., Representative, 211 East 43 St., New York, N.Y. TN 7-1450.

Cambridge Beaches

In lovely Somerset. Charming cottages in a unique setting with sparkling waters on three sides. Enchanting beaches everywhere you look. Superb cuisine, swizzle parties, English teas, sailing, tennis, fishing at your door. William P. Wolfe Org., Representative, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. LO 5-1114.

Pink Beach Cottage Colony

On its own lovely south shore beach in Smith's Parish. De luxe pink cottages, all air-conditioned. Magnificent pool and tennis courts. Golf nearby. Famous for its superb cuisine and bar. Sig Wollmann is the Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Square, Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Or write Bermuda, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20 • 6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2
111 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

Newman

favored by the demanding gentleman for over half a century

The return of casual distinction is apparent in Newman's trim revival of a sportsman's classic. Tailored of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% imported linen. $21.50

At the fine stores nearest you, or write:
SOL NEWMAN TROUSERS, LTD.
53 West 23 St., N. Y., N.Y. 10010

means melody and harmony, rather than the computerlike mathematical intricacies of the Stockhausen work. He is the *chef de file* whom the young Continental composers are trying to follow. The program opened with the original 1910 version of Six Pièces pour Grand Orchestre, Opus 6, by the late Anton Webern, whose Viennese expressionism and tonal seductiveness make him the only ultra-modern composer whom old-fashioned musical ignoramuses can enjoy. This was followed by "Le Visage Nuptial" of 1951, composed by Pierre Boulez around the text of a poem of that name by the mystic poet René Char, and featuring choruses singing quarter tones. By ending with Stockhausen, the program intelligently offered a comparison of the changes made over nearly fifty years by three modern composers whom Europeans consider among the most notable.

The Domaine Musical now has something over two hundred and fifty subscribers—an imposing list containing well-known names among avant-garde novelists, painters, musicians, snobs, high-up government officials' wives, art merchants and collectors, writers' widows, wealthy women, and titled aristocrats. In order to satisfy the spatial needs of new music like "Gruppen," Stockhausen envisions a concert hall in spherical form, with the public occupying a platform suspended in the center of the sphere, which will be equipped with banks of loudspeakers and with numerous mobile podiums, permitting all the spatial combinations imaginable. The whole thing sounds easier to imagine in Cologne's Rundfunk than anywhere in Paris.

The other superior seasonal event has been the publication of "La Mise à Mort," by Louis Aragon, a novel (or, at any rate, a fable) of four hundred and twenty-one pages in which the emotion of love is so alive that it is like a character itself—is an entity, an atmosphere, a social conviction, a kind of private government directing the lives of a man and a woman, both late in life, both disguised under a double set of names and personalities. It is a book of such power, of such vital creative ebullience, with such tangents, such poetic outbursts, and such mixtures of mystification with autobiographical and even historical veracities, that its effect on Paris literary circles has been sensational. It is the sixty-fifth volume—large or small, poetry or prose—to be published by Aragon, now in his sixty-eighth year. He has always been a prodigious author and a spectacular Paris personality, whether as a

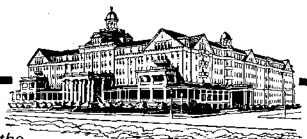
Exquisite Accommodations in New York

AVAILABLE FOR TRANSIENT OCCUPANCY
Single Rooms $24-27
Double Rooms $28-33
Two Room Suites from $44

Home of the famous
CAFE PIERRE & PIERRE GRILL

John L. Slack
General Manager

Hotel Pierre
OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK
FIFTH AVE. at 61st St. • NEW YORK 21



the **Essex** and **Sussex**

Spring Lake Beach, N. J.

Service, Hospitality and Gracious Living are again the traditional features of our 51st Season, during this Summer of 1965! Here are sparkling private ocean beach, plus heated pool, with poolside buffet luncheons, private Golf and Country Club, and dancing every evening in the lovely air-conditioned Essex Lounge. Supervised Children's activities. Monmouth Park nearby. American Plan. Write or wire Fred F. Schock, Manager, Dept. NY, or phone (201) 449-7000.

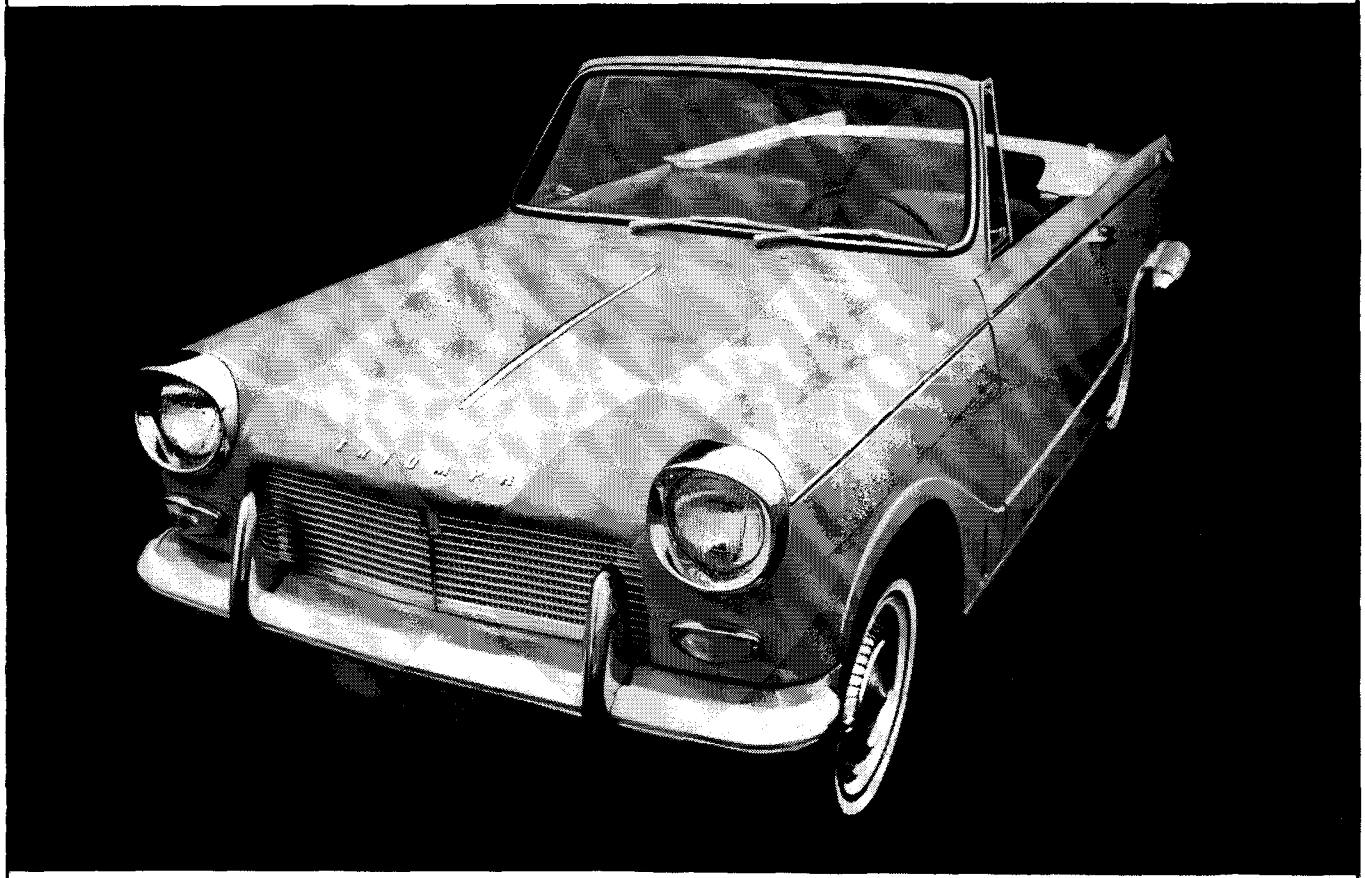
BLAZER BUTTONS

CASTILE—Bourbon Crest Applied on Enamel Background (your choice Flat Black, Dark Red, or Ivory) ¾" $8.80 each, 9/16" $7.35 each.
BRASS GOLFER—hand engraved ¾" size—$4.00 each. 9/16" inch size—$3.00 each.
MONACO CREST—Gold Plated, Rolled Gold Frame ¾" $4.40 each, ⅝" $2.75 each.
Cuff links of above $3.30 a pair extra.

Fed. Tax Included. No catalog.

Old Buttons, Inc.
510 Madison Ave., Bet. 52 & 53 Sts., N.Y.C.

The lowest-priced convertible in America:



It's the Triumph 1200 convertible. For $1949.*

But it offers more than merely an attractive price. Much more.

For example, you can cruise all day at turnpike speed. (Top speed: over 80 mph.) And still squeeze up to 35 miles from each gallon of gas.

Then there are such exciting sports car features as (1) bucket seats, (2) four-speed stick shift, (3) bump-smoothing four-wheel independent suspension, (4) accurate rack-and-pinion steering.

Plus other goodies like an English walnut dash, adjustable steering wheel, big 13 cubic-foot trunk, tight 25-ft. turning circle and plenty of room for a family of four.

(We build these same features into our snappy 1200 sedan. $1699*)

You don't have to be rich to own a Triumph 1200 convertible. You just feel rich.

Triumph 1200

*Suggested retail price POE plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in West. Look for dealer in Yellow Pages. Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc., 575 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Canada: Leyland-Triumph Motors Canada Ltd., 1463 Eglinton Ave., W., Toronto 10, Ont.

In Boston,

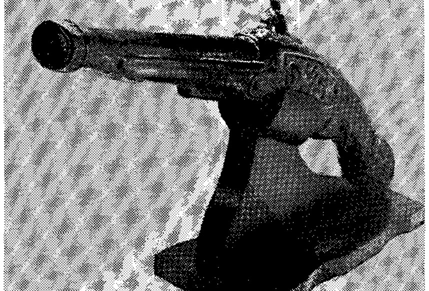
Keyed-up executives unwind at the Sheraton-Boston

When you wind up in Boston, unwind at the glamorous, new Sheraton-Boston Hotel. It's ideally situated — right off the Massachusetts Turnpike in the heart of the new Boston's shops, theatres, nightlife. There is a separate motor entrance and Free Parking. Over 1000 spacious, air-conditioned rooms, including tower suites high above the city. Your choice of superb restaurants and lounges — Falstaff Room, Persian Lounge, Cafe Riviera.

The temperature-controlled swimming pool is bordered by a gardened terrace and lanai rooms. Sheraton-Boston: perfect hotel for keyed-up executives to unwind.

For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, call the nearest Sheraton Hotel or Motor Inn.

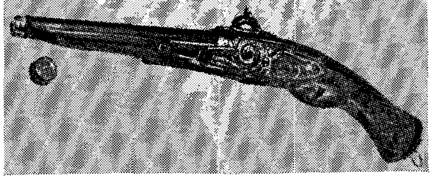
Dadaist, a Surrealist, or a Communist, and in this book his gifts and nature have come to their climax. The book is easy to decipher but not easy to read. The Pirandello problem that Aragon deals with in it is that of the plurality, real or contrived, of the human personality. This plurality he presents in such developed form that at first the reader thinks he is reading about two different men and two different women involved in amorous and jealous rivalry: Anthoine; Alfred; Mme. Ingeborg d'Usher, a famous singer; and Fougère, Anthoine's mistress and the love of Alfred's life. Only later does one surmise, as if partly solving a mystery, that the two men are only facets of a third man, Aragon himself; that Fougère is merely Alfred's private name for the singer Mme. d'Usher; and that she is in reality the writer Elsa Triolet, for whom here in Paris for more than forty years Aragon has been celebrating his devotion, like Dante's for Beatrice. Even after these realistic physical identities have been established and the names of Elsa and Aragon have been occasionally mentioned, like visitors among the quartet of mythical persons, it is the struggles, hopes, jealousies, and tragedies of Anthoine, Alfred, Fougère, and Ingeborg that function as a novel and that shape this audacious, strange book. As one critic paused in the midst of his admiration to declare, "We never know very well where we are in it, or whom we are with." Before it is finished, the labyrinthine volume contains—in a sheer flood of associated ideas, creative imagination, recollections of whole libraries of literature in various languages, and experiences from various travels—three short stories of extraneous lives; recollections of the French Army's 1940 retreat; a journey to Russia, where Malraux came to dinner; Gorky's funeral; Gide in Russia; the First World War as fought in the Alsatian fields; the bitter grief over the way the Spanish war turned out; the bitter questions of Communist conscience as to the guilt of Stalin; Oedipus treated as a comic detective story; digressive scholarly essays on "The Insomnia of Love," on Othello transformed into a murderer by jealousy, on the power of mirrors as passage to new realities for Lewis Carroll's Alice (herself cited in the book as an authority on such experience); the floating, recurrent image of Hamlet. At the end of the book, there is a terrible culminating poetic cry of anguish at the loneliness of love, of man, of identity: "Never will you know—never—what stifles me. The silent novel of myself. This despair



Saks Fifth Avenue

FOR FATHER — OUR IMPORTED REPLICA OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PISTOL DECANTER, $13

A handsome accessory for his den or bar, our realistically detailed pistol decanter is a faithful reproduction of a Florentine museum treasure. Antiqued tooled leather over black-green glass with brass-colored flintlock; 16" long. Walnut stand. Small Leather Goods. Mail and phone orders filled.



BUYING
A
HOME

Another city?
Can't spare looking time?
Describe what you want.
Homerica will find it.
No charge to you.

HOMERICA INC

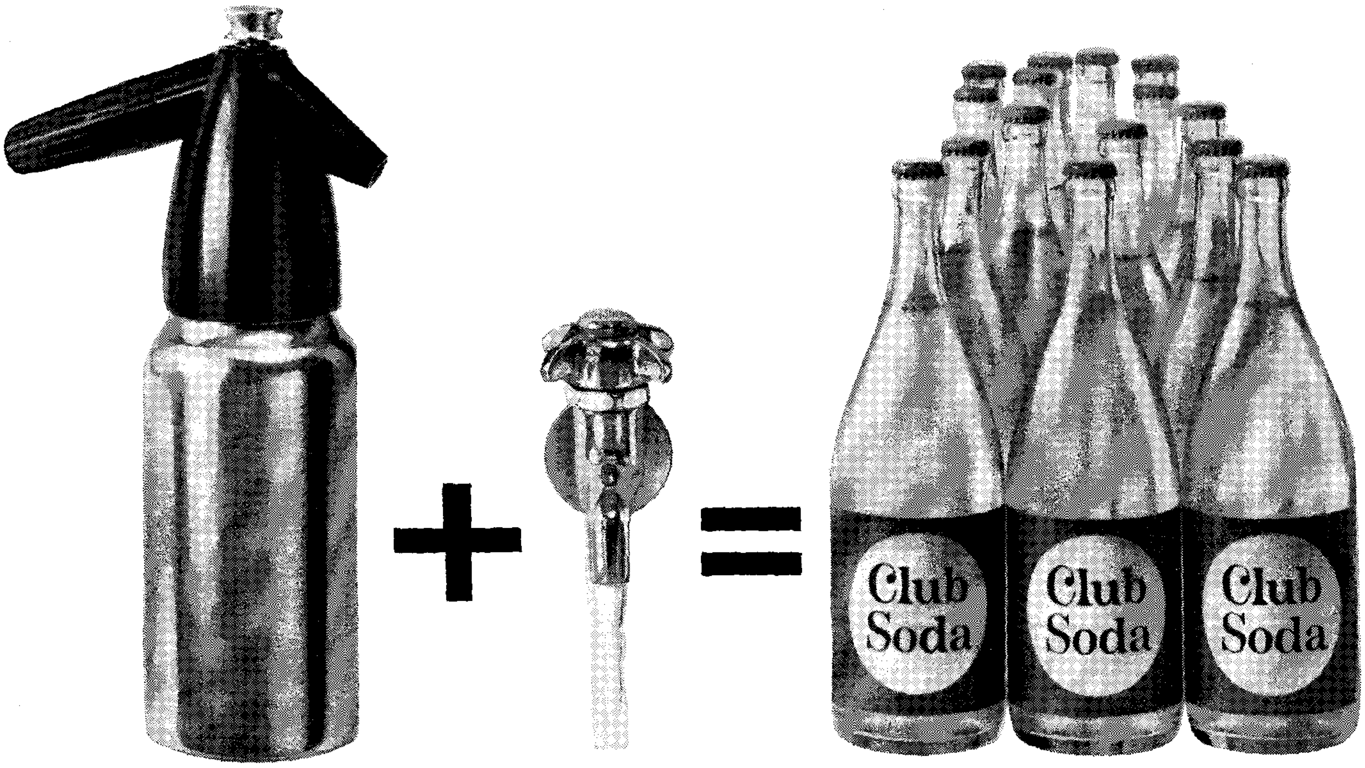
New York: 200 Park Avenue, 661-3111
Chicago: Marina City, 6023 East Tower, 527-3111
Los Angeles: 3460 Wilshire Blvd., 387-3111

summer exhibition

AMERICANS SUNG & UNSUNG

IRVING WILES "Gladys Wiles" 15"x11"

Schweitzer
GALLERY
958 MADISON AVE. (75-76 St.)



Soda King plus tap water equals club soda

The amazing Kidde Soda King turns ordinary tap water into sparkling club soda in seconds. Just fill the aluminum bottle with plain water. Insert a tiny charger into handle. Shake. And you have a *full quart* of lively, long-lasting carbonated water.

It's convenient, too. Extra chargers cost but a few pennies, store in almost no space. Puts an end to bottle clutter, forever.

What can you do with a Kidde Soda King? It's a handy thing to have around your bar, of course. The kids can make great ice cream sodas with it. Add syrup, and they can make like the corner drugstore. Or take it boating, or fishing. And there are even more imaginative things you can do, like putting sparkle into Burgundy or making Sauterne bubble like Champagne.

We'll send you the name of the nearest dealer who sells Soda King. Available at better housewares departments. Manufacturers suggested retail price is just $17.50. Makes a great gift.

WALTER KIDDE & COMPANY, INC. • 692 MAIN STREET, BELLEVILLE, N.J. 07109 **Kidde** of all life. These sobs without sobbing. This abomination of being. And I look behind me to see what follows me, this shadow. There is no one to ask pardon of. I am the bed without sleep, the wine without drunkenness, the voice without an ear to hear."

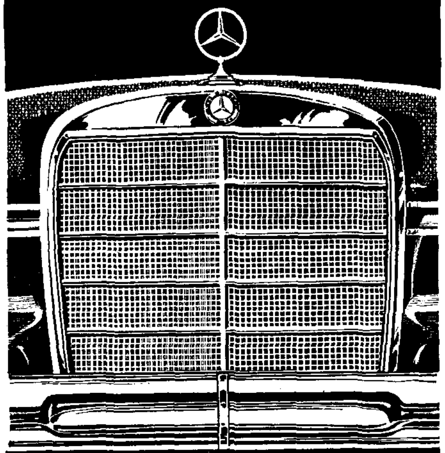
As a sign that Anthoine's fabled existence is finally diminishing, he loses the ability to see his own image in the mirror. Alfred, when he sees it clear, tries in a jealous rage to kill Anthoine with a blow at the face in the glass, injuring only himself, and gravely. A doctor has the book's final line, when he says to Ingeborg, "Madame, you must understand. He has loved you *to the point of madness*."

THE most talked-of new French film, "Alphaville," which is futurist in type and was directed by Jean-Luc Godard, one of France's young ace directors, is described in the weekly *Nouvel Observateur* as follows: "A revolution and a chef-d'œuvre. With lyric violence, Godard pictures a future that is already lost to us. On a list of what to go see, this film has absolute top priority." Some of the movie critics in their reviews sincerely used the word "genius" to describe it. To a man (all the major Paris cinema critics are men), their enthusiasm was unbounded for this "film of anticipation" (as one of them called it) of a computer-run civilization on some far-off galaxy—of brainwashed, tranquillizer-eating, obedient robots, looking and dressed like you and me, who no longer remember the existence of such words as "love," "tears," "conscience," or even "why." This impersonalizing state of affairs is probably the reason that French women moviegoers do not like "Alphaville," whose setting of flashing lights and forbidding, powerful mechanical gadgets makes it a male domain in any case. Into this Alphaville of human digits arrives a secret agent (the burly Eddie Constantine), disguised as a reporter from Earth for *Figaro-Pravda* (one of the few openly funny touches). Though love has been abolished, sex, of course, has not, so the pretty hotel chambermaid who runs the newcomer's bath for him offers to share it with him as part of her regular duties. Instead of a Gideon Bible by his bed, there is a lexicon of the limited vocabulary that the natives live by. After quantities of fist fights—for men are still men out in that galaxy—Constantine (who during a quiet moment recites a Paul Eluard poem, perhaps as an intellectual gag) naturally kills Professor von Braun, who had defected

Buy your beautiful Mercedes-Benz in Europe & travel "first class" all the way-abroad and at home.

Save plenty of money, too.

Free exciting new booklet.



Please send me without cost or obligation copy of new, exciting full-color guide, "European Vacation."

Name

Address

City

State Zip Code

Mail this coupon to: Mr. Hans von Brockhusen, Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., 158 Linwood Plaza, Fort Lee, N. J.

MERCEDES-BENZ

SKY CHEF

... the sign of good dining at airports from coast to coast... and good dining on leading airlines.

Enjoy SKY CHEF airport hospitality in these cities: Cleveland & Cincinnati, Ohio; Denver, Colo.; El Paso & Fort Worth, Texas; Knoxville & Nashville, Tenn.; New York (Kennedy Airport), Rochester & Syracuse, N.Y.; Oklahoma City & Tulsa, Okla.; Phoenix & Tucson, Ariz.; San Diego, Calif.

SKY CHEFS, INC.
360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

What flavor will you have?

Coolie Beach Jacket ... $4.95

sizes S-M-L

· Fine cotton · sanforized ·

Red
Natural
Aqua
Lime
Avocado
Pure White
Shocking Pink
Chinese Gold
Turquoise
Orange
Jet Black
Powder Pink
Sapphire Blue

Imported!

Send for catalog

Penthouse Gallery
485 Madison ave. at 52 st. N.Y.C.

NOT SO MUCH A STATELY HOME MORE A WAY OF LIFE!

In the lush English countryside, only 46 miles from London, stands a 300-year-old Jacobean manor house of mellowed honey-colour stone and russet tiles set in a frame of lawns, yew hedges, bounded by flowering shrubs and encircled beyond by 160 acres of farmland and woodland.

You can luxuriate in a Roman swimming pool (1963!) at 85°F. or energate at 65°F. and relax in any of the four reception rooms or eight bedrooms with four private bathrooms at like temperatures.

Since it was built in 1657 by a Lord Mayor of London, wealth and taste have been lavished for generations on this home by families who have made it their enduring pleasure to grow up there.

All this and more can be yours for $280,000. For coloured brochure and full agent's details write to

Barbara Prime Ltd.
70/71 New Bond Street, London, W.1., England

Don't expect the usual noise when you fly to Britain on BOAC's Super VC 10.

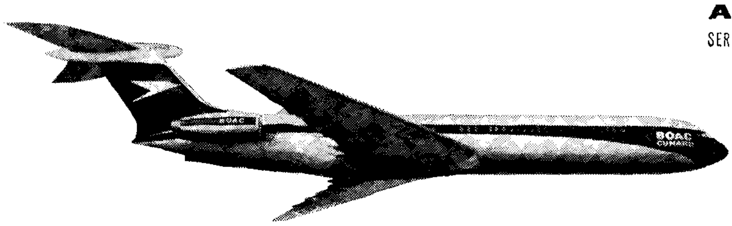
That's all behind us, now.

When you're 30,000 ft. up and 50 miles out over the Atlantic, where's the sound from BOAC's Super VC 10? Back over Montauk lighthouse. It's certainly not in the cabin. (At 600 mph in this Rolls-Royce powered jet the loudest noise you hear is the tinkle of ice in your gin and tonic.) But that's not the most important reason why the jets are in the rear. We put them there because you get an aircraft that's easier to fly. (The clean, uncluttered wing gives you more lift, so you get off the ground quicker. Use less runway. And land slower.) The lack of noise is really just a bonus. And so are the comfortable new seats we designed especially for this aircraft. (For the first time, you get an economy-class seat with lots of leg room.) And then there's the totally new kind of air-conditioning system. (This is the first plane that doesn't get stuffy when you're waiting on the ground.) They're all important little extras you'll find only on the BOAC Super VC 10, but they're not the real idea behind it. The big thing is that the pilot gets a plane that's easier to handle. And what could be more important than that?

The BOAC Super VC 10 flies twice daily from New York to London. Also daily to Bermuda and to Nassau and Jamaica* from New York. Or direct to London from San Francisco. It costs no more than on ordinary jets. For details, see your Travel Agent or call British Overseas Airways Corporation. Offices in all principal cities.

*One plane thru service via Nassau.

BOAC
AND BOAC CUNARD
SERVICES OPERATED FOR BOAC CUNARD BY BOAC



Triumphantly swift, silent, serene.

HANG YOUR HAT ON AVRIL RAYON

Raymodes does.

Gay, flattering "Lounger," for fun in the sun, indoors, in town—just about everywhere you might think of. But, this Raymodes Lounger has more to offer. Woven with Avril® rayon count on strength, smoothness, terrific color and luster. With little or no care from you.

fmc CORPORATION ®

American Viscose Division

M. LOWENSTEIN & SONS, INC., "Bossa Nova," woven of 50% Avril rayon/50% cotton. In S-M-L. Navy with white, white with black, white with red. About $10. Raymodes available at: *Franklin Simon*, N. Y. & branches; *Kaufmann's*, Pittsburgh; *E. W. Edwards*, Syracuse; *Hecht Co.*, Washington, D. C.

from what he calls Nueva York back in 1975 to become Alphaville's dictator; smashes the master computer; and starts back to Earth in the company of von Braun's daughter (Anna Karina, formerly Godard's wife and still his leading lady), since her ability to weep and her eagerness to love indicate that she could be turned into a perfect French girl citizen. The story is, of course, merely the human trash that Godard, a serious, intelligent, and eccentric director, needed as a focus for his theme of the increasing and alarming dehumanization of our civilization. He generates a disturbing claustrophobic image of the future by his alternate use of darkness—the movie was shot only at night with some kind of impractical ultrasensitive film—and blinding lights, which make the spectators blink with apprehension and discomfort. His movie is impressive, irritating, boring, and worth seeing. It was filmed in the most futuristic buildings in Paris—the new snail-shaped Maison de la Radio and the new wing-topped Palais des Expositions, at the Rond-Point de la Défense—as well as inside the offices of Les Machines Bull, which make computers.

The Paris Theatre Workshop, which has been doing plays in English at the American Church of Paris, on the Quai d'Orsay, was recently invited by the Théâtre d l'Athénée to give a series of performances of Martin Duberman's "In White America," which were much commented on in the Paris press—anything dealing with our Negro problem, especially if played by a cast containing some Negroes, being of acute interest here. The Athénée has for this past year concentrated on documentaries—Hochhuth's "Le Vicaire" and "Le Dossier Oppenheimer." "In White America," also a kind of documentary, turned out to be one of the few valuable national productions so far given here in the current Théâtre des Nations season. As in the Off Broadway production, its twenty-nine scenes, featuring official texts and historical anecdotes concerning slavery in the United States and our struggles against segregation, from the middle of the eighteenth century down through the school riots in Little Rock, were offered to the accompaniment of spirituals sung by the cast. The direction, by Gordon Heath, of the Saint-Germain-des-Prés night club l'Abbaye, was excellent and intelligent—a mixture of drama and news events that was effective and affecting, backed by a small movie screen carrying a brief explanation in

You don't need a silver spoon

...to keep this pitcher from cracking! Go ahead. Pour boiling tea or coffee over ice. All this PYREX brand pitcher will do is sparkle! You don't have to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth to afford it, either. All this sleek elegance, 1 qt., **$1.59;** 1½ qt., **$1.98.** At good stores all over.

PYREX® WARE
A PRODUCT OF CORNING

AMAGANSETT, EAST HAMPTON TOWNSHIP, L.I.

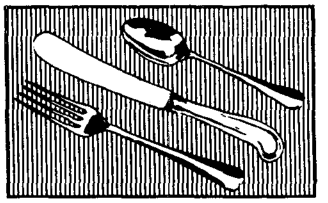
The
OCEAN
DUNE
Apartments

A unique seaside residence in an unspoiled colonial setting. Luxuriously furnished 2- and 4-room suites with fully equipped kitchenettes and daily maid service. Golf privileges at local country club. Seasonal, monthly, weekly and weekend rates available with descriptive brochure.

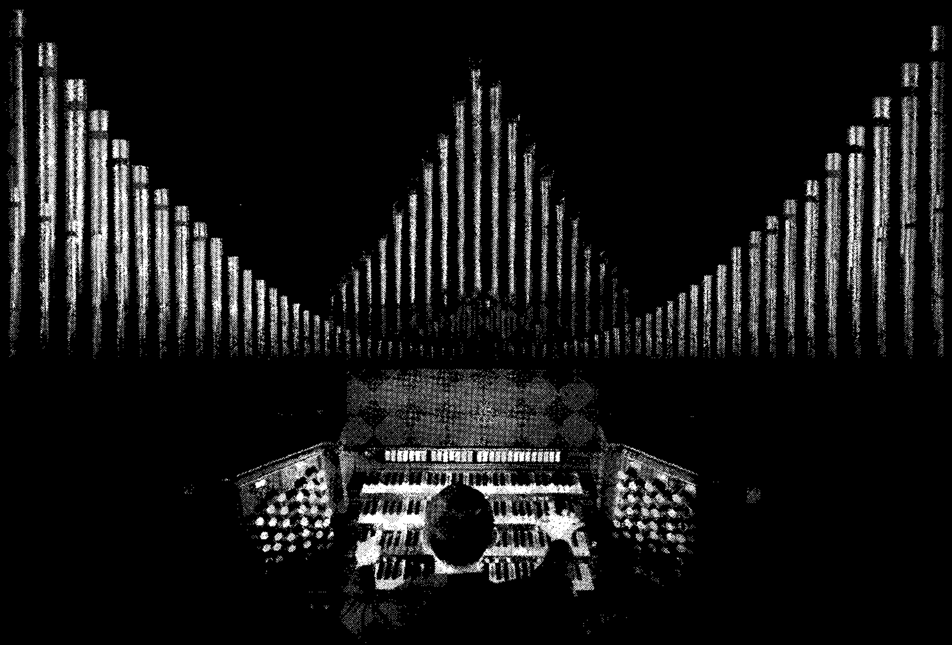
PRIVATE BEACH & SWIMMING POOL

Dial 516-AMagansett 7-3406

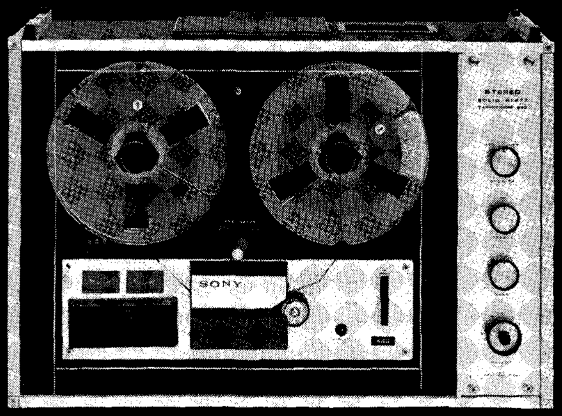
"*George II*"
ENGLISH SILVER
Six Piece Service



ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.



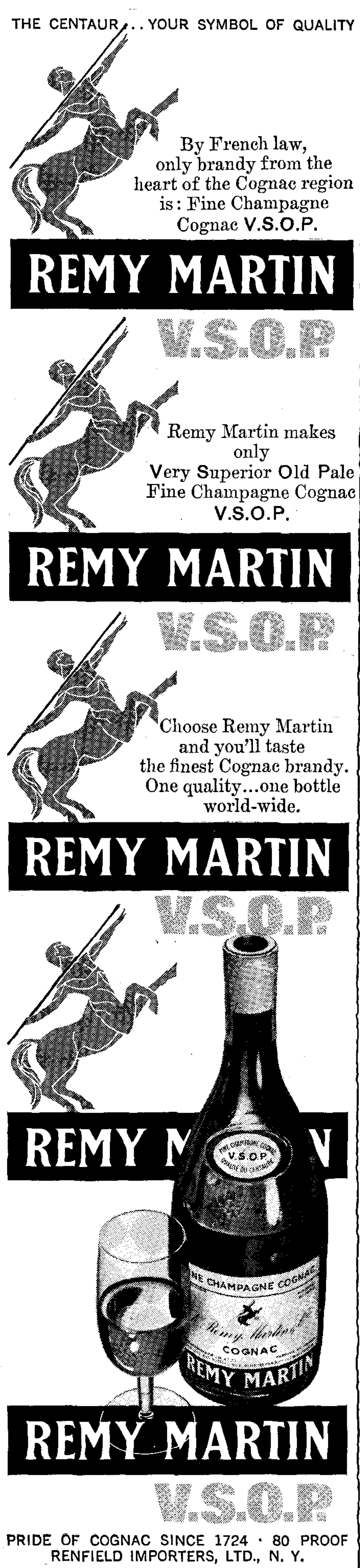
The majestic power of Sony sound



All Solid State: The new Sterecorder 260
with radial XL-2* sound projection!

Listen to the soaring splendor of a Cathedral organ sounding Bach's magnificent *Hallelujah* through the sensational new Sony radial XL-2 sound projection speaker systems. From the highest treble piping to the volcanic power of the bass, you hear every breathtaking sound. **Look**—at the precise functional design of the *facia* panel, with finger-tip controls for maximum ease and efficiency. **Touch**—the concentric, computer-type knobs, responsive to the most sensitive adjustment. **Know**—that this superb instrument is from world-famous Sony, perfect for any recording or playback situation. A complete-in-one portable and home four track solid state stereo tape system, with microphones and Sony radial XL-2 stereo sound projection speakers: *All the best from Sony for* **less than $239.50!** Other outstanding features of the **Sony Sterecorder 260** include: two professional V.U. meters, automatic shut-off sentinel switch, automatic tape lifters, bass and treble tone controls, vertical and horizontal operation, FM stereo recording inputs, two tape speeds, 20 watts of music power. ******An exciting new concept in stereo separation! For nearest dealer write Superscope Inc., Dept.46, Sun Valley, California.*

SONY SUPERSCOPE *The Tapeway to Stereo* ®



THE CENTAUR... YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY

By French law, only brandy from the heart of the Cognac region is: Fine Champagne Cognac V.S.O.P.

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P

Remy Martin makes only Very Superior Old Pale Fine Champagne Cognac V.S.O.P.

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P

Choose Remy Martin and you'll taste the finest Cognac brandy. One quality...one bottle world-wide.

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P

REMY M N

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P

PRIDE OF COGNAC SINCE 1724 · 80 PROOF
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

French of what was going on, to orient the Parisians.

Of the European contributions to the international-theatre season, that of West Germany has certainly been a disappointment, compared to what we used to have from Brecht's theatre in East Berlin. Stuttgart's modest little Theater der Altstadt's main contribution was a one-act play in verse called "Night of the Hosts," with two juvenile peasants cheerfully singing nursery songs while four adults murder each other. Its author is Peter Weiss, whose famous "Persecution and Murder of Marat, Played by Lunatics of the Charenton Asylum Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade" was banned here by the de Gaulle government, which presumably feared it might be politically inflammable either to the militant French extreme left or to the reactionary French ultra-right, or to both. Eugene Ionesco's "Rhinoceros," played in Rumanian at the Sarah Bernhardt by the Théâtre de la Comédie of Bucharest, was extremely interesting for several reasons. It had been given its world première here several years ago, in French, by the Barrault troupe at the Odéon, who played it as a light, poetic fantasy, with rhinoceros heads peering out from the stage wings. Later, Düsseldorf sent down its version—an impressive heavy Teutonic interpretation of the national guilt of a people who in becoming Nazi had certainly turned into beasts. The Bucharest version is that of citizens fighting against the contagion of a moral plague, the sickness of authoritarianism, and disappearing one by one to join the maladive herd until only Bérenger, the modest hero, remains, gun in hand, the last free human being on the scene—a man sure to die of liberty, for which, in his case, there is indeed no cure or antidote but death. Rumania is still an Iron Curtain country. Its authoritarianism is the political opposite of what the Düsseldorf actors were doubtless thinking about as they spoke their lines. But the fact that the Bucharest government officially permitted its capital-city troupe to play at becoming rhinoceroses of any sort has seemed encouraging, if inexplicable, to the large and lively Rumanian colony here. —GENÊT

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Columbus* (*Ohio*) *Dispatch*]

MASSACHUSETTS SALT BOX
5 BEDROOMS—2½ BATHS
18TH CENTURY CHARM with 1964 appointments. You will be appalled at the decor. It's truly outstanding.

SURRENDER TO THE SPELL OF
"THE Shell"*

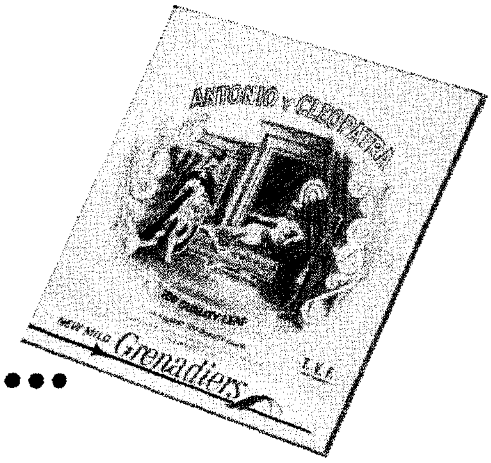
*La Concha, of course!

Leave the frenzied pace behind. Relax in the tropic atmosphere of La Concha, on San Juan's fabulous Gold Coast . . . where the weather is always dependable. Every room with private balcony facing the ocean. Finest surf bathing, pool and cabana club, golf privileges on 18 hole championship course. Great food and entertainment . . . exotic beverages . . . Surrender! See your travel agent or write for information or reservations to Hotel La Concha, Mr. Gee, San Juan, Puerto Rico. Low Summer rates.

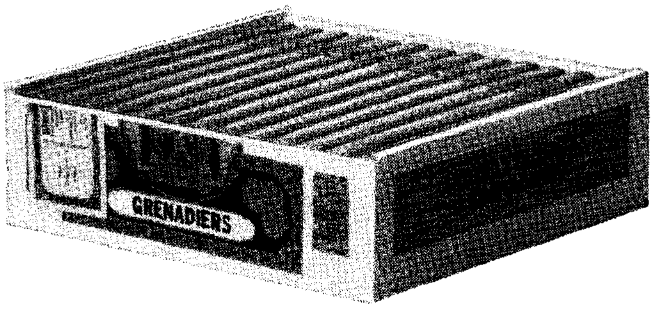
La Concha
Hotel, Beach & Cabana Club
San Juan, Puerto Rico
An Associated Federal Hotel;
Cecil Mills, President.

JULES PODELL
PRESENTS
BOBBY VINTON
TOTIE FIELDS
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS from $5.00 | SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS FRI. & SAT. 8, 11:30 & 2
10 E. 60 · PL 8-0900

VIRTUTE NON VERBIS
Internationally Famous
Restaurant
with a tradition
of Elegance
HOTEL Shelburne
BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
N.Y.C. DIRECT PHONE REctor 2-6586
2½ hours from N.Y.C., via
Garden State Pkway., exit 40



Antonio y Cleopatra... the cigar that flipped its lid!



To the delight of our salesmen, of course. Sales have increased by many millions of cigars in just the last few years.

Funny thing, but the fellows who make the cigars aren't too surprised. They figure it's a great cigar. Maybe they're so proud of AyC because they're so fussy in the way they make it.

To create AyC's unique new blend, they take fine leaf imported from the West Indies and Latin America and add choice domestic tobaccos.

Then they carefully prepare the flavorful outer wrapper... keeping moisture just right... and you have a cigar of rare taste.

Men say AyC tastes so good it never lasts long enough. But good things seldom do.

Try Antonio y Cleopatra. But watch it. You may flip over it. Eleven shapes and sizes, 15¢ to 30¢ price range.

ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA

THE CIGAR THAT *NEVER* LASTS LONG ENOUGH

Product of *The American Tobacco Company* © A. T. Co.

4 years of college for the price of 3

(INCLUDING CARFARE)

Here's how it works: Suppose you'll need college money in ten years. Open a $10,000 account with us today. In 10 years, this money will pay for freshman through junior years at $3,333 a year. And the dividends from your $10,000 deposit will pay for senior year and all carfare—a tidy $5,200! (Latest quarterly dividends declared at the rate of 4.40% a year on savings on deposit for 4 consecutive quarters prior to the dividend period and 4% a year on other deposits.) So write us a check, fill out this coupon and mail it.

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS NY 6-12
Park Ave. So. at 22nd St., N. Y. 10010

☐ Please open a savings account in my name. Enclosed for deposit is $_________.

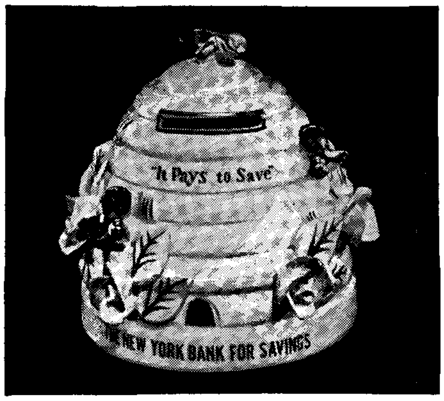
☐ Please send me your Baby's Security Club folder describing a "pay-as-you-go" savings plan.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________State________Zip Code______

We'll send you a bright blue savings book with your deposit entered, your 5¢ postage, and a special gift: a ceramic Beehive Bank.



Frankly, you can get our Beehive Bank free by depositing $10 or more. But check both boxes above. And start saving regularly at the one savings bank in all New York that's paid dividends 145 years in a row. The Beehive!

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS
NEW YORK'S OLDEST SAVINGS BANK
Assets over $1.5 billion
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

ANY BOOK IN THIS STORE 29¢

(WOOLGATHERINGS OF A CASTAWAY ON A STALLED I.R.T. EXPRESS WHO HAS FINALLY BEEN FORCED TO READ ONE OF THOSE FULL-PAGE MARBORO BOOKSHOP ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE "TIMES")

7928. SMALL-TOWN GIRL. By Lionel Bowdler. A sex-crazed librarian, an auto-muffler salesman, and a mannish gym teacher set a small New England town on its ear in one of 1948's most hotly discussed, emotion-packed sagas. Over 92 weeks on Best Seller Lists—thrilled millions as Academy Award-winning film *Hell's Whistle Stop*. 450 pages.
Orig. $5.95 *Only 29¢*

7842. FAMOUS SECRETARIES OF AGRICULTURE. By P. H. Hantz. Handsomely bound compendium of some of America's most devoted public servants, from Norman J. Colman to Orville L. Freeman—includes intimate anecdotes, family backgrounds, and finely engraved pull-out portraits suitable for framing. 31 pages.
Orig. $22.75 *Only 29¢*

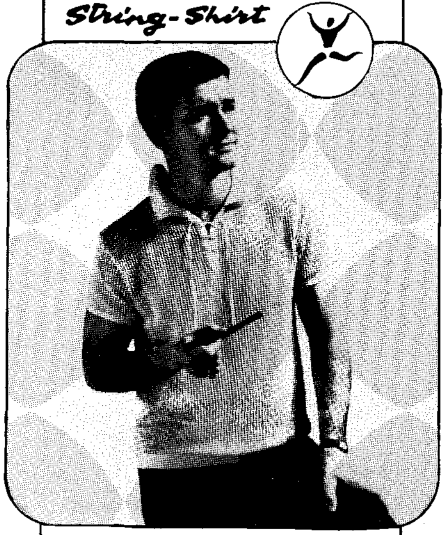
7921. LAND OF THE MAZURKA. By Ignace L. Roczycki. A poet-patriot's hymn to his beloved Polish swamp country—alive with the wit, passion, vitality, tragedy, and warmth of the rugged folk and the hard-won land itself. 107 weeks on Bydgoszcz Best Seller Lists. Partly translated. Woodcuts.
Orig. 69¢ *Only 29¢*

7887. THE HOBO COOKBOOK. Comp. and ed. by Gunther Sprague. Anybody at all can be an outdoor chef supreme with this amazing array of economical, savory recipes—tested over and over by thousands of discriminating food-lovers. Detailed chapters on skinning toads, milling peach-pit flour, brewing crust sauce, making the most of the insect world, etc. Indispensable for the budget-conscious traveller.
Orig. $1.00 *Only 29¢*

7756. GREAVES OF DROSS. By Howell T. P. Trask. A rarefied collection of pastoral verses from the pen of a young man who has already been called "the Twentieth Century's George Cruikshank"—theme deals mainly with man's inability to cope with himself. Many of these poems never before published. 42 pages. Linoleum etchings.
Orig. $2.95 (signed)
Only 29¢ (signed)

7999. HOW I MADE TWO MILLION ESCUDOS IN BAUXITE! By Sándor Lugatch. Mr. Lugatch was just an-

Eminence String-Shirt



Made in France by EMINENCE . . . this cool new outer shirt has been added to the EMINENCE line of quality undergarments for men.
This unique open mesh construction of 100% cotton, acts as a body insulator against heat.
Outer shirt colors: white, black, beige, wine . . . $11.00, Briefs $2.50, Athletic shirts $2.95, Tee shirts $3.50, in S-M-L-XL-XXL.

ROGERS PEET CO. .... (All Stores)
KAUFMAN'S .... Pittsburgh

For other fine stores throughout the country, write Sole U.S. distributor—
GEDEON HELLER, Inc., 745 5th Ave., N.Y. 22

SUMMER CAMP
SUMMER CAMP

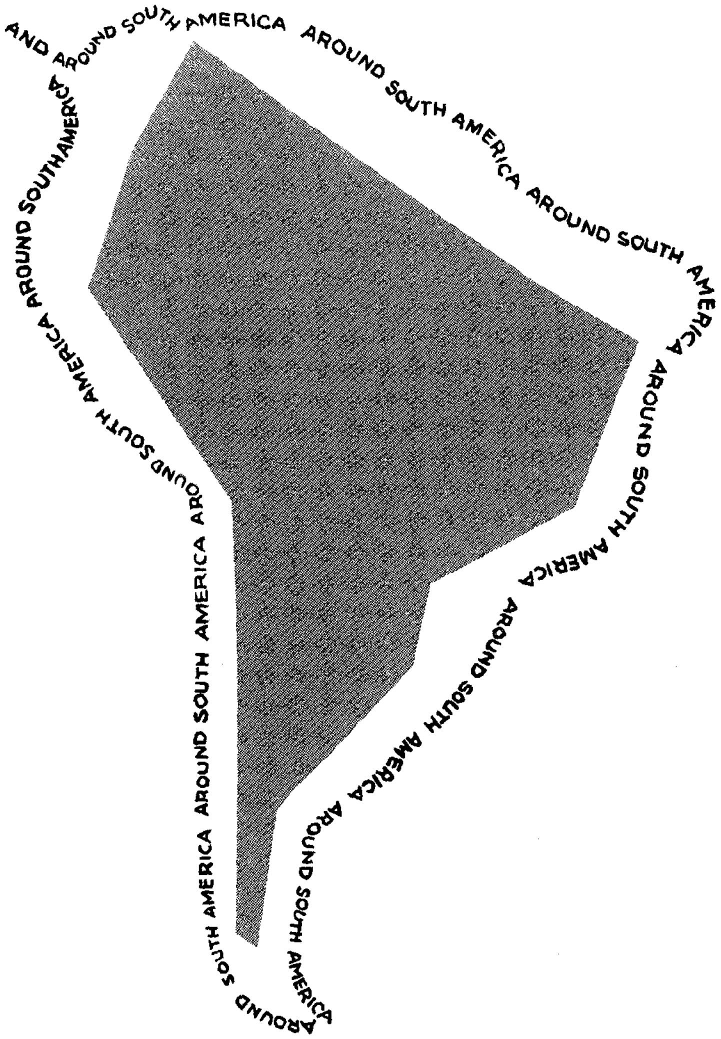
Audacious new cologne for boy and girl campers. Fresh as all outdoors. Give a bottle to your counselor. 8 healthy oz. $6 ppd., fed. tax incl.

by serendipity 3
225 E. 60th ST., N.Y.C. 10022 • TE 8-3531

PLAYGROUND OF NEW ENGLAND!
BERKSHIRE HILLS
Massachusetts

Everybody can do anything they want for their very own special vacation pleasure in the Berkshires. Just a short 2½ hour drive from New York City. Swimming, sailing, golf, theater, ballet and music. Excellent resorts, inns, motels and restaurants.
For Circle Tour Folder; Where to Stay Directory, write to:
BERKSHIRE HILLS CONFERENCE
100 North St., Pittsfield 35, Mass.

TO LIMA AND BACK
TO SANTIAGO AND BACK
TO BUENOS AIRES AND BACK


AND AROUND SOUTH AMERICA AROUND SOUTH AMERICA AROUND SOUTH AMERICA AROUND SOUTH AMERICA AROUND SOUTH AMERICA AROUND SOUTH AMERICA AROUND SOUTH AMERICA AROUND SOUTH AMERICA AROUND SOUTH AMERICA AROUND SOUTH AMERICA AROUND SOUTH AMERICA AROUND SOUTH AMERICA

SAMPLE FARE

$460* (PER PERSON • ROUND TRIP
NEW YORK-SANTIAGO • VALID FOR 90 DAYS
TOURIST CLASS SERVICE)

JET there with an expert. **THE AIRLINE THAT KNOWS SOUTH AMERICA BEST. LAN-CHILE AIRLINES.** Royal Blue Jet Service. Discover Machu Picchu. Go deep-sea fishing off Iquique...or catch rainbow trout in the Chilean Lake District. Bask in the warm winter sun at Viña del Mar and other smart resorts. South America is a year 'round vacation center.

THE AIRLINE THAT KNOWS SOUTH AMERICA BEST
NOW IN ITS 37TH YEAR

LAN-CHILE AIRLINES

NEW YORK 500 Fifth Avenue/(212) LO 5-7345 • **MIAMI** 121 South East Second Avenue/(305) FR 7-4763
LOS ANGELES 510 West Sixth Street/(213) MA 7-4293 • **CHICAGO** 18 South Michigan Avenue/(312) 332-7123
BOSTON (617) HA 6-6744 • **WASHINGTON** (202) CO 5-0400 • **PHILADELPHIA** (215) WA 3-0591

*FOR SIMILAR LOW FARES FROM OTHER CITIES, SEE ANOTHER EXPERT: YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

Mémoire chérie

Remember the name. You will never forget the fragrance.

Mémoire Chérie is more than a perfume. It is an aura that becomes you and becomes an unforgettable part of your own beauty. Wear it and you will never be forgotten. 10.00 to 95.00 plus tax. At fine stores everywhere. ©ELIZABETH ARDEN 1965

Elizabeth Arden

other greenhorn when he arrived in South America ten years ago from his native Wall Street with only the clothes on his back and a small attaché case—yet today he is known to bauxite moguls and to Interpol as "*El Señor Grande.*" How he did it in less than a decade, plus self-help charts and an up-to-date guide to extradition treaties, is told in this unusual bargain, which can completely change your dreary life.
Orig. $2.50 *Only 29¢*

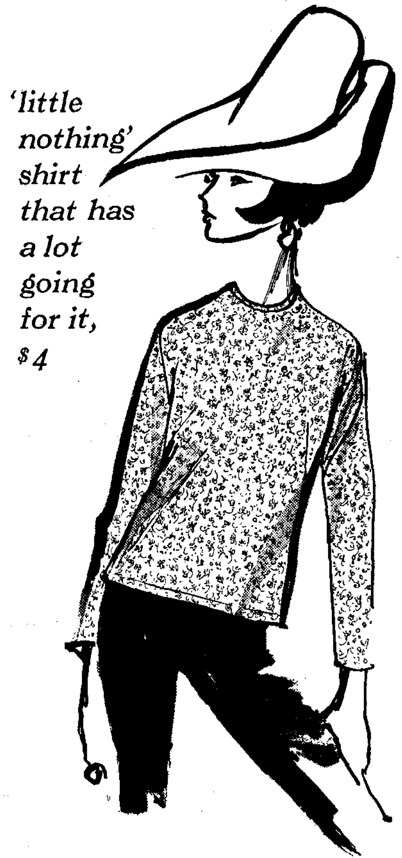
7462. Miaou! Miaou! By Ida and Sven Grenquist. Inspiring, humane story of how a defeated couple opened their hearts and home to stray undernourished cats and ultimately founded the largest, best-equipped feline hospital north of Stockholm—makes reader feel proud to call himself a human being. 70 color photos of sickly cats.
Orig. $7.25 *Only 29¢*

7221. Raga Valaga: The Art of the Hindu Love Potion. By K. N. Hud Balakaban. Unexpurgated, *illustrated* encyclopedia of classic Oriental sex techniques—includes rare herb samples and the hitherto secret formula for the seldom-mentioned *hussa* aphrodisiac, said to be a major cause of India's population dilemma. Essential reading for all uncompromising students of *ars amoris Indica.* Magnificent buy.
Orig. $250.00 *Only 29¢*

7967. Serbo-Croatian Made Easily. Pocketsize dictionary and grammar book, *plus* two long-play records of Richard Burton's voice reciting necessary everyday Balkan phrases and curse words (e.g. "Please pass the *provenik*," "Tell me, *kratchik*, how much longer do I have to stand in line to get this newspaper?")—learn a wonderfully melodious, different language. Cyrillic characters only.
Orig. $3.95 (*without records*)
Only 29¢ (*with records*)

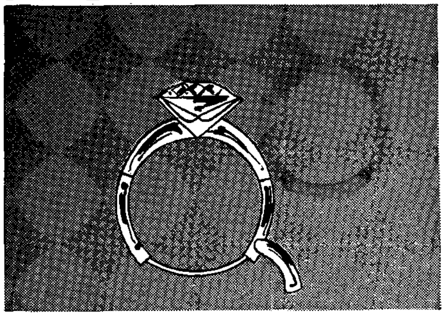
7645. Home Handyman's Bible. By Clark Fester. A licensed plumber reveals his entire wealth of do-it-yourself lore, which will enable anybody who can operate a 500-volt rheostatic dynamometer to save $$$ on common household repairs. Learn how to fix old rubber bands like new, remove thumbtacks, open locked drawers, replace light bulbs, shut off water taps, and much, much more. Hundreds of drawings, some by Leonardo da Vinci. Glossary.
Orig. $5.00 *Only 29¢*

7597. Sing Sweetly, Goldfinch. By Melissa Louise Hagershorn. An unappreciated first novel, autobiographical in nature, concerning a pubescent girl growing up on a Vermont maple-leaf plantation—sensitive, wistful portrait of



'little nothing' shirt that has a lot going for it, $4

Ship'n Shore®



Ring twist? Knuckle problem?

Now any ring can slip over knuckles, fit snug. Just have your jeweler attach Finger-Fit to any new ring or to one you have. You'll end ring problems for keeps.

Finger-Fit opens up three sizes to easily slip over your knuckle. Once on, it snaps closed to exact finger size. *Always* keeps your ring with the setting perfectly positioned.

Ask your jeweler to show you Finger-Fit in 14K yellow or white gold or platinum.

For name of a fine jeweler near you, write:

FINGER-FIT U.S. PATENT NO. 2771753
DEPT. N. BOX 366, ROYAL OAK, MICH.

SkyLodge and MOTEL

On the picturesque Arnold Trail, the exciting North Woods meets man-made luxury in a congenial, informal atmosphere. 30 comfortable rooms in main lodge and motel, each with bath. Swimming pool, golf, all resort activities. Excellent food, cocktails. 1750-ft. private airstrip adjoins. **Write E. R. Landgraf, Moose River, Maine (2 m. N. of Jackman)**

AAA EMMONS WALKER "Luxury in the Rough"

call me Indestructible

Everybody does. Peugeot automobiles have earned this nickname the hard way—by continuing to run when ordinary cars are on the scrap heap. As a matter of fact, the oldest car still running in America is an 1891 Peugeot that stubbornly refuses to give up the ghost.

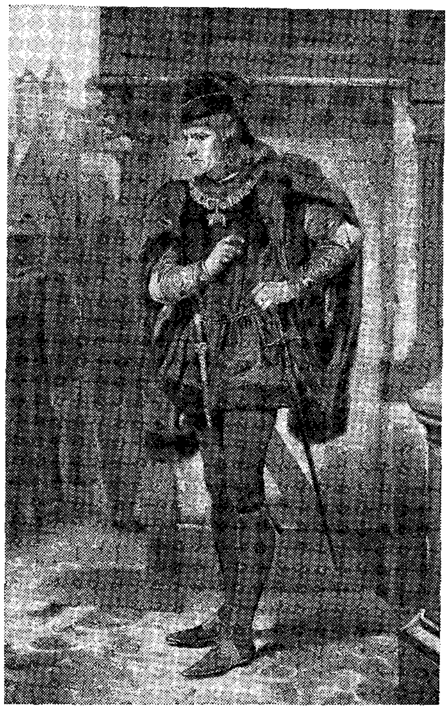
We won't guarantee that if you buy a Peugeot this year it will run until 2040 A.D. But we will guarantee that it will be built as carefully as men can build it. We still insist on test driving every Peugeot. We still insist on checking every nut and bolt that goes into it.

This is time consuming and expensive but if we didn't take these extra pains our name wouldn't be Peugeot.

Test drive one of the Indestructibles. You'll discover why it's considered one of the seven best made cars in the world.

PEUGEOT
75 Years of Quality

For brochure or overseas delivery, write Peugeot, Inc., Dept. NY-13
97-45 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, N. Y., or see your local dealer.



advice

Smith, Barney & Co. recognizes, as Richard III did, that "Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes, Which after hours give leisure to repent." Perhaps even the best counsel can be no guarantee against later regret. But it's surely better to act *advisedly.*

During Smith, Barney's ninety years and more, we've worked closely with hundreds of corporations. They know the value of our advice. Whether the company was "going public" for the first time... or was a closely held corporation looking for the best way to broaden ownership... or was seeking growth through merger or acquisition ...Smith, Barney's knowledgeable assistance, our imaginative anticipation of factors sometimes overlooked, have helped preclude any repentance at leisure in "after hours."

Does your company need new capital? Does it face any problem in financial planning? Let us talk it over with you. We can help you.

Smith, Barney & Co.
Incorporated
Members New York Stock Exchange
and other leading exchanges
20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.
529 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Philadelphia · Chicago
Boston · San Francisco
Albany · Allentown · Cleveland · Dallas
Hartford · Milwaukee · Minneapolis

a genteel, closely knit family seething beneath the surface with fear of a hereditary taint. Based on the short stories which appeared in the *American Druggist.*

Orig. $4.25 *Only 29¢*

7692. What You Should Know About Marie Strümpell's Disease. By Marie Strümpell, M.D. Sit back and be unnerved by this famous physician's own description of long hours and unsung sacrifice that went into the important medical discovery that so appropriately bears her name—more excruciating than most sufferers will admit, this dread complaint strikes millions of *Reader's Digest* subscribers every year. Find out about the "Five Little Danger Signs" and how they grow, what to do when the doctor won't come, etc. Case histories, including the late Dr. Strümpell's own discouraging account.

Orig. 19¢ (plus X-rays) *Only 29¢*

7440. Complete Catalogue of Remaindered Books. Fantastic values on out-of-print masterpieces—save up to 100%. Order by mail. A must for the man who has read everything.

Orig. 29¢ *Still only 29¢*

—Burton Bernstein

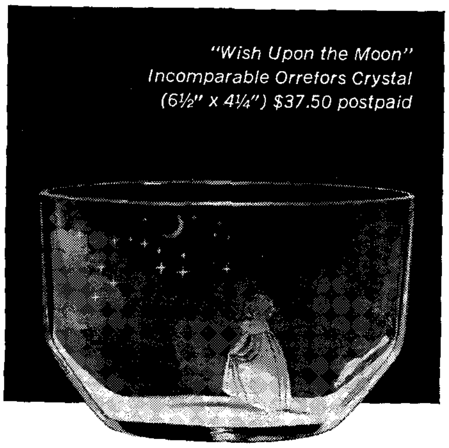
•

MORNINGTIME IN CALIFORNIA

[*From the Los Gatos, California, Board of Realtors' Bulletin*]

Wednesday morning meeting was the usual wild, racuous and sometimes bawdy affair that breakfast away from home brings out in people. Syrup flowed in wild abundance, the coffee was spiked with extract of sugar cane, the conversation was gay and scintillating, speakers strained eagerly at the rostrum, and a heavy gavel was employed mercilessly to bring some decorum to the otherwise complete abandon of fifty or so uninhibited revelers.

Amongst some vague semblance of order, our speakers were hustled to the stand and managed amongst unparrelled levity to be heard. Their reports on the activities at the recent CREA Directors' meeting were greeted with knowing winks, wolf whistles and a full-throated explosion of grateful approval. President Ted, having turned his gavel into kindling, finally resorted to throwing bric-a-brac, sugar cubes and empty saki bottles at his charges to quell their unbounded enthusiasm. The meeting ended on its usual high note with an impromptu hoedown. Unabandoned pinching and goodness only knows what all.—Let's face it—it takes primitive, raw courage to gather at the Lodge on Wednesday at 8:00 a.m. It breaks the routine that life so subtly weaves for us and in which we find such wombly comfort. It takes us from the familiar, it separates us from the sameness, it—well, it's not easy. But it's part of the deal, and the deal's the thing. Come on, you cowards, and sack artists—let's give a little!



"Wish Upon the Moon"
Incomparable Orrefors Crystal
(6½" x 4¼") $37.50 postpaid

Looking for something special? NK has it.
All smart travelers know
NK (Nordiska Kompaniet), Sweden's
unique department store, famous
the world over for the distinctive quality
of its merchandise.

Now NK brings to the World's Fair
the finest products of Creative Sweden's
artists, designers and manufacturers.

Why not select your sophisticated
Christmas and wedding gifts
in the NK Shop in the Swedish Pavilion?
We ship everywhere.

NK

At the Swedish Pavilion
New York World's Fair

The SUGARBUSH INN

In Vermont's loveliest mountain country, gracious, varied and unhurried. Championship golf on our new 18-hole course designed by Robert Trent Jones. A dining room rich in Early American charm with continental flair. Tennis, riding, swimming — poolside luncheon deck — a dining terrace encompassing all outdoors. Warm welcome for 90 guests. Write for color brochure.

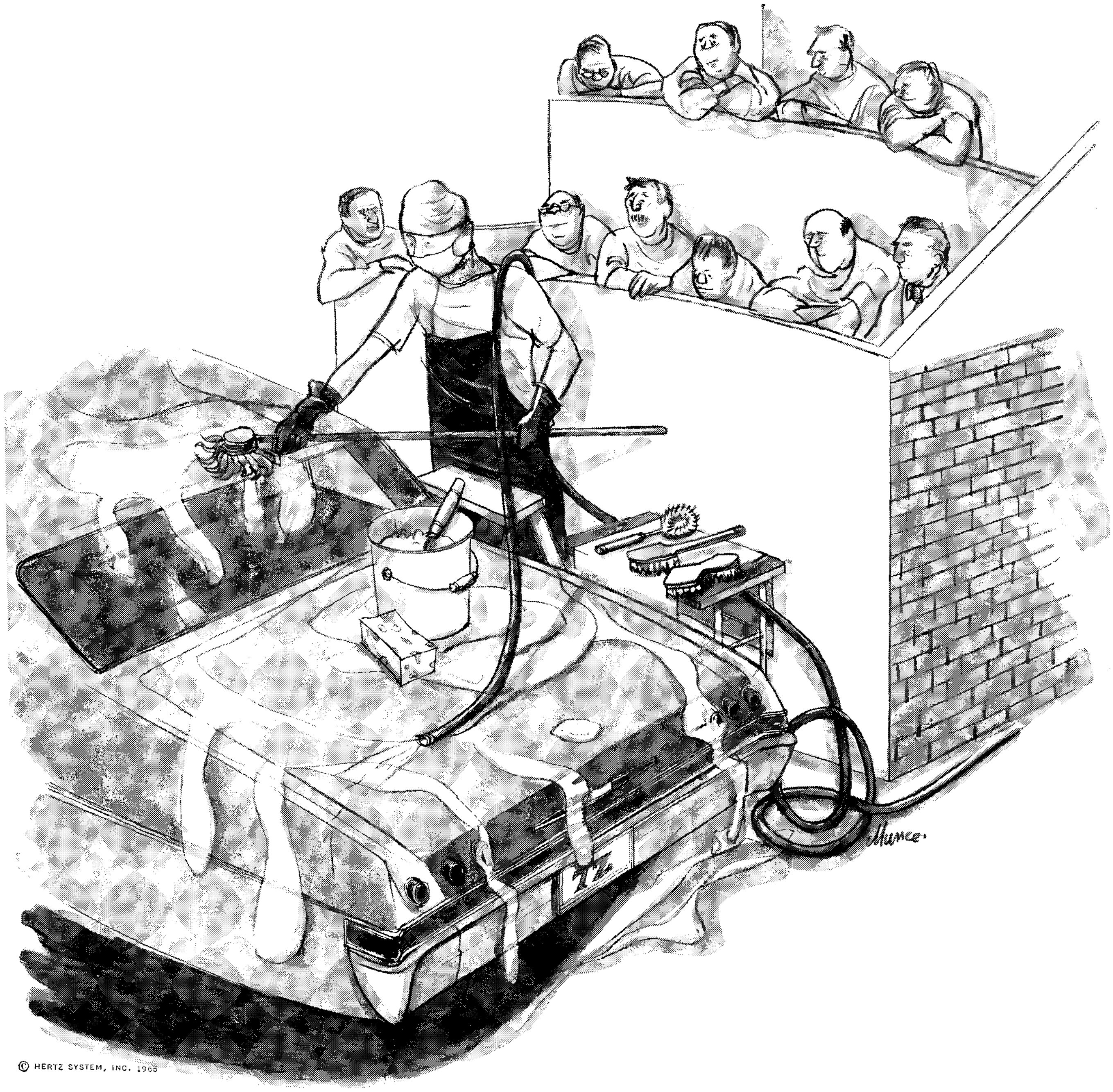
OPENING JULY 15

WARREN 3, VERMONT • PHONE 496-3301 (802)

The English Pub

An authentic pub serving
genuine English bread, scones,
cheese, beers, and main dishes/Come
for cocktails,
dinner and supper./Bill-of-fare
moderately priced.
(Located in Greenwich Village)
313 6th Avenue, at West 3rd Street/OR 5-3949

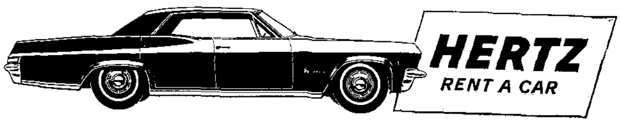
We're practically fanatical about keeping you ecstatical

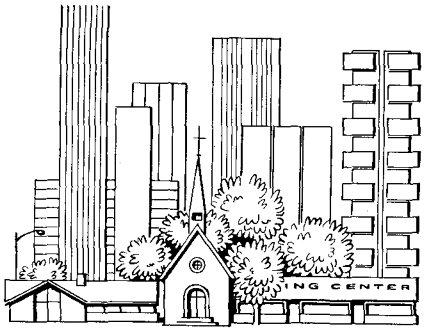


© HERTZ SYSTEM, INC. 1965

When a Hertz car comes home to roost, we give it a complete physical. We make sure that your shiny Chevrolet or other fine car is bright all over, inside and out. That's why Hertz and only Hertz has the gumption to offer Certified Service, the world's first rent-a-car guarantee. This is the plan that assures you of satisfaction or pays you $50 in car rental certificates. Ask any Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief and they'll probably agree completely with Hertz: ***Quality means attention to detail.***

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat





What kinds of loans can Savings and Loan Associations make?

When you think of home loans, you probably think of Savings and Loan Associations. That would be natural because they are specialists in mortgages on homes. They originated the modern amortizing home loan—payable monthly, like rent. Many make FHA and VA home loans too.

But did you know that Savings and Loan Associations make many other types of loans? In recent years lending powers have been broadened so now many make loans for:

1. Home improvements
2. Apartment buildings
3. Commercial buildings
4. Churches, and private schools
5. Clinics, hospitals, nursing homes
6. Land developments
7. Urban renewal projects
8. College educations.

Also, many make "passbook" loans. If you have an account, you may borrow instead of withdrawing your savings. You have the money you need while your savings are still earning. And, the net interest cost is usually less than if you borrowed elsewhere.

As the nation's largest source of home loans, Savings and Loan Associations have always contributed to the growth of the communities they serve. Now, through even wider services, their contributions to the community will be greater than ever.

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION
SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS
INSURED
UP TO $10,000

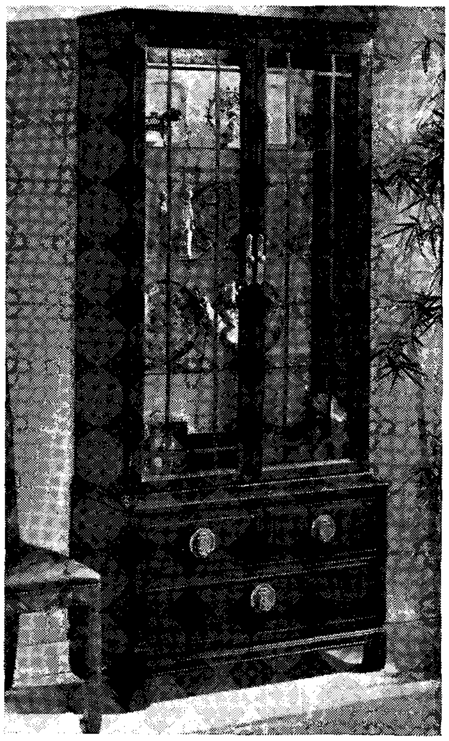
Savings and Loan Associations

©1965. The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc., 1111 "E" Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004

MUSICAL EVENTS

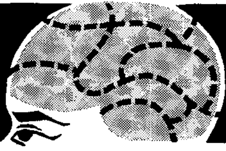
Spanish-American

THERE is one thing about the plans for this summer's changes in the interior of Philharmonic Hall that I can rejoice over: the covering of all that funereal dark blue on the walls with polished wood, similar to the wood that now forms the shell around the stage (a measure really designed to improve acoustics), will lend a little more gaiety to the Promenade Concerts, where, as one sits at a table, one is likely to find oneself looking almost anywhere except at the stage. The opening of this year's Promenades, on Thursday night, was as gay as possible under the circumstances—what with champagne and other refreshments—but the hall was still depressingly dark. The music was, as it should be, semi-popular, and, this being a "Spanish" Promenade, the program was made up largely of Spanish items. I wish it had been wholly instead of largely, for the inclusion of two works by the Frenchman Ravel—the "Alborada del Gracioso" and that interminable, vulgar piece the "Bolero"—took up time that might better have been devoted to some less familiar Spanish music, of which there is an ocean to dip into. As it was, we had the inevitable Three Dances from de Falla's "The Three-Cornered Hat" and a number of other works of greater or lesser appeal. The Canadian soprano Teresa Stratas, whom I had much admired during the past season at the Metropolitan, appeared as soloist. Her first number was the aria "The Maja and the Nightingale," from Granados's "Goyescas," and later in the evening she sang a charming aria from Ruperto Chapi y Lorente's *zarzuela* "La Revoltosa" and a couple of shorter numbers. Hardly anybody who writes about Spanish music ever mentions the strong influence Wagner had on such composers as Granados and de Falla prior to the time they came under the sway of Paris and impressionism. But this item from "Goyescas," and the whole of de Falla's opera "La Vida Breve" as well, is remarkably Wagnerian in harmonic structure, and the former even has bird-song passages reminiscent of "Siegfried" in it. Not that this makes the music heavy or over-complex. The Spanish temperament seems to have transmuted



Lighted Curio Cabinet from the Nikko Collection of superbly constructed Solid Wood. For handsome brochure plus "The Story of Solid Wood Furniture", send $1.00 to Dept. N-3, Davis Cabinet Co.; Nashville, Tennessee.

DAVIS
CABINET COMPANY
"Craftsmen of Fine SOLID WOOD *Furniture"*
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



Sigmund never imagined in his wildest dreams...

a resort as delightful as Hotel Hershey! Analyze it. We have everything for ego satisfaction. 3 challenging golf courses; superb dining; pool; riding trails; tennis courts; bowling-on-the-green; completely air-conditioned accommodations—even comfortable couches! For the entire family—Id's INCOMPARABLE!

Hotel Hershey
Hershey, Pennsylvania
Represented by **ROBT. F. WARNER, INC.**
New York: JU 6-4500 • Wash., D.C.: RE 7-2642
Chicago: RA 6-0624 • Boston: LA 3-4497

DANISH MARY

(A Bloody Mary gone Danish)

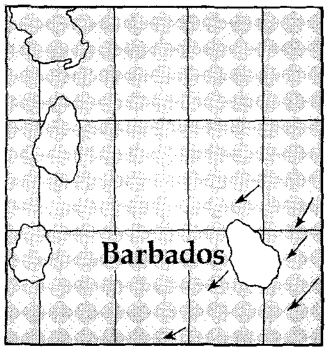
3 oz. tomato juice
juice of ½ lime
Dash celery salt
1¼ oz. imported
Aalborg Akvavit
Stir with ice until cold.
Pour into 6 oz. glass
Enjoy!

Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y. 86 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

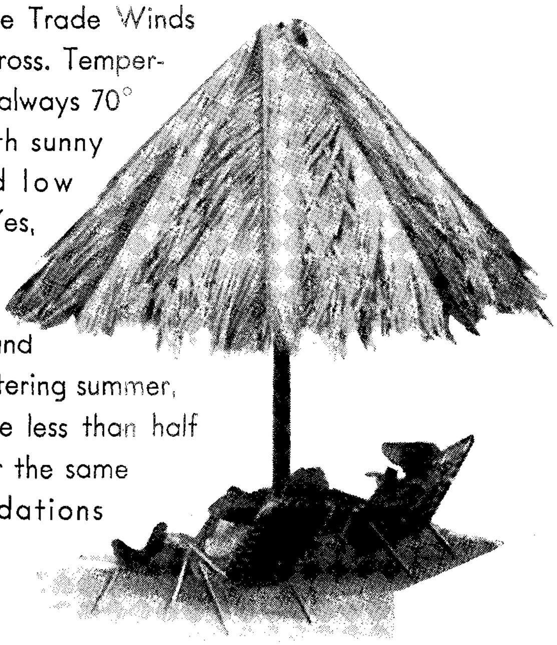
Why does Barbados have such low summer rates when Barbados has no summer?

Devilishly hot competition.

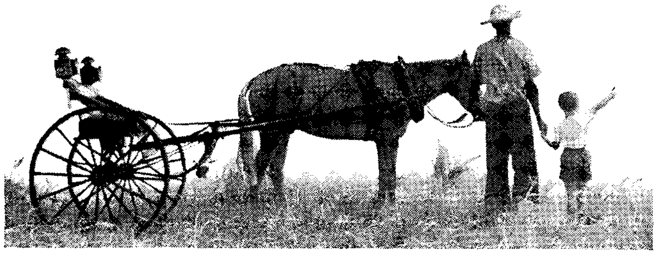
Barbados has one heavenly season year 'round. But we must compete with resorts that reduce rates when it's hot as the devil.



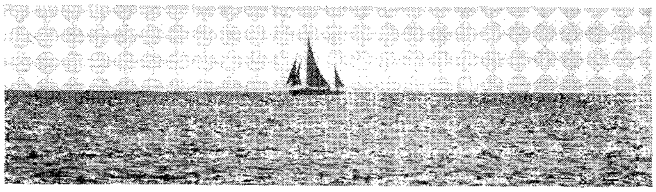
This little map shows you why Barbados doesn't get hotter in the summer. It's the Eastern-most Caribbean island. So it gets all the cooling Eastern Trade Winds first. There is no land between Europe and Africa where the breezes come from. They refresh Barbados first. It's the only place in the world where you can stand in Trafalgar Square and actually feel the Trade Winds blowing across. Temperatures are always 70° to 85°, with sunny skies and low humidity. Yes, you can come to Barbados and escape blistering summer, yet average less than half the cost for the same accommodations and lovely climate.



Barbados has a hundred and one new sights to see, people to meet, memories to bring home.



Where else can you order flying fish for dinner? Watch cricketers in the morning on the beach? Swim in two seas (the Atlantic or Caribbean)? Enjoy an atmosphere of British tradition and charm?



Where else can you stay in an old buccaneer's castle, as well as hotels, clubs and guest houses? Feel that everyone is delighted you came and sorry you must leave? Where else? Nowhere else but Barbados. The singular island that gives you hot summer rates though it gets no hotter in the summer.

Barbados

For complete information consult your travel agent or write Barbados Tourist Board, 355 Lexington Avenue, Dept. NY-2 New York, N. Y. 10017.

Et tu, Brut?

FABERGÉ
BRUT
FOR MEN

Bold new Brut for men. By Fabergé.

For after shave, after shower!

the Wagnerian style into something Mediterranean—lyric and rhythmically punctuated—while retaining its passion and sense of mystery. In any case, the excerpt from "Goyescas" is a totally lovely piece of music, and it was sung superbly by Miss Stratas. A lusty pop item by Pascual Marquina, called "España Cani," proved to be what people who know nothing of Spanish music regard as "typically Spanish;" that is to say, it was full of gypsy rhythms. Something called "La Oración del Torero," by Turina, followed, and seemed to me overlong and slightly boring, and Miss Stratas followed *that* with the Chapi aria, Turina's more conventional "Cantares," and Castellanos' "La Morena de Mi Copla." André Kostelanetz conducted throughout the program with spirit, and, considering the fact that occasions of this sort are usually preceded by one rehearsal at most, did admirably.

LAST week and the week before, I stepped out of my normal beat to attend the revivals of Cole Porter's "Kiss Me Kate" and Richard Rodgers' "South Pacific" at the New York City Center. As it happened, I had attended the Broadway productions of both, and I found these performances of them fully up to Broadway standards. In one respect, in fact, they were superior: the City Center orchestra played with subtlety, and without the slam-bang hysteria of most Broadway pit bands. "Kiss Me Kate" had the beautiful Patricia Morison (of the original production) as Kate, a very dashing fellow named Bob Wright as Petruchio, and Nancy Ames and Kelly Brown as the more animated Bianca and Lucentio. "South Pacific" had Betsy Palmer, a topnotch Ensign Nellie Forbush; Ray Middleton, a good actor who could stand a little more velvet in the voice, as Émile de Becque; and a number of other engaging people, including Honey Sanders as Bloody Mary, Alan North as Luther Billis, Murvyn Vye as Captain George Brackett, U.S.N., and Richard Armbruster as Lieutenant Cable. The two musicals are, of course, worlds apart. "Kiss Me Kate" is internationally recognized as a masterpiece of its genre, and certainly represents the American musical at its most classy and sophisticated, while "South Pacific" is at once more rowdy and more romantic and innocent.

But how does a music critic approach a Broadway musical? From the standpoint of music, its ingredients consist exclusively of melodies and an occa-

Le Clarion
Vietnam
La Mise en scene est l'Arc de Triomphe
Parade a Paris celebrant le Jour de V-E la plus grande en Europe entiese
La parade passe en review devant le président de Gaulle
BULGAR
The Frenchsay "Oui," too! (we, too)
MAJER SLACKS

When it comes to style, the French have a word for it, too...the same word used by gentlemen everywhere...Majer Slacks. As welcome at Maxim's as they are at "21". Majer Slacks fit and fabrics speak an international style language. From $25.
The Majer Co., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10019

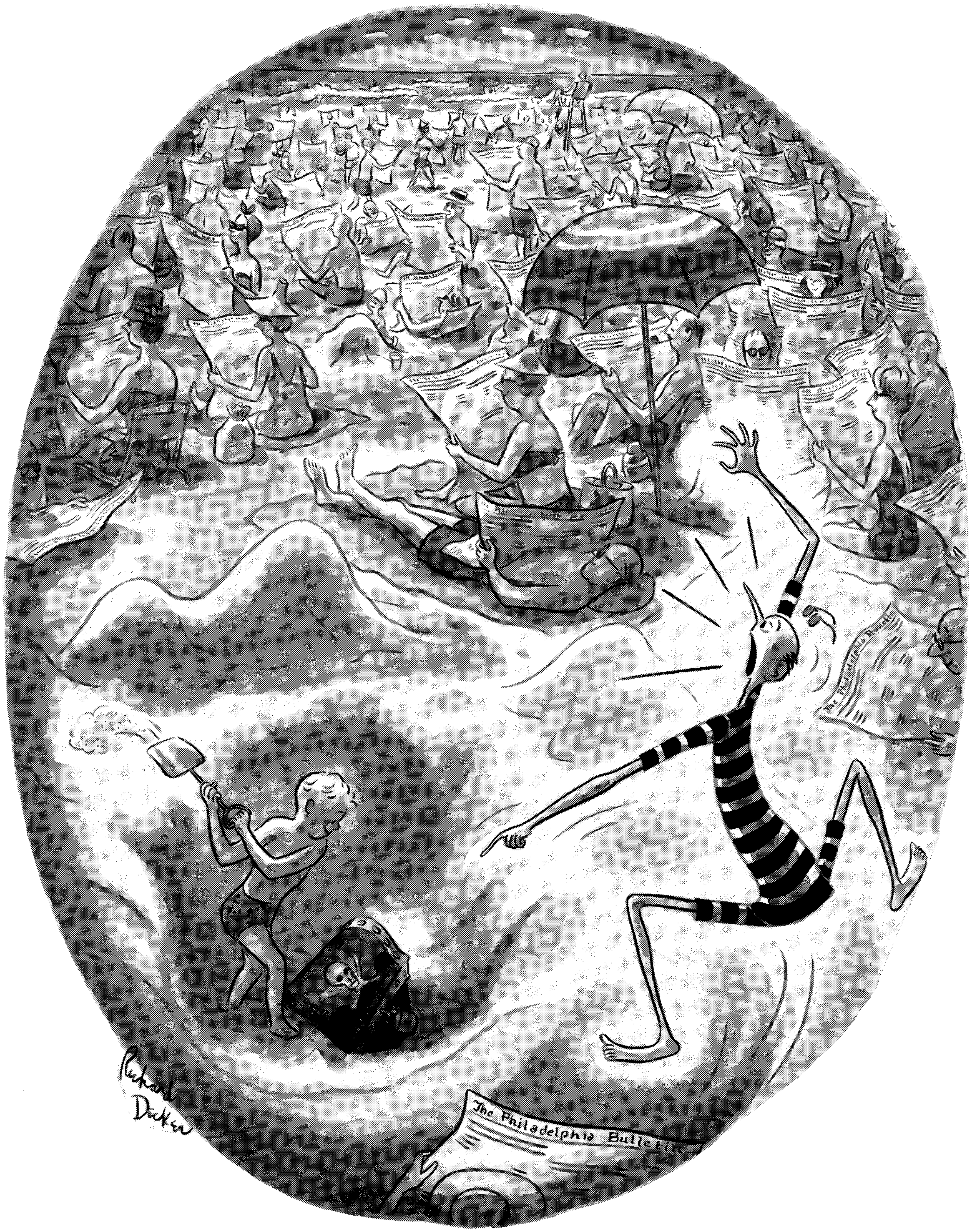
IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL
A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the great European Tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address

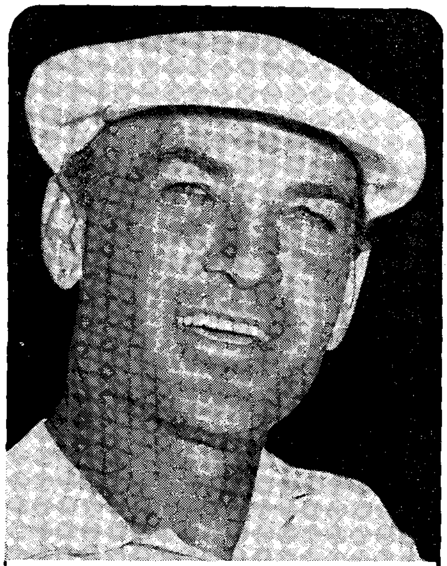
15th & M Sts., N.W. • Washington 5, D.C.
In New York ask operator for ENterprise 6402 or see your travel agent.
FREE INDOOR PARKING

Gin and Vodka's new rival...
Gavilan Tequila!
Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 90 proof.


The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(*Advertisement*)



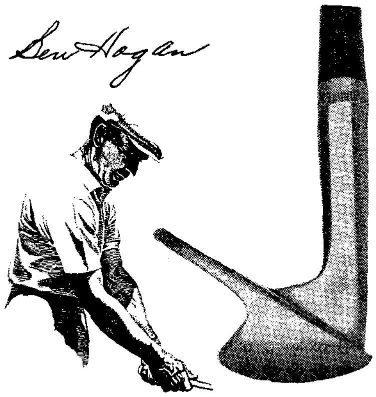
You can get out of sand traps easily, now.

Why?

I've designed my new Sure-Out™ Wedge to all but play itself out of sand — where most golfers need help. The Sure-Out's rounded sole design bounces your ball out of sand so easily and accurately it's been called "The only shot in the bag you can buy!"

Try a new Sure-Out at your Pro Shop. Once you do, you'll never play without it.

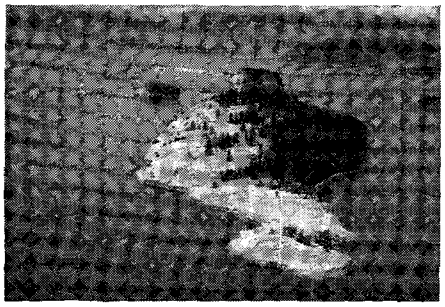
Ben Hogan



BEN HOGAN SALES COMPANY
Subsidiary of AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY
2912 W. Pafford Street, Fort Worth, Texas

sional production number in which these melodies have been worked up by some arranger into a moderately interesting "continuity," as I believe it is called. The trouble is basically that, as I think Stravinsky remarked a long time ago, melody is the most inexplicable element in music. Tunes are a matter of genius or the lack of it. You can say that you like or dislike them, but it is pretty hard to explain why. Some things I can say, however. The late Cole Porter, a man of notably cosmopolitan temperament, was a notably eclectic composer. His taste was usually impeccable, and his lyrics, which he wrote himself, are, in the case of "Kiss Me Kate," wonderfully witty. His music, on the other hand, tends to be classifiable as Latin (How many tunes with implicit Spanish or Latin-American underpinnings has he written? "Begin the Beguine," "Night and Day," and, in this show, "So in Love"), Viennese ("Wunderbar"), quasi-baroque (the Pavanne), and a number of other things. This is nothing against these tunes, nor have I anything against "I Hate Men" or "Always True to You in My Fashion" or such patter songs as "We Open in Venice" and "Brush Up Your Shakespeare." But this eclecticism, which is often a delightful source of irony, is also a reason that one finds it difficult to detect a pure Cole Porter style, though one can easily detect a Cole Porter approach—light, urbane, cynical, aristocratic, and always amusing.

Richard Rodgers, for his part, is more original, more daring, and, perhaps because of this, more uneven. I do not consider "South Pacific," as a whole, to be his finest work. I prefer "Pal Joey." Speaking strictly as a music critic, I find "Happy Talk" slightly mawkish, and "Bali Ha'i," which is reported to have been composed in the course of half an hour, something that sounds as if it had. But the love songs, "Some Enchanted Evening," "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy," "Younger Than Springtime," and "This Nearly Was Mine," hit directly at the heart, and such things as "There Is Nothing



Perhaps This Could Be

YOUR ISLAND

For Sale: Spieden Island—A Personal Empire of 800 Acres in Famous Fishing and Yachting Waters

Here's a place to really enjoy life—in the San Juan Island group, north of Seattle. Fabulous fishing...a self-contained hunting preserve...hangar and landing strip...boats ...excellent pasture for your cattle and sheep...even your own fire engine. Stables, corrals, boathouse, manager's house, guest cottages. Riding trails, beaches, spectacular views. And at the end of a perfect day, you'll relax in front of the mammoth fireplace in the 80-foot living room of your private lodge. Ask for more details about Property No. YN-65160.

PREVIEWS Inc.

The Nationwide Real Estate Marketing Service
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif. DO. 2-3006
49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. PL. 8-2630
Boston • Chicago • Denver • Los Angeles
Palm Beach • Philadelphia • Washington
London • Paris

Golf widows:

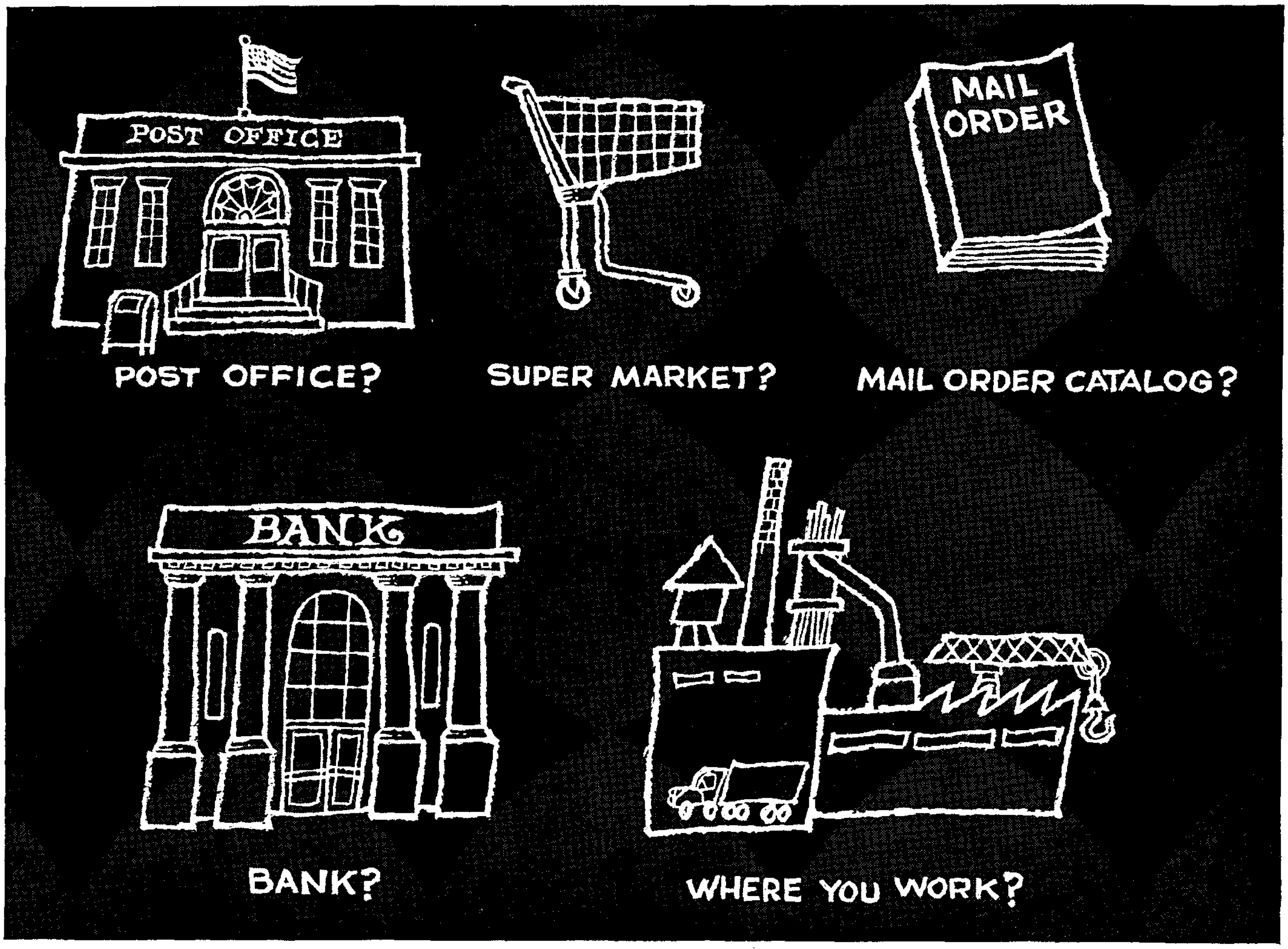
Take your husband to Del Monte Lodge. He'll enjoy our famous Pebble Beach Links. And you'll *both* enjoy a luxury vacation. Close at hand: four more golf courses, riding, tennis, swimming and glorious scenery. Within easy reach: Carmel, Big Sur and San Simeon. Ask your Travel Agent for our American Plan rates or write:

Del Monte Lodge
PEBBLE BEACH, CALIFORNIA

NOON TO 2:30 · 6:30 TO 11:00

The Leopard RESTAURANT

RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735


POST OFFICE
POST OFFICE?
SUPER MARKET?
MAIL ORDER
MAIL ORDER CATALOG?
BANK
BANK?
WHERE YOU WORK?

Where do you go to buy U. S. Savings Bonds?

(*read on, you may be surprised*)

This little quiz may save you a few missteps if you're about to buy your number 1 Savings Bond.

It happens they are *not* for sale at the U. S. Post Office. Used to be, but not since 1954.

Unfortunately, you can't buy Savings Bonds at the supermarket, either. But you *can* buy them out of a catalog—from one of the nation's largest mail order companies.

You can also buy Savings Bonds at all banks and many savings & loan associations. Both these institutions offer this service free to the taxpayers.

The last one's easy if you work at a place with the Payroll Savings Plan. Thousands of big and small companies help their employees help themselves by offering Savings Bonds on payday installments.

You can buy your Savings Bond whichever place you like. But do buy them. They're good for your future and your country's future.

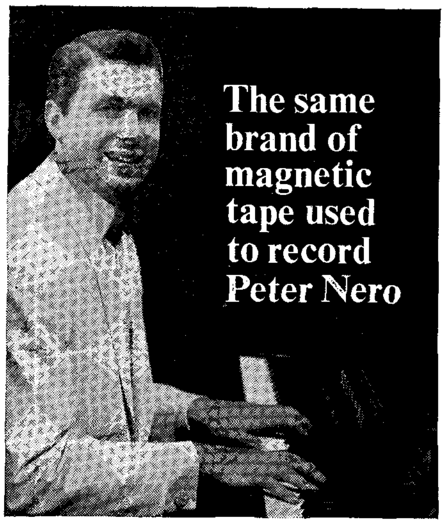
Quick facts about Series E Savings Bonds

- ✓ You get back $4 for every $3 at maturity.
- ✓ You can get your money when you need it.
- ✓ You pay no state or local income taxes and can defer the federal tax until you cash the Bonds.
- ✓ Your Bonds are replaced free if lost, destroyed or stolen.

Buy E Bonds for growth—H Bonds for current income

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds

STAR-SPANGLED SAVINGS PLAN
FOR ALL AMERICANS


The same brand of magnetic tape used to record Peter Nero

...is now available to you for home recording.

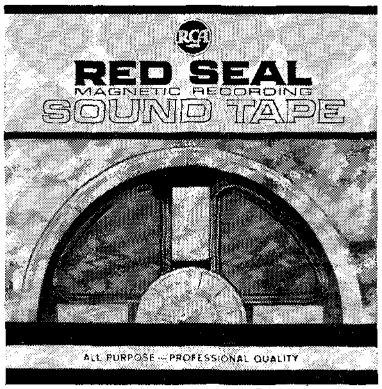
From popular music to the classics, the world's greatest artists are recorded on RCA Red Seal Sound Tape — the same fine brand of tape that's now available to you for home recordings.

Red Seal Sound Tape helps you get better results from your equipment — better frequency response, higher fidelity, superb sound quality with less distortion and surface noise.

Strong, durable and splice-free, Red Seal Sound Tape is made to precise tolerances and incorporates today's most advanced manufacturing techniques — including the use of a special lubricant to improve tape to head contact, minimize friction and wear. *Available in all popular lengths and reel sizes,* in acetate (all purpose and low-noise types), polyester or tensilized polyester base.

RCA's skill and experience with magnetic tape —including tape for electronic computers—means better home recordings.

Insist on the best — RCA Red Seal Sound Tape.



RCA Red Seal Sound Tape

The most trusted name in sound

Like a Dame" and "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair" directly at the solar plexus. These, to my mind, represent Rodgers at his best, and that best is very good indeed.

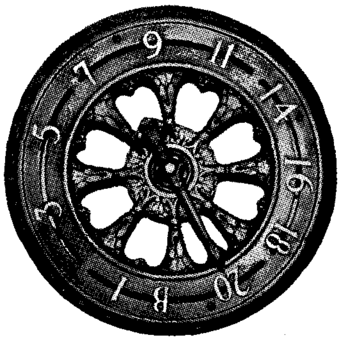
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERT RECORDS

The Rake Revisited

SOME fourteen years back, Columbia Records recorded Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress," employing a cast from the Metropolitan Opera, which institution, along with several other opera houses around the world, had greeted the new work, one of the composer's rare excursions into the field of music drama, by actually producing it—the only way that counts. Since that first flurry of attention, "The Rake's Progress" has languished; the Met, having given token evidence of still being part of the living, breathing theatre, quickly dropped it, and the "Rake" became little more than a memory hereabouts. Now Columbia, which has been devoting part of its energies over the past few years to a survey of Stravinsky's entire output, has done "The Rake's Progress" again, and in a performance so outstanding that there should be no more quibbling on interpretive grounds between partisans and opponents of this curious composition.

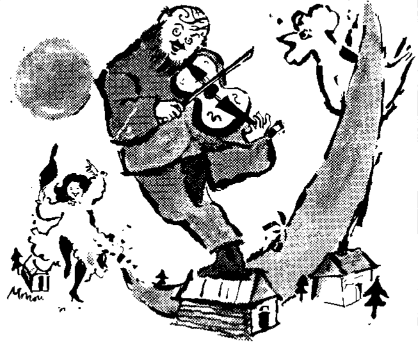
The "Rake" is nothing less than an attempt by a sophisticated Major Living Composer and two equally sophisticated librettists, W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, to construct an early-eighteenth-century opera, reëstablishing, as Stravinsky observed in some notes he wrote for the album, "the conventions of the period." Once having accepted the Hogarth engravings as the basis for their undertaking, they could scarcely have done otherwise, so what we have here is a pseudo period piece telling a seemingly naïve tale in a seemingly simple musical idiom, with an air of innocence pervading the entire enterprise. Taken merely on these terms, the work is a remarkable tour de force. There is much more to it than that, though. For one thing, in order to create a viable theatre piece, the writers had to imagine a set of circumstances for their Rake, Hogarth having neglected to provide them with any. For another, Stravinsky had to adapt himself to the consequent conceit. The result is a very special creation, a kind of brilliant counterfeit; it is a moral fable, more oratorio than opera, that is sinister but never searing or immediate as it goes along, clinging to its antiquat-



THE ST. REGIS ROOF OPENS JUNE 17TH

Reserve your own special cloud on the St. Regis Roof. Here, in this posh pink paradise, you can dine and dance in a very special way. The stars are always out and the orchestra of Charles Turecamo seems to know just what to play. So, put on your dancing shoes and come to the Roof at the St. Regis, Fifty-fifth and Fifth, New York. For reservations, telephone PLaza 3-4500

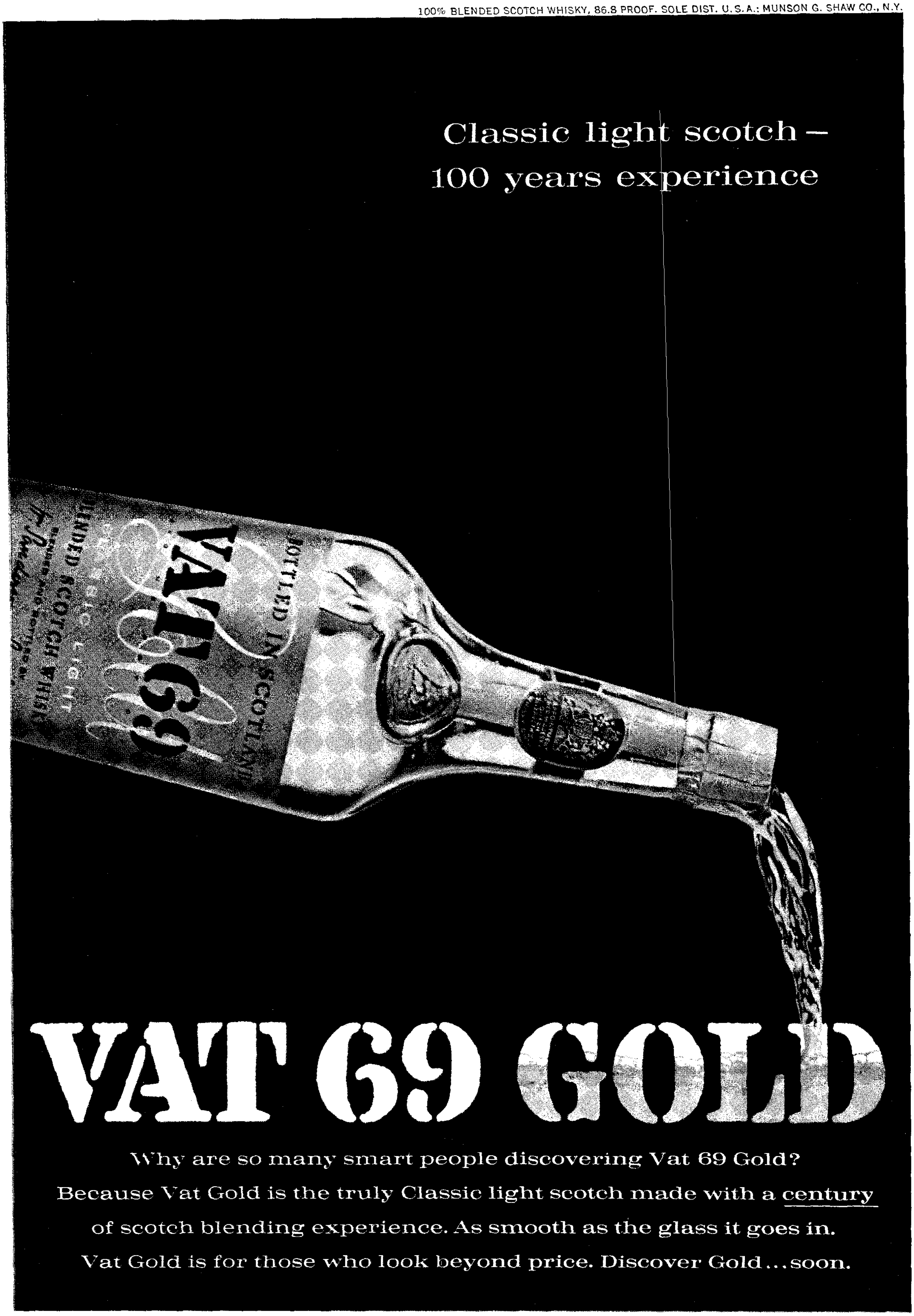
BEST MUSICAL 1965
N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD



Zero Mostel
IN
Fiddler on the Roof
a new Hit musical
IMPERIAL THEATRE
249 W. 45 St., N.Y.C. • Air-Cond.

DISTINCTIVE DINING
The Murray Hill
RESTAURANT • COCKTAIL BAR
Park Ave. at 42nd St.—S.W. Cor.

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. SOLE DIST. U.S.A.: MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N.Y.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
VAT 69
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
LIGHT

Classic light scotch –
100 years experience

VAT 69 GOLD

Why are so many smart people discovering Vat 69 Gold? Because Vat Gold is the truly Classic light scotch made with a century of scotch blending experience. As smooth as the glass it goes in. Vat Gold is for those who look beyond price. Discover Gold...soon.

"Call me when you get to London. I'll be with Ed in Chicago."

TWA
N765TW
StarStream

The word is out:
Only one airline covers both the U.S. and Europe.

Today, the business world is the whole world. Tomorrow's meeting may be out of town, or out of the country. It's easier when you know the short cuts.

TWA goes where business goes. Non-stop jets link industrial centers of the Midwest with California and the East. More non-stops connect both coasts. You can step on a TWA jet in Los Angeles, Chicago, New York and other major cities—step off in the industrial heartland of Europe. TWA serves England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, others. Then to North Africa, the Middle East, all the way to Bombay. Total: 70 U.S. markets, 18 more overseas. One airline does the job of two. And you have a direct line from your city halfway across the world. Next trip, call TWA.

Nationwide
Worldwide
depend on
TWA

ed mannerisms. The libretto is so self-consciously poetic (in obvious imitation of those airy Handelian and Gluckian texts we suffer through today only in order to hear the music) and the score so deliberately detached that we are denied even the pleasurable illusion of rediscovering something quaint. There are no tunes to remember, and the words are arch. What the work does have is rhythmic propulsion—a quality you might expect from this composer—and a spirit of moral fervor, which becomes strongest at the end of the Rake's tale; that is, just before the jocular epilogue, in which the principals address the audience familiarly.

The opera opens well enough, in the Trueloves' garden, where soprano Anne Truelove and tenor Tom Rakewell declare their love, interrupted now and again by Father Truelove's phlegmatic baritone and by the Devil's disciple Nick Shadow, also baritone, who comes on the scene to present Rakewell with a seemingly inherited fortune and to whisk him away to London's fleshpots, and it closes affectingly as Tom, struck insane by Shadow, dies in the arms of the loyal Anne, whom he imagines to be Venus. In between, though, there are scenes that give one pause. One is the writers' version of the receiving line at the brothel—a scene as antiseptic as a reception at a girls' finishing school. Then come the hero's lunatic marriage to the bearded lady ("a theatrical way of highlighting Tom's motiveless motives," according to co-librettist Kallman) and his absorption with a mechanical device that transforms stones into bread—a pair of gaudy threads in the total fabric which not only occupy too much of our attention but suspend our belief in a story that, in its frivolous assay of corruption, from organized prostitution to suggested transvestitism and on to penury and, finally, insanity and death, skips along always in a casual, mocking manner. At its heart, supposedly, is Anne's devotion to Tom, but Anne is presented to us, almost gleefully, as a ninny, and Tom as an empty-headed voluptuary. We are unable to feel anything for either of them until that final scene in Bedlam, when, greeting her as Venus, he bids her mount his pallet, and expires. A neat touch. In most instances, things don't have to be spelled out for an audience, but I believe that this scene, with its superior music, would benefit by stagecraft that magically transformed the cell into a bower for Venus and Adonis, and then, at the close, let it fade back into the sorry cubicle.

I somehow can't get "The Rake's

what is overlooked at the carlton tower?

The Carlton Tower is a hotel in Knightsbridge, London. It overlooks the loveliest part of town. A choice park. A parliament. A palace. St. Paul's. These outside prospects are all splendid. But inside The Carlton Tower your prospects for fine food and drink, for service, comfort, peace and pleasure are even better: nothing is overlooked!

THE
CARLTON
TOWER

Cadogan Place, London, S.W. 1

New York: PLaza 2-9100 • Washington, D.C.: DIstrict 7-3000
Chicago: 782-1119 • Boston: KEnmore 6-2700
Hotel Corporation of America

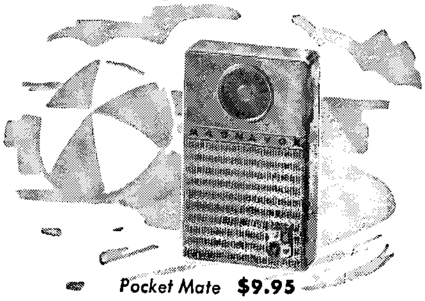
For Fathers of all sizes and shapes
—Buckets of all sizes and shapes

Square. Round. Tall. Short. Tapered. Even patterned to match his favorite Vat Gold Scotch Whisky. There's bound to be a Kraftware bucket, tumbler and tray to even please the choosiest Dad. KRAFTWARE

225 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

Available in a vast variety at Abraham & Straus, B. Altman-4th Floor Gift Shop, Macy.

From mighty, little AM portables...

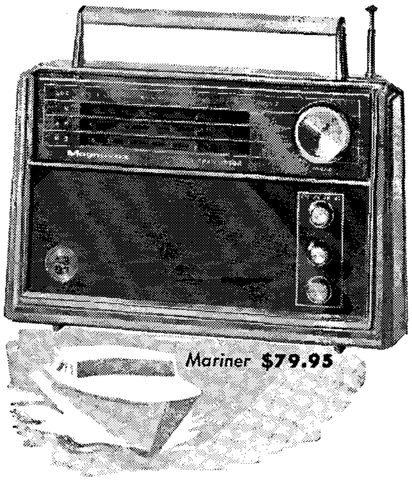


Pocket Mate $9.95

to superb FM/AM portables...

Vagabond $34.95

to magnificent multi-band portables.



Mariner $79.95

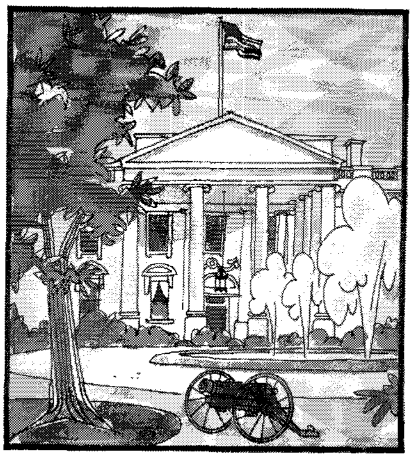
Magnavox is the best way to carry a tune ...inexpensively.

Here's the superb sound you expect from Magnavox...in portables with all the powerful performance, long-range reception and rugged reliability Magnavox is famed for. Choose from a wide variety at your Magnavox dealer (listed in the Yellow Pages) and save middleman costs.

the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Progress" out of my mind. Maybe it's simply because the work does have a certain power. Whatever the reason, you are not likely to hear it performed any better than it is here, with the composer conducting a diminished orchestra, full of arresting woodwind effects, and with Judith Raskin as a vocally lovely Anne; Alexander Young, an obviously accomplished oratorio singer who has been familiar with this role for some years, as Rakewell; John Reardon as the insinuating Shadow; Regina Sarfaty as the bearded lady; and a well-schooled chorus. It is in English, of course, but this presents us with another problem: the skipping vocal line, combined with the tricky rhythmical treatment of the text, makes it necessary to refer to the libretto from time to time (fortunately, it's included with the three-record set), except during the recitative-with-harpsichord passages.

IN BRIEF: Maria Callas's Carmen (Angel) is hardly the last word on the subject, but this latest rendering of Bizet's almost perfect opera is a striking one all the same. To begin with, it's very French—as light as a good soufflé, with the baritones and basses (Zuniga, Morales, and even Escamillo) floating their voices like tenors. Then, the leading singers are sensitive to the drama at all times. Miss Callas brings a good deal of dramatic thrust to her part, as one might expect, along with some wobbly tones, and the Micaela, Andréa Guiot, passes with high marks. But it is Nicolai Gedda's Don José that sounds out most impressively. Here is a tenor with style, lyricism, and superb musicianship, heard at the very top of his form. The accompanying forces, under Georges Prêtre's direction, carry out their tasks superbly. . . . The most recent musical work by Gian Carlo Menotti, a composer-librettist who has since turned from writing operas to writing plays—out of disillusionment with the way things are going in music these days, he says—is a cantata entitled "The Death of the Bishop of Brindisi," the outcome of a commission by the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association a couple of years ago. An artfully put-together minor opus about the tragic Children's Crusade of the thirteenth century, it is built around the death of a bishop who is in need of absolution for his part in the affair—that of getting the children on board a rickety ship, which soon foundered in stormy waters and plunged them to their death. The bishop and his attendant, a nun, are the principal characters, and they are well projected by George London and Lili



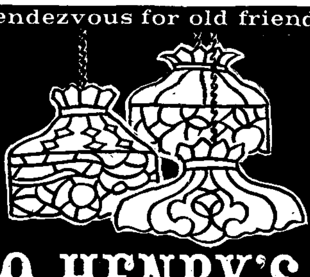
We think you'll like the neighborhood...

Facing the White House, the Manger Hay-Adams is one of the most conveniently located hotels in the Capital. You'll find the ultimate in luxurious rooms—fine dining—*and* attentive service. You'll be pampered. You'll come back again and again. Our guests always do.

Manger Hotels & Motor Inns

HOTEL
Manger Hay-Adams
(facing the White House)
16th at H Street N.W. • Washington, D.C.

Rendezvous for old friends



O. HENRY'S
STEAK HOUSE
4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000

The WOODSTOCK INN
Woodstock • Vermont
Historic INN on Village Green
Pool • Shuffleboard • Tennis
Golf at Woodstock Country Club
Riding Country • Antiquing
Bountiful 'New England' Meals

Write David Beach, Prop.
WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
or Phone
802/457-1100

Chateau Madrid
Presents
LOS CHAVALES de ESPANA
Shows 9 & 12 • Also 2 A.M. Sats.
42 W. 58 • PL 3-3773

It has already begun.

Again this year, seven million American fathers will drive twelve billion miles with sixteen million youngsters in the back seat. (When are we going to stop, daddy?)

And next Fall, each daddy will have a hundred feet of semi-edited home movies, a tanned left forearm and a quiet sense of completed duty. "It's good for the kids."

So is homework.

The Great American Family Vacation. How to get it back:

Remember one or two absolutely perfect vacations your family had when you were young?

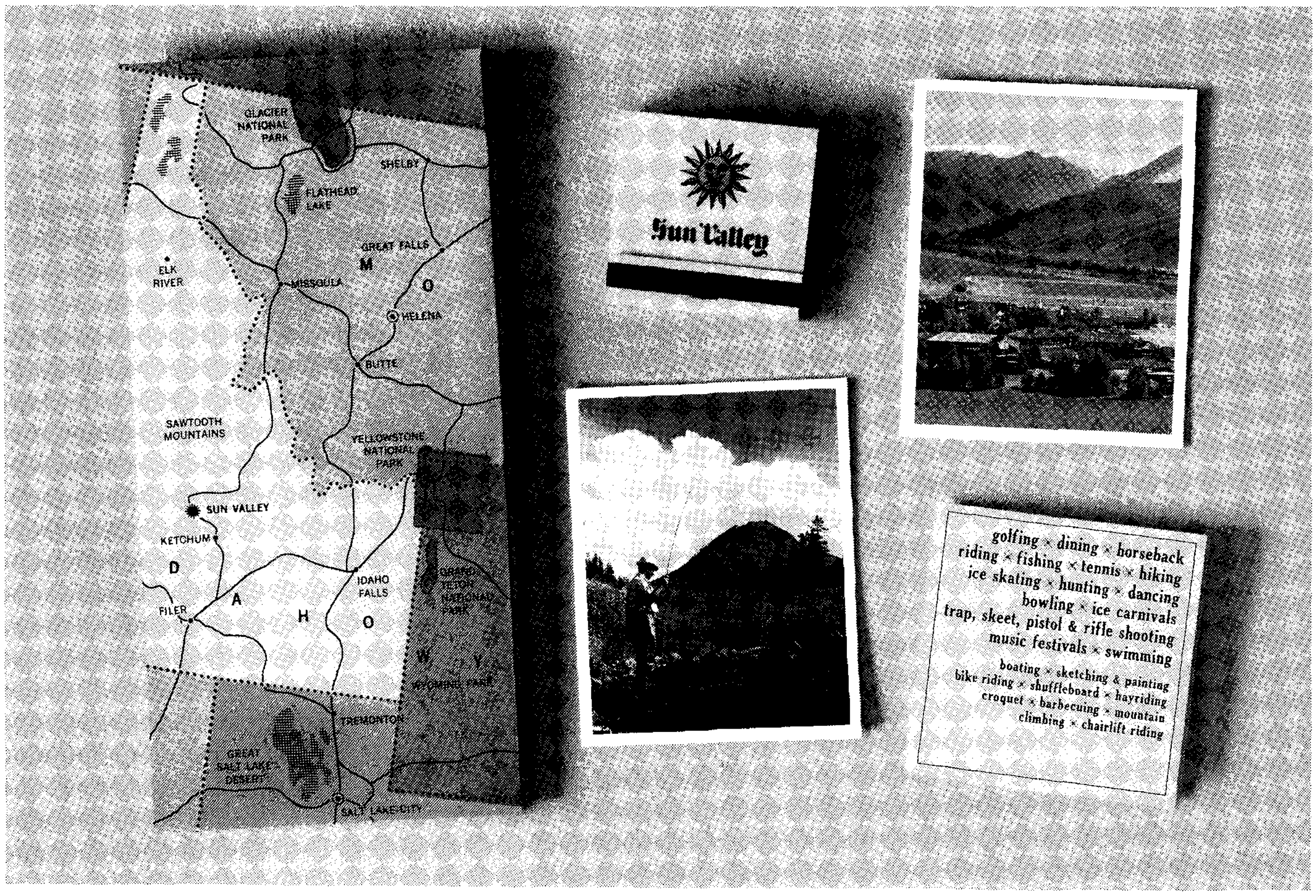
Well, there's a secret that some of us have forgotten: Your folks went where *they* wanted to go and took you along. (You probably thought it was your idea.)

That's what makes Sun Valley. *The grown-ups run it.* But the people who make Sun Valley work know more about keeping youngsters busy and happy than a fairy godmother, a retail shoe salesman or Doctor Spock.

Some families plop down at Sun Valley for the summer. Others visit for a few days to break up The Grand Tour (Yellowstone, Glacier Park, Salt Lake City, etc.).

Do it your way. It's *your* vacation.

For further information, write Reservations Manager, Sun Valley, Idaho or see your local travel agent.


GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
SHELBY
FLATHEAD LAKE
GREAT FALLS
M
O
ELK RIVER
MISSOULA
HELENA
BUTTE
SAWTOOTH MOUNTAINS
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
SUN VALLEY
KETCHUM
D
A
H
O
IDAHO FALLS
GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK
W
Y
FILER
TREMONTON
GREAT SALT LAKE DESERT
SALT LAKE CITY
Sun Valley
golfing × dining × horseback riding × fishing × tennis × hiking
ice skating × hunting × dancing
bowling × ice carnivals
trap, skeet, pistol & rifle shooting
music festivals × swimming
boating × sketching & painting
bike riding × shuffleboard × hayriding
croquet × barbecuing × mountain climbing × chairlift riding

Chookasian; the children's and townspeople's choruses are the only other participants—besides the orchestra, of course. It is, in its brevity, a fairly effective piece. Erich Leinsdorf conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra in this one, which takes up a bit more than one side of a Victor long-playing record, and—filling it out—in Schoenberg's early and expansive "Gurre-Lieder," movingly sung by Miss Chookasian.

—DOUGLAS WATT

●

THE CURRENT

Down the dawn-brown
River the charcoal woman
Swept in a boat thin
As the old moon.
White tremblings darted and broke
Under her hat's crown.
A paddle stroke
And she was gone, in her wake
Only miniature
Whirlpools, her faint,
Ritualistic cries.

Now up the stream,
Urging an unwilling
Arc of melon rind
Painted red to match
His wares, appeared
The meat vendor.
The young, scarred face
Under the white brim
Glowed with strain
And flamelike ripplings.
He sat in a cloud of flies.

If, further on,
Someone was waiting to thread
Morsels of beef
Onto a green
Bamboo sliver
And pose the lean brochette
Above already glowing
Embers, the river,
Flowing in one direction
By moon, by sun,
Would not be going
To let it happen yet.

—JAMES MERRILL

●

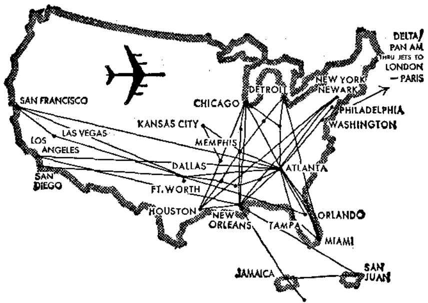
PAT PRIEST, who now plays Marilyn, the non-weird relative, in "The Munsters" on CBS, is the daughter of Ivy Baker Priest, former treasurer of the United States. She replaced Beverley Owen, who left the role to get married and live in New York.

"A land which tolerates such an insult to its intelligence and integrity cannot survive," Ashford said.—*Miami Herald.*

Come on, Ashford, the girl's just trying to get ahead.

Just ask a woman about DELTA service . . .

She'll remember "how pleasant" on Delta long after she's forgotten "how fast." And she'll like the way Delta remembers all the niceties that make Delta different!



General Offices:
Atlanta, Georgia

DELTA
the air line with the BIG JETS

Pastel 20 x 16 Inches

Lower Fifth Avenue in Winter
by
EVERETT SHINN
Signed: Lower Left: E. Shinn 1904

HIRSCHL & ADLER Galleries inc.
21 E. 67th St. • NY 21 • LE 5-8810

Seasoned travelers say:
In New Orleans choose
THE ROOSEVELT

Why? More than $3,000,000 has been spent in the past two years to refurnish and redecorate this world famous hotel. Here is every concept of modern comfort plus the spacious rooms and gracious charm of the Old South. 100% air-conditioned. Five dining rooms, superb cuisine, free garage, family plan rates. Convenient to everything. *For reservations, contact:*

The ROOSEVELT HOTEL
New Orleans, La. 70140
Phone 529-7111

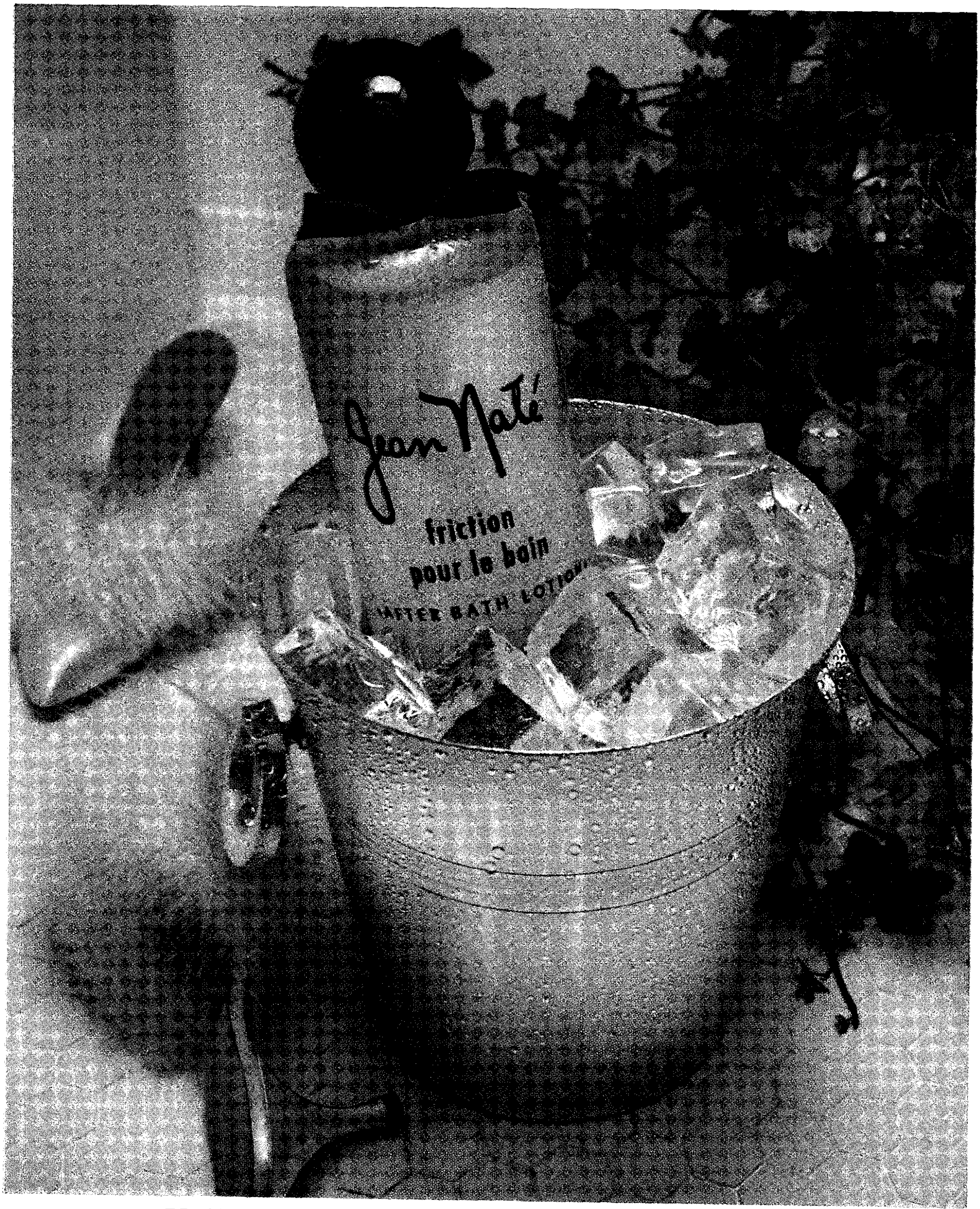
Seymour Weiss, Pres. & Mgn. Dir.
A. C. Bellande, Mgr.

BRIARCLIFF MANOR—Westchester County
FOR SALE—UNIQUE, MODERN ESTATE!

On 10 secluded, landscaped & wooded acres with brook & pond. 40′ swimming pool with beautiful glass-enclosed pool house with dressing rooms, showers etc. Terraced gardens, patios. The superbly built, air-conditioned, brick, steel and concrete 14-room home is graciously appointed, with all modern conveniences and is decorated throughout with meticulous attention to the most minute detail, including parquet floors & recessed lighting. 5 family bedrooms, 5½ baths, den, sitting room, guest room, maids' quarters, 3-car attached garage. 45 minutes from midtown Manhattan, this distinguished showplace is well worth seeing. Replacement cost $250,000; priced for prompt sale at $168,500. Exclusive agent,

BRILL REALTY CO., Pleasantville, N.Y.
(914) RO 9-2950 REALTORS (914) SC 5-4140

MONSIGNORE
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists
Open Daily • Closed Sun. • Charge Clubs


Jean Naté
friction pour le bain
AFTER BATH LOTION

Half-Magnum of Jean Naté After-Bath Lotion

32 cool ounces—five dollars

You don't really have to ice it. Jean Naté scents your skin, exhilarates your mood, leaves you shower-fresh. Every inch of you will love every dash of Jean Naté Friction pour le Bain.

After my bath all I need is you—Jean Naté

Friction pour le Bain: Half-Magnum (32 ounces) $5.00. Other sizes from $2.00. Bath Powder, $2.50. Bath Bubbles, $2.00. Savon pour le Bain, $2.50. Bath Oil, $5.00. Plus tax. Made in U.S.A.

SPECIALTY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU
MANUFACTURED IN U.S.A. UNDER
COINTREAU
THE WORLD RENOWN
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 80 PROOF
SEAL
CUP
2/3
1/3

Cointreau Strawberries Romanoff.

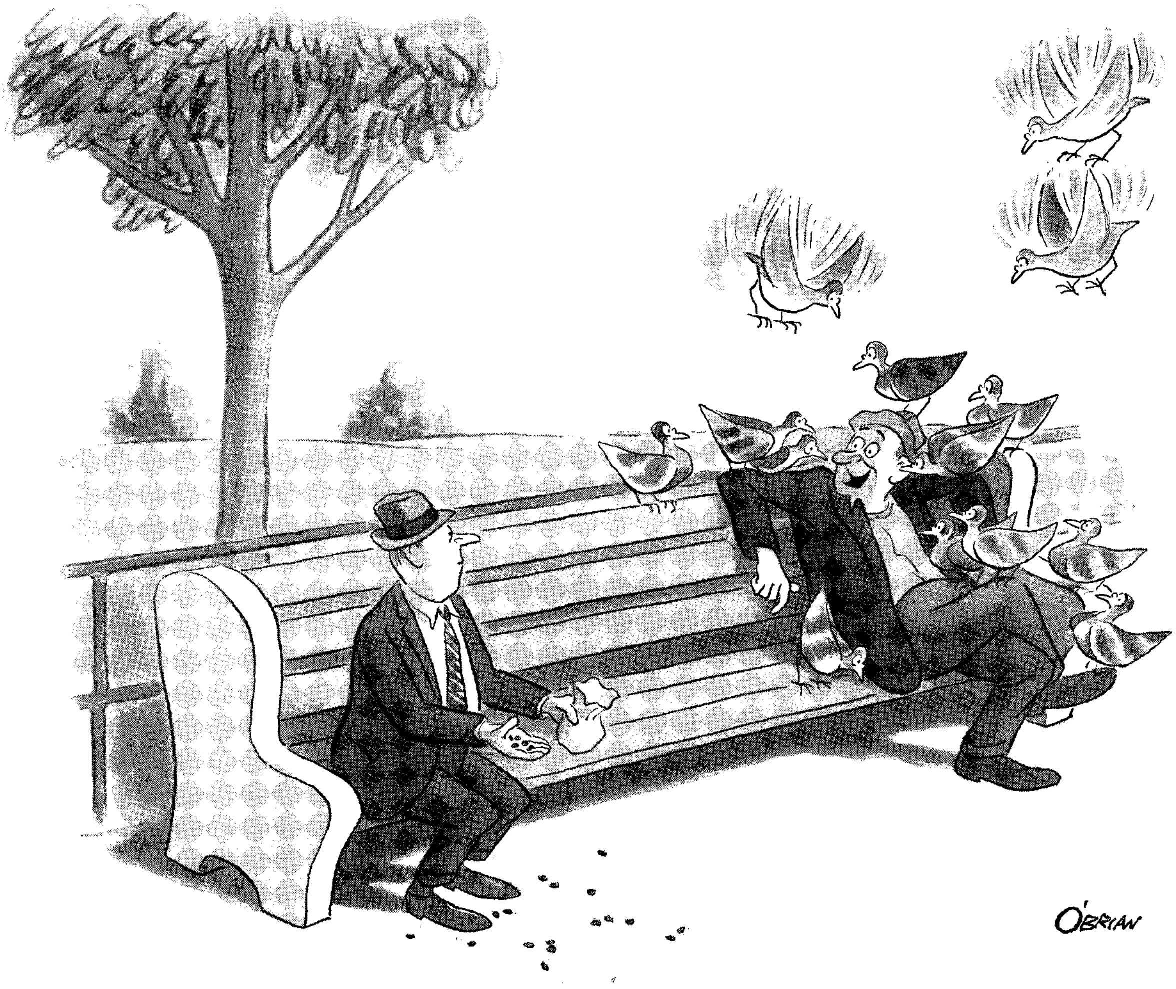
Cointreau is brimming with talent!

Adding drama to desserts is only one of the manifold talents of Cointreau Liqueur. World-famous after-dinner solo performer, Cointreau is also a big hit at cocktail parties, giving a special dimension to such favorites as Side Cars, Margaritas...And Cointreau Liqueur on the rocks (the "Cointreau Pearl") rates enthusiastic encores every time! Write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" recipes today. Cointreau Liqueur and its companion cordials, 50 to 80 proof, are produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, New Jersey.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 3

"THE major lines of United States policy are simple and easily understandable," Dean Rusk told an interviewer recently. "I am pretty certain that the majority of high-school seniors could describe them accurately. [They are] based on the U.N. Charter and on our alliances. Beyond that, it would be sheer futility to codify [our] foreign policy." These remarks by the Secretary of State, who has lately been worrying about "the gullibility of educated men," open up some interesting possibilities—and perhaps some top-level job opportunities for adolescents as well. If it is really futile to go beyond descriptions of the "major lines" of current American policy, then just about any Soupy Sales fan might be recruited into the growing corps of State Department "spokesmen" who are prepared to travel to the farthest provinces to explain and justify our foreign policy before any group that will provide an audience. (In one of its auditoriums here, the Department holds "briefings" for tourists every weekday.) In some quarters, there are misgivings grounded in the suspicion that the Secretary was speaking no less than the truth, and that our policy has indeed been simplified to the point where it can be explained and expounded by a teen-ager of only modest intellectual attainments. A reading of the press may suggest that we are up to our ears in problems of the utmost complexity, but a reading of pronouncements by the President and some of his advisers seems to bear out the Secretary's contention that our policy is not at all hard to grasp. Our major purpose is to discourage and resist "aggression." In the past, there have been some difficulties in defining this term, but these have now been overcome. There are two basic kinds of aggression. One occurs when a nation is attacked by outsiders. "We will always oppose the effort of one nation to conquer another," the President has said. He was, of course, discussing the situation in Vietnam. The other kind of aggression occurs when a nation is attacked by insiders who constitute or represent or are led by what the President calls "evil forces." This is what was visited upon the Dominican Republic, and it has been described by Ambassador Averell Harriman as "internal aggression." The differences between the two kinds are not, in the official view, worth much discussion. At Baylor University, last week, the President explained that "the old distinction between the civil war and international war has already lost much of its meaning." If this had been understood earlier in the year, the State Department might have been spared both the trouble of putting out its White Paper on Vietnam and the criticism that followed the issuance of that document, which was in the main an effort to preserve and sharpen the distinction and to demonstrate that we were helping to repel an unprovoked invasion of a sovereign nation.



"I guess they just like me for myself."

When statesmen begin insisting on the "simple" nature of their policies and of the problems they confront, it is an almost certain sign that they are in serious trouble. This is particularly true of diplomats, who like to give the impression that they are always walking on eggs, always engaged in undertakings of indescribable intricacy and subtlety, always making distinctions of a kind that only men of enormous skill and broad experience are competent to make. When they try to create the opposite impression, it is very likely because they find the complexity of their problems almost unbearable and despair of making themselves understood in the kind of language customarily used in statements directed at the general public. It is quite uncharacteristic of Dean Rusk, who began life as an academic, to berate educated men and commend the wisdom and clear-sightedness of high-school seniors. He was running much truer to form when, on a television program a few days ago, he turned aside an awkward question on Latin America by saying that the United States was dealing with "very complex problems" there, that "each country is different," and that "no single formula" can be applied to the region as a whole. The case of the President is somewhat dissimilar. It is

SPANISH TOUR DIRECTORY

(Including other nice places)

BIGGEST BARGAIN

Andalucian Holiday: Two weeks plus two extra bonus days. Includes exciting Madrid, romantic Granada, Mediterranean beaches (Torremolinos or Marbella), Algeciras, Seville, Cordoba. All expenses including Fan Jet Air travel from $505. Low cost extensions available.

Romantic Beach Basking

Palma: Two weeks and two extra days. Starts in exciting Madrid, next a whole week on the enchanting island of Mallorca to soak up sun and fun, then on to glorious Barcelona. Low cost extensions available. All expenses including Fan Jet Air travel from $558.

NEVER A DULL DAY

Fiesta España: Two weeks and a day. Includes night loving, fun loving Madrid, then a roaming visit to Caceres, Seville, Torremolinos, Granada, Cordoba. Plenty of time to see it all. Low cost extensions available. All expenses including Fan Jet Air travel from $529.

Come Back a Spaniard

Fiesta Galicia: Two weeks and a day. Your fun starts in Madrid, then on to fascinating places like Vitoria, San Sebastian, Santander, Oviedo, Coruña, Santiago, Vigo, Oporto, Salamanca. You'll come back with a little of Spain in your heart. Low cost extensions available. All expenses including Fan Jet Air travel from $625.

Get Rid of Your Cobwebs

Jet 'N Cruise The Mediterranean: Two weeks and a day. The most pleasant idea in travel since travel was meant to get away from home. Fly Jet in luxury to Madrid where you'll have an unforgettable time. See Barcelona. Next, cruise the Mediterranean in lavish style, Palma, Tunis, Palermo, Ustica, Naples, Capri, Elba (Napoleon's ghost still stalks), Bastia, Genoa, Cannes. Live like the idle rich on a modest budget. Low cost extensions available. All expenses including Fan Jet Air travel from $599.

Your Life is Worth Three Weeks of Pleasure

Continental Interlude: Only for people who have the gumption to take three weeks for enjoyment, enlightenment and the true rewards of travel. Includes fascinating experiences in Spain, Portugal, Paris and London, from $723. Other itineraries slightly higher.

For colorful brochures on these fabulous Iberia tours, see your Travel Agent or send coupon below to:

IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN
NYC
518 Fifth Avenue New York 36, N. Y.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________Zone_____State_____
My Travel Agent is__________

Prices based on 21-day round trip jet economy excursion fare (where applicable) and vary according to season. New York departure, double-room occupancy.
Indicate tour brochure desired.

an important part of a President's job to be a popularizer and simplifier of issues. This particular President, however, won his stunning mandate last year largely by persuading the public that Barry Goldwater was deluded in his belief that "the answers to America's problems are simple." Time and again, the President told the electorate that both the problems and the answers were complicated. However confident he and his Secretary of State may be of the correctness of recent decisions, they are not unaware that the information they receive is incomplete, is subject to interpretations different from their own, and, in any case, is no sure guide to policy. They know, moreover, that their own actions often resist elucidation in the kind of rhetoric they are accustomed to using. Dean Rusk may say that a schoolboy could "describe" our policies accurately, but we have it on the later authority of the President that he would first have to master some new ideas and some new language. At Baylor, he said, "The first reality is that old concepts and old labels are largely obsolete." (He is much given to establishing priorities among "realities." At Johns Hopkins, two months ago, he said, "The first reality is that North Vietnam has attacked the independent nation of South Vietnam.") But the Baylor speech was itself a rich compendium of old labels: "forces of democracy," "evil forces," "forces of slavery," "Communist takeover in this hemisphere." Just two days before the Secretary of State explained that the Latin-American countries had widely differing interests, political systems, and aspirations, the President was speaking about "the principles and the values of all the American republics." New concepts may be a necessity, but the necessity has not yet mothered much invention.

What seems to be happening instead is that the old concepts are giving way to still older ones. The anti-Communist ideology that was official dogma for more than a decade has been cast aside for an ideology of "self-determination" that leads to such bizarre performances as the development of the theory that the Dominican revolt, which looked like a clear exercise of the right to "self-determination," was in fact an effort to deny that right, being a case of "internal aggression." The history of our shift from acting as the scourge of what we used to call "world Communism" to acting as the scourge of "aggression" is really a history not of shifting ideologies but of applied diplomatic pragmatism. We abandoned the

HOW TO WORK OVERTIME AND ~~ALMOST~~ LIKE IT

Those who work in Duluth surround their eight-hour working day with pure pleasure that can be found just minutes away. Let us work overtime for you . . . selling these 1,000,000 people who enjoy life . . . and WDSM-TV.

WDSM-TV
Wonderful Duluth-Superior Market
See your PGW man for details
BILL HURLEY IN MINNEAPOLIS

Nantucket

Bounteous island hospitality
to gladden every visitor
JARED COFFIN HOUSE
WHITE ELEPHANT
HARBOR HOUSE
Reservations contact any AAA,
Treadway Inn . . . or phone
Nantucket 617-228-2400

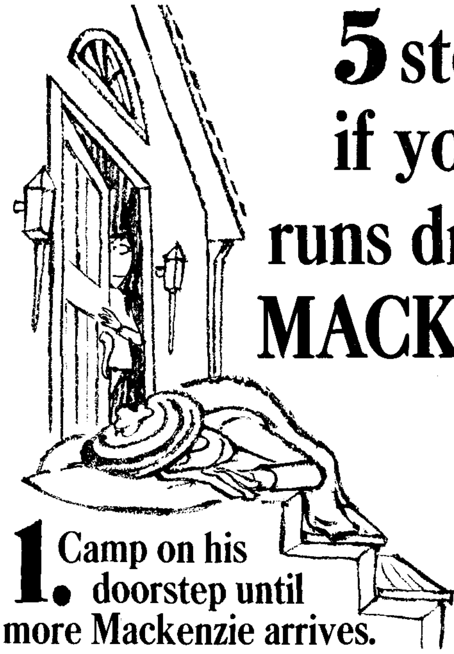
Read What A Famous Authority Says About
America's Most Distinguished
Steak House Restaurant

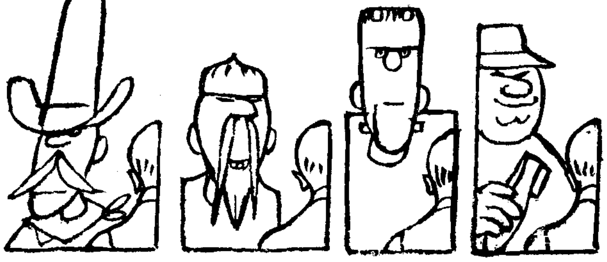
"My all-time favorite . . . the ultimate in steak with all the trimmings . . . attracts the pick of the stars of the entertainment world."
— *Earl Blackwell, International Epicure*
Originator of Celebrity Service in
Hollywood, New York, Paris,
London and Rome.

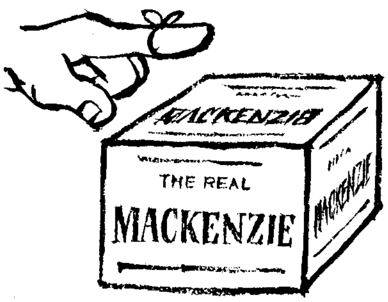
Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL
205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660 John C. Bruno

FATHER'S DAY
Alexander Shields
NEW YORK 10022
484 PARK AVE. AT 58th ST.

old anti-Communist ideology partly because, being based on the assumption that all Communist states were united in purpose and alike in their hostility to us, it failed to fit the facts of the existing situation in the world, and partly because it was embarrassing our efforts to negotiate agreements with the Soviet Union and other Communist nations. Perhaps most important, it stood in the way of our effort to win Soviet and North Vietnamese consent to a negotiated settlement in South Vietnam. Abandoning this useless and shackling dogma, however, left us in a somewhat exposed position when it came to explaining what we were doing in South Vietnam. Regardless of what was said in policy statements, our case for being there had never really rested on the argument that "international Communism" was conspiring against South Vietnam. It was always clear that the Soviet Union did not wish to become deeply involved, and that what help the Vietcong was getting from China, and even from North Vietnam, was by no means crucial. It was widely acknowledged here that while Vietcong strategy was being made in Hanoi, the conflict was, if not certifiably a "civil war," essentially fratricidal. Whatever kind of war it was or was said to be, we did not wish to see the Vietcong win it. We had made a specific commitment in South Vietnam and a general commitment in Southeast Asia, and if we failed to defend the client government, our influence in Southeast Asia would decline and China's would rise. There was the serious question, though, of how to explain our presence in South Vietnam and our attacks this year on North Vietnam if we were not opposing some demonic force larger and more threatening to American interests than the Vietcong. Almost as the need arose—almost, that is to say, as we began bombing North Vietnam in the hope that this display of power and determination would encourage a settlement—a proper new demon, "aggression," made its appearance. It was not, as some critics here and abroad have said, entirely an invention of ours. It was a creature of circumstance. War being what it is, there was less and less manpower available to the Vietcong in South Vietnam, and in consequence our intelligence reports showed more and more Vietcong regulars coming in from the North. It was thus possible to argue, with a certain legitimacy, that a species of aggression was taking place. To those charged with justifying our ways to the world and to ourselves, this was a windfall. Aggression is an even older







MACKENZIE
Blended
Scotch Whisky

5 steps to follow if your liquor store runs dry of The Real MACKENZIE scotch

1. Camp on his doorstep until more Mackenzie arrives.

2. Look behind the counter, maybe the salesman is keeping The Mackenzie for himself.

3. Come in several times a day (wearing various disguises) asking for The Mackenzie.

4. Appeal to his sympathy to rush The Mackenzie reorder. Cry.

5. Remember next time to buy a case of The Mackenzie.

Maybe your man in the liquor store isn't aware that The Real Mackenzie is the scotch the Scotsmen have been keeping for themselves for 138 years.
Or maybe, he doesn't realize The Mackenzie is the lightest, smoothest scotch ever to come down the Firth of Forth.
Of course, maybe he just doesn't give a hoot about anything.

Blended and bottled in Scotland at 86 proof. Sole importers Thompson Cellars Company, Louisville, Ky. © 1965

and more venerable enemy than Communism; we have always opposed it, even though we have now and then been guilty of it.

In the early months of 1965, after the first bombings north of the Seventeenth Parallel and before the disturbances in the Dominican Republic, John Foster Dulles was thrust aside in favor of Woodrow Wilson. On April 7th, the President made a speech in Baltimore that contained much condemnation of aggression and much praise of self-determination but no mention of Communism. The Dominican crisis broke just as the new dogma was taking hold. From what is now known of conditions in the Dominican Republic, the facts did not support either the anti-Communist approach or the anti-aggression approach. The only really impressive justification for our intervention was that it prevented a hideous orgy of killing in a society that had suddenly become unhinged and was determined to finish the job—well under way for decades—of destroying itself. This is the justification advanced by John Bartlow Martin, who was our ambassador during the presidency of Juan Bosch, and by certain others who were in Santo Domingo in late April and early May. It has been challenged by other witnesses, notably a number of newspaper correspondents, but a case can be made for it, and the President has now fallen back on it, giving it, in his news conference this week, the ablest defense it has had. In the early days, though, the explicators of policy, including the President, invoked both the anti-Communist and the anti-aggression defenses, with results that could hardly have been worse. Even if fifty-odd Communists menaced the whole structure of Dominican life (and it is not inconceivable that this was so, since that structure seems as fragile as a soap bubble), our use of them and their obscure names and histories to explain the movement of tens of thousands of our Marines and other troops has exposed us not only to ridicule but to all kinds of blackmail and political confidence games. It would surely pay any government trying to hold on to its power to import a few planeloads of subversives if by doing so it could have its authority defended by our legions. And the refurbishing of anti-Communism has almost put us in the position of being committed to intervention even where no confidence game is being played. There is no popular movement anywhere that Communists do not try to join and hope to control. If the mere possibility of a growth in Com-

Blazer buttons...
In 14 karat hammered yellow gold. Set includes four cuff and three front buttons. 80.00
Also available in polished and basket weave finishes.
Price includes federal tax
Mail orders to Dallas. Add 70¢ postage

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

distinctive
CHRISTMAS
CARDS

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a Spanish primitive of the Three Kings in scarlet, green, and gold, a della Robbia Nativity, a fifteenth century street scene by a Flemish master, a Raphael Madonna, a circus painting from a French snuffbox, a prancing lion and a rose in embroidered silks, and a collection of brilliant watercolor sketches of Early American sleighs are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N2

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

__________ ZIP __________

Far from the crowd
but easy to reach
(This summer, when rates are low)

Enjoy a British virgin island that's practically all your own. Exotic cone-topped cottages, secluded beaches and island mountains, cool and green. Little Dix Bay has swimming, snorkeling, sailing and great sport fishing. Explore the island's unexpected charm by horseback, bike or jeep. Only 45 minutes from San Juan by plane to Virgin Gorda.

Off-season rates now to October 20: $15-$17.50 per person dbl., with *all* meals. See your travel agent or Reservation Offices: *New York*, CI 5-8055; *Boston*, 423-4888; *Chicago*, 922-4139; *Dallas*, RI 7-0932; *Washington*, 347-4951.

LITTLE DIX BAY
VIRGIN GORDA
BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

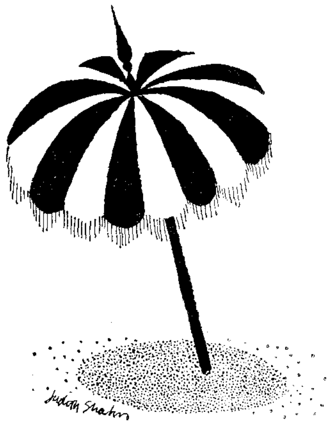
900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO
Dine in our beautiful Year-around Garden or Continental Dining Rooms. Also facilities for private parties. Parking at Delaware entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795
OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

FREE GOLF 18-HOLE CHAMPIONSHIP COURSE
PLAY GOLF TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT
PLUS: • Indoor and Outdoor Swimming Pools • TV in Every Room • Regulation Bowling • Tennis Courts & Racquets • Latest Hollywood Movies • Entertainment and Dancing
NEW, WORLD-FAMOUS 100 ACRE RESORT IN THE HEART OF THE PENNA. DUTCH AMISH LAND
ANY 3 DAYS, 2 NIGHTS INCLUDING WEEKENDS $29.75 WITH FIVE DELUXE MEALS
ANY 5 DAYS, 4 NIGHTS - $59 WITH 10 DELUXE MEALS
ANY 4 DAYS, 3 NIGHTS - $47.50 WITH 8 DELUXE MEALS
SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE & MENU
QUALITY COURTS
DOWNINGTOWN INN
BOX 11 DOWNINGTOWN, PA.
AREA CODE 215, AN 9-2000
ON U S RT 30 • EXIT 23 - PENNA TURNPIKE

FOLDBOATS $159 Complete
AIRBOAT. Rugged, Rubber INFLATABLE! 12½' Long. Folds into 1' x 1' x 2' Dufflebag. Weighs 23 lbs. Won't capsize. Unsinkable. Phone or write for FREE folder.
... a good source for Foldboats
AMERIMEX
124 West 30th St., N. Y. 1 • PE 6-8446

munist influence is to be the main consideration, we will have to intervene on the side of unpopular authority wherever it is threatened.

Application of the anti-aggression approach to the Dominican problem was recommended by more than the fact that such an approach had lately become the preferred rationale for American policy. To the degree that there is any political or historical reality to what the Secretary of State has called "the basic principle on which this hemisphere operates," it is founded on collective opposition to European intervention on this side of the Atlantic. It is true that at Punta del Este, in 1962, the Organization of American States adopted a resolution stating that, as the President summarized it this week, Communism is "incompatible with the principles of the inter-American system." (He was disclaiming his title to what some people have been calling "the Johnson Doctrine," thereby becoming the first President to deny himself such an identification.) But this was a mere anti-Castro maneuver and not an inter-American principle of any sort, Communism being neither more nor less compatible with this particular alliance or with this particular part of the globe than with any other. The O.A.S. grew out of the Pan-American Union, which, as one of its architects, Senator Gruening, of Alaska, has recently pointed out, was established largely for the purpose of internationalizing the Monroe Doctrine within this hemisphere. This was worthwhile for the Latin Americans, not so much because it protected them against European intervention as because it seemed to provide assurance against United States intervention. Thus, if a case could be made that the Dominican Republic was the victim of "aggression," the O.A.S. would only be fulfilling its essential function in opposing it. The trouble was that such a case was even weaker than the anti-Communist one. Of the fifty or so persons alleged to be



The important finishing touch for impeccable men.

From $2.50 plus Fed. tax

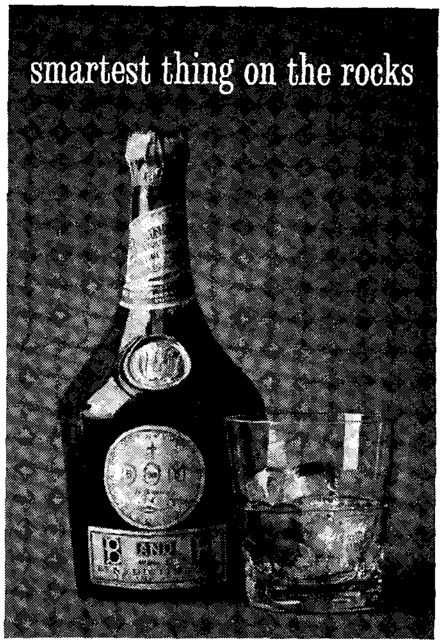
TIE TACKS by HICKOK

HICKOK POSITIVELY FINER

English Leather®

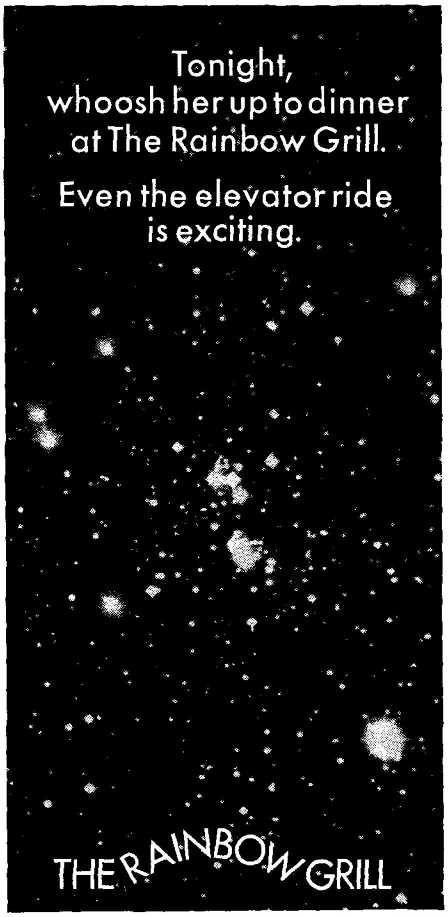
after shave...
after shower...
after hours...
the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION
$2.00 $3.50 $6.50 plus tax

©MC MEM COMPANY, INC. 347 Fifth Avenue, New York



At your next dinner party,
after coffee, serve B & B on the rocks.
Here's a grand tradition
with a new appeal.

The drier liqueur B AND B
BENEDICTINE BRANDY
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK 86 proof



65TH FLOOR, ROCKEFELLER CENTER
COCKTAILS FROM FOUR.
DINNER, SIX UNTIL ONE. DANCING. PL 7-9090.

Communist participants in the rebellion, only five or six, according to officials here, were not native Dominicans. Several of the Dominicans identified as Communists by American intelligence (there is some confusion now as to whether the C.I.A. or the F.B.I. was mainly responsible for the information on these people that was given out early last month) had visited Communist countries—some of them to study in Communist schools—and had presumably received some kind of revolutionary guidance abroad, but there was no evidence at all that Moscow or Peking or any other Communist capital had anything to do with the planning of the rebellion or its timing. There is not even any evidence that Castro played a part in it, or was better informed on developments than anyone here. None of the arms distributed by the rebels were made in or provided by any Communist country. There seems to be general agreement that once the shooting was under way, some of the Communists rose rather quickly to positions of command in the street fighting, and monitorings of the radio propaganda that was broadcast while the rebels held the station seem to confirm the reports that Communists were directing that phase of the rebellion. But if the rebellion could be described as aggression of any kind, it certainly was not the sort that the O.A.S. exists to deal with. It had its ugly and dangerous aspects, but it was as much a native product as sugar or coffee.

AT present, and for very good reasons, not much stress is being laid on the neo-Wilsonian accents. During the months of bombing in North Vietnam, the Vietcong has steadily enlarged its activities in South Vietnam. Some members of the administration say that they never expected early benefits from the air raids; their hope, they say, has all along been that sometime this fall, after the rainy season, Hanoi will come to its senses and sue for peace. Others, however, believe that it has already been demonstrated that bombing will not do the trick, and that there will be no chance of a settlement until American ground forces destroy the Vietcong—or, at any rate, fight it to a draw—within the boundaries of South Vietnam. If that happens—and most people now think it very likely that it will—it will hardly be possible to go on claiming that we are simply combatting aggression. At his press conference two days ago, the President said nothing about aggression

Don't Send A Gift... Just Come To The Party

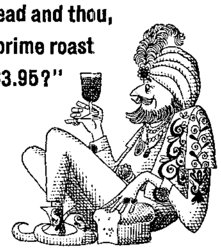
What party? Your party, of course. The one we're throwing to celebrate our 50th birthday. It goes on for 365 days and the more guests, the merrier. After all, 50 golden years of sunshine calls for a real celebration. It's our birthday, but it's your party. So, be our guest.

Like any good host, we're ready to supply our guests with all sorts of information. Write Miami Beach Information Center, Dept.N-11, P.O. Box 1511, Miami Beach, Fla. 33139. After that you can start celebrating.

MIAMI BEACH VACATIONLAND USA

"...a loaf of bread and thou, you delectable prime roast beef,* for just $3.95?"

Ah, Paradise!



THE MERMAID ROOM
*It goes swimmingly with Caesar salad, baked potato and hot, luscious popover. Continuous dancing nightly except Sunday to the Irving Fields and Peppi Morreale trios. Complete Roast Beef Dinner only $3.95. Never a cover or minimum.
Park Sheraton Hotel
55th ST. and 7th AVE., NEW YORK

DAWSON'S
Lunch Dinner
Ha-Penny Bar
159 EAST 53RD STREET • PL 2-1387

TRINI LOPEZ
Appearing Nightly except Sunday
BASIN STREET East
48th St. east of Lexington Ave. • PL 2-4444

and not very much about Communism in the Dominican Republic. He said that "ninety-nine per cent of our reason for going in" was to protect lives, and he defended our continuing presence largely in terms of its usefulness in keeping the Dominicans from killing each other and in assisting them to create some machinery for the maintenance of civil order. If there is any pervasive theme in policy statements now, it is our eagerness for disengagement in both places. There is also a growing tendency to explain and justify our interventions not in terms of ideologies or counter-ideologies but in terms of filling the power vacuums in the world and using elements of our own enormous power to forestall or mitigate international disasters of one sort or another. Three months ago, the Under-Secretary of State, George Ball, told a gathering here that we were in the power business primarily because the British and the French had left it in the postwar years, and that the responsibilities they and others exercised in the development and defense of their empires had to be exercised by the United States. The ideal instruments for the exercise of those responsibilities are the international organizations, but their equipment is as yet inadequate, and the United States will feel itself called upon to intervene whenever it determines that there is a substantial threat to "the structure of world security we have worked so hard to construct." Other members of the administration—McGeorge Bundy, for one, in a speech to a publishers' convention here yesterday, and the Vice-President, addressing the National War College two days earlier—have offered similar defenses. They are distressing to those who are not persuaded that we have the moral right to play world policeman. But the case for a *pax Americana* is at least a more candid and plausible one than some we have been making lately, and there have been instances of unilateral intervention and exercises of power that have met with almost universal approval rather than with picket lines. In June, 1950, at the very start of the Korean War, President Truman took upon himself the right to determine the foreign policy of Nationalist China; he instructed that government—which was clearly not exercising sovereignty over all of China but was nevertheless a power independent of our own—not to attack the mainland, and he instructed the Seventh Fleet to interpose itself between Formosa and the Chinese mainland and keep the rival powers apart, much as

HICKOK
POSITIVELY FINER

This is our 1¼ inch cowhide belt to make a man look like a million. Or two. From $4

NEW FASHION
WIDTH BELTS
by HICKOK

HICKOK HICKOK HICKOK HICKOK HICKOK

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP BY REIS
plus
65% DACRON® POLYESTER/35% COTTON
means
THE BEST UNDERWEAR YOU CAN BUY

HERE'S WHY: 65% "Dacron"/35% cotton is the ultimate wash-and-wear blend. Lightweight, soft, luxurious. Reis knits the finest fabric and tailors each garment to perfection. Keep size and shape better . . . last longer. Underwear, including athletic shirt, $1.50.
Also: pajamas about $6.00, short sleeve, short leg pajamas $5.00

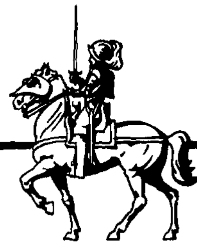
ROBERT REIS & CO. 350 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 1, N.Y. REIS

Our Danish pastries are world famous. You'll know why when you savor their flavor fresh from a quaint Copenhagen bakery. Only one other delicacy whets a woman's appetite more. A fur chosen from our enticingly tasteful collection.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN

38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court



MAGNIFICO!

High above the Caribbean on Puerto Rico's spectacular east coast. Luxurious guest rooms and villas, gay wining and dining rooms, fresh-water pool, sandy beach reached by the only aerial tramway in Puerto Rico. All water sports. All everything.

¡Ole! Call today — your travel agent or write Box 422 N, Fajardo, Puerto Rico.

EL CONQUISTADOR

Las Croabas,
Fajardo, Puerto Rico

PETER'S
BACKYARD
RESTAURANT

STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER • SUPPER
Daily 4 pm - Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N. Y. C.
GR 3-4476

our forces are keeping the rival powers apart in Santo Domingo today. It was an intervention that had every bit as shaky a foundation in law as any of our recent interventions, but it clearly had the effect of limiting hostilities, and there is no record of public disapproval except from a few partisans of Chiang Kai-shek who wished unlimited hostilities.

Even among those with the most distaste for our current engagements, there is little tendency to attribute to the administration any desire to prolong them. The President would like to be out of both South Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, but the prospects for withdrawal in either place are far from promising. The Vietcong wants no part of negotiations, and it seems likely that we shall be drawn in more deeply than ever if we persist in our wish to deny it total victory. The Marines are leaving the Dominican Republic, and some paratroopers may go as other O.A.S. forces come in. It is not likely, though, that we would pull out even if other O.A.S. nations supplied all the forces necessary. The nations that have thus far contributed the largest contingents—Honduras, Brazil, and Nicaragua—are themselves military dictatorships, and their commanders would find it even more difficult than ours to restrain the Dominican Army and to maintain so much as a show of political neutrality. If a moderate government can be formed, it will govern a state that will be a United States dependency for some time to come. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Mushroom and Barley Soup: "The only thing I like that my mother cooked," Miss Sontag writes, "is mushroom and barley soup. The way she told me to make it involves no measurements. You fill a huge pot of water—I use a roasting pan, because it is bigger than any pot I own—and put in two large packages of Chinese mushrooms, the big black kind you can buy only in Chinatown, and about three pounds of beef stew meat, and a few bones. Then I let it cook for about six hours."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Involves no measurements, and no barley.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Middletown* (*Conn.*) *Press*]

"It seems that part of our lack of clarity about what we think about sex practices and attitudes today is caused by a confusion in our thinking about the subject," reports Helen F. Southard, associate director, Bureau of Research and Program Resources, the national YWCA.

What every traveler should know about Los Angeles

Before selecting a hotel from a picture postal or casual reference of a friend . . . select the Beverly Wilshire, a European style Hotel in atmosphere and attitude, with services personalized to you.

The Beverly Wilshire Hotel in The Prestige Heart of Los Angeles . . . most convenient to business or for pleasure . . . the only hotel where you can stroll to fashionable stores.

"Return to Elegance"

Hernando Courtright's
Beverly Wilshire Hotel
Beverly Hills, California
CR 5-4282
or call your travel agency

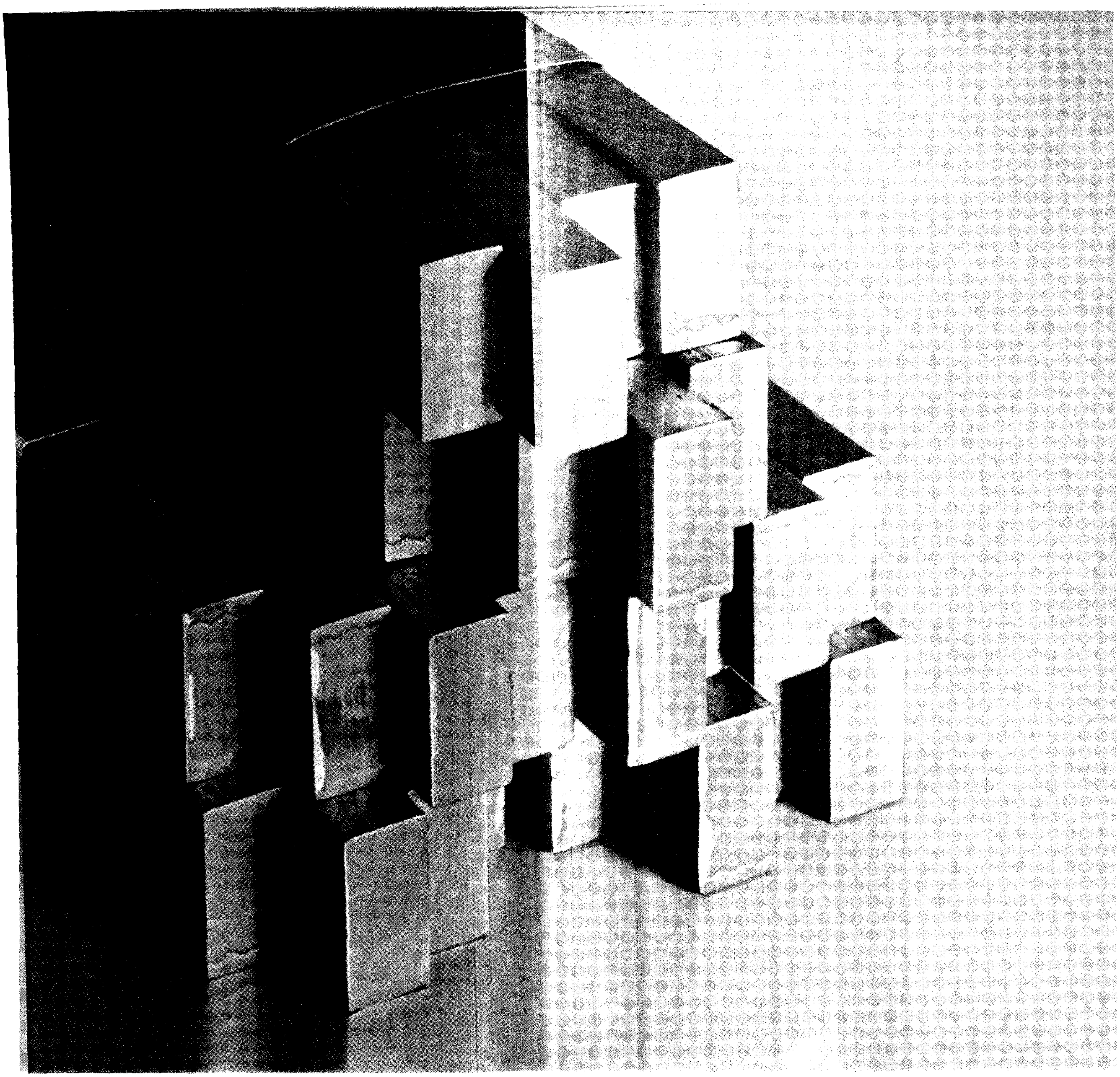
CONTINUOUS
DANCING NIGHTLY (EXC. MON.)
MATINEES THURSDAY
AND SATURDAY 1:30
SUNDAY FROM 3:30
MODEST ADMISSION
CHARGE
NO EXTRAS!
NO TICKETS!
NO HOSTESSES!

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM RESTAURANT BAR

ROSELAND DANCE CITY
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

Serving Dairy Food Over 40 Years
82nd AT B'WAY N.Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
✱ COMPLETE DAIRY FOOD CATERING ANYWHERE

FRENCH CUISINE 112 EAST 52 ST / PL 3-1447
Le Manoir



Who carries the weight at Inland Steel?

Who's the greatest influence on purchasing at Inland Steel Company?

This expanding company has been forging ahead with record sales, production, steel mill shipments — *and* purchases.

Chairman Joseph L. Block says: "Our operating management and top executives are *both* involved in buying. And in important, non-repetitive purchases, the latter carry the weight of decision-making power."

You can see why your selling story *must* reach top management.

Send them your best salesmen. But send *advertising*, too. In the magazine that reaches top management more efficiently than any other. BUSINESS WEEK.

At Inland Steel, BUSINESS WEEK subscribers include Chairman Block, Vice Chairman P.D. Block, Jr., President J.F. Smith, Jr., 3 Vice Presidents. Management men in every department and division. 175 decision-level subscribers in all.

Throughout the business world, BUSINESS WEEK has over 465,000 subscribers. They use its informative contents to help guide policy, action, and *purchases*.

The next time you discuss selling, weigh the facts about:

BUSINESS WEEK

SELL AT THE DECISION LEVEL

The familiar "little guy" that can be all work or all play.

Leave the roads behind...and the crowds, too.

You don't pay extra to "get away from it all" with a 'Jeep' Universal. It's a built-in feature!

Just shift into 4-wheel drive, and you're boss of all outdoors! Take your boat to the uncrowded lakes...you've got all 4 wheels working for you. With 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive traction, you handle mud, sand, rough country...even snow and icy patches. You hug slippery roads like glue! Hunting, fishing, camping, you name it . . . your 'Jeep' Universal is the best "trail blazer" you can have.

And a hard worker around your home, farm, or business, too. Hauling, pushing, pulling, snow plowing...there's little it can't do. Power take-offs available. Your choice of half cab, full cab, convertible top, or for that matter, no top at all. 81" wheelbase or its longer 101" brother. See your nearest 'Jeep' dealer and test drive the 'Jeep' Universal soon...and join the "Unstoppables."

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

The original work-and-hobby horse. 'Jeep' Universal with 4-wheel drive.

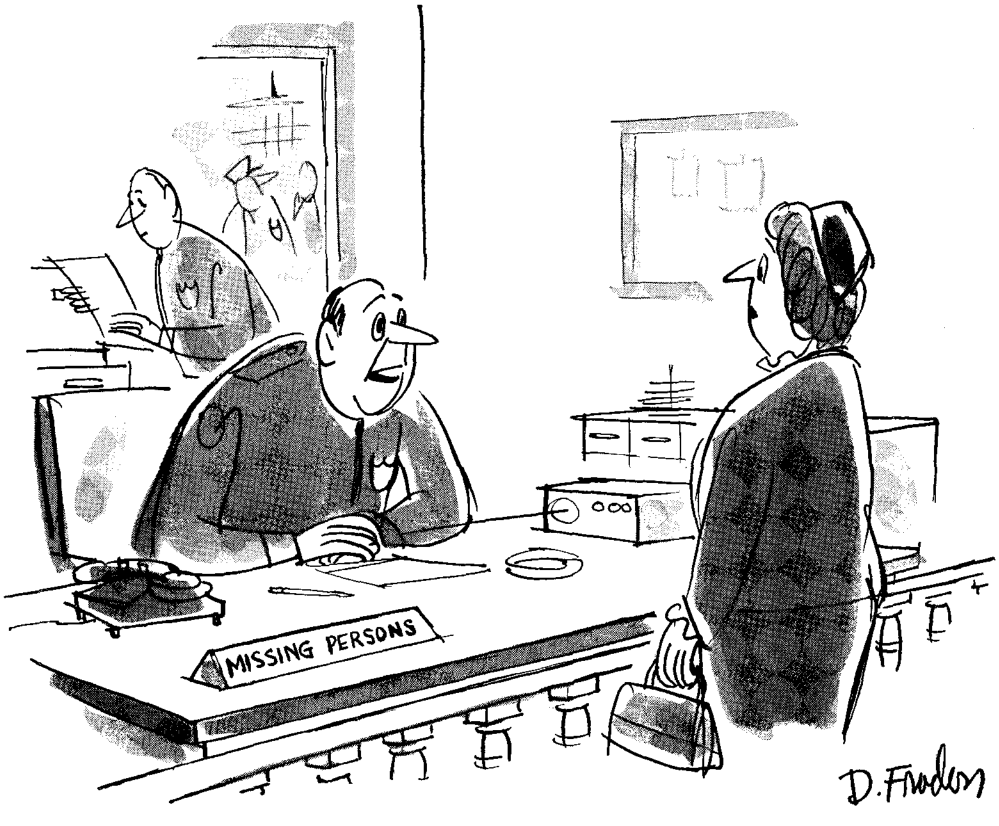
BOOKS

Renard the Fox

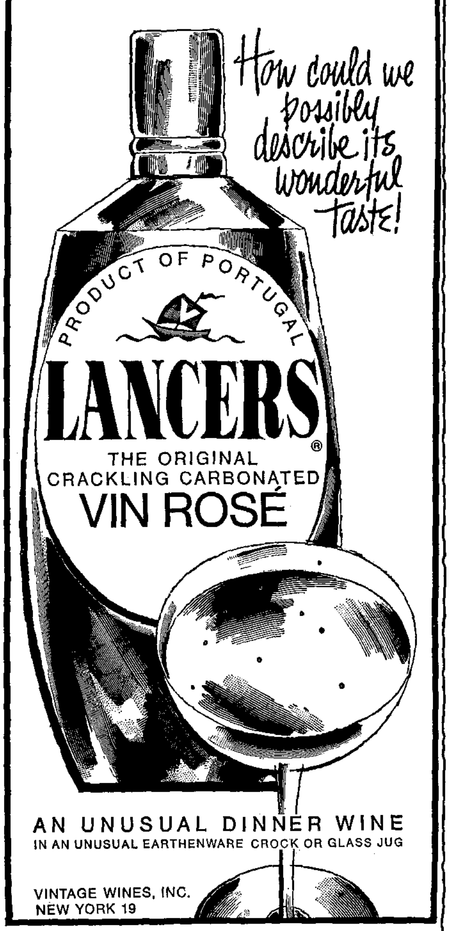
DURING his lifetime (1864-1910), the French writer Jules Renard saw his fiction published and his plays produced with considerable popular and critical success. In France, the esteem he won has lasted, but in England and the United States, readers are scarcely aware of his work. There is no satisfactory reason for this situation. It may be due to the middling size of his output (Renard himself wrote, "Talent is a question of quantity. Talent does not write one page: it writes three hundred"), or to his not being a specimen literary figure, like those authors who, for instance, are lodged in curricula under the heading "Representative Naturalist." Luckily, an enticing and generous sample of Renard's work is now offered us by Louise Bogan and Elizabeth Roget, who have produced an excellent translation of "The Journal of Jules Renard," published by George Braziller. I can't help regretting the abridgment they have made, though I appreciate the practical reasons for it. The uncut work, the product of nearly all Renard's writing life, is huge, and would doubtless have been exhausting to translate and much too expensive to print. Renard began it in 1887 and kept at it until a few weeks before his death. Abridged or no, the book is a collection of treasures. His style, which the translators have reproduced marvellously, is crisp, witty, and shrewd. His matter is as rich as life, and though he takes life seriously, he also finds it funny. For the length of the "Journal," at least, Renard's readers will agree with him that "we are in the world to laugh."

Renard began his "Journal" to practice sharpening his language against his observations, and, as is true of many virtuosos, he never stopped practicing: "Like a pot of glue, he always has his hat on crooked" dates from 1901. And he wanted a place to put down his musings about writers and writing—about living writers he knew or had met, and about dead writers he was only reading—and to note what he could use of their work or learn from their lives. He was still reading, musing, using, and learning in the last year of his life. His remarks are more interesting than most criticism, for he writes about writing with the keenness of any man discussing his own business. After a while, the "Journal" also begins to keep track of Renard's family life: the relation between his parents, who did not converse for thirty years, and his own marriage, which, in defiance of the decree of psychology that children of unhappy marriages contract unhappy marriages, was very happy. "At a sign from Sarah Bernhardt," he wrote, "I would follow her to the ends of the earth, with my wife." He had two children, and his "Journal" records the pleasure of parenthood and its anxieties: "Today the word 'croup' was uttered by a celebrity with a pince-nez, who charges 40 francs a visit." The assorted Renard family illnesses brought several eminent physicians into the "Journal." No matter where literary historians will place Renard himself, his pompous doctors all descend directly from Molière's. Renard notes, after a consultation, "Their adverbs: 'bacteriologically.' "

When Renard became a Paris celebrity, as the author of a hit play and a talked-about novel, he moved in the company of other famous men, such as Guitry, Rostand, Rodin, Daudet. He glimpsed grand old men, such as Edmond de Goncourt, and met young ones, such as Anatole France. His "Journal" has many sketches of celebrated people in characteristic and/or revealing attitudes. More interesting still, it contains something special—the life of his native Burgundy countryside, where he spent a good part of every year and took a hand in local affairs. He was elected to the municipal council of Chaumot, and, some years after the death of his father, who had been mayor of Chitry, the author was elected to succeed him. (Both places are small communities in the Morvan.) These local honors pleased Renard as much as his admission to the Legion of Honor, his election to the Académie Goncourt, and good reviews in influential Paris publications. He certainly desired visible signs of professional success. "Modesty is becoming to the great," he wrote in 1895. "What is difficult is to be modest when one is a nobody." Nonetheless, he took recognition lightly when he received it. "Since I wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, I don't mind carrying Marinette's shopping net, full of cabbages, spinach, and lettuce, at the market in Corbigny." His involvement with his particular bit of France was all to please himself and was not affected by his wish to cut a worldly figure. He never wearied in his determination to get his land and its laborers on paper. His many passages about the Burgundy peasants are among the best in the "Journal." Renard



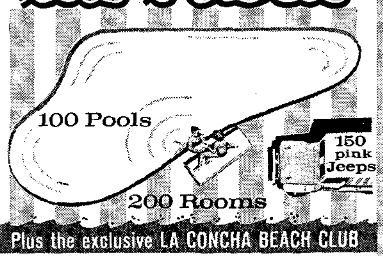
"But why didn't you come see us twelve years ago?"


How could we possibly describe its wonderful taste!
PRODUCT OF PORTUGAL
LANCERS®
THE ORIGINAL CRACKLING CARBONATED
VIN ROSÉ

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE
IN AN UNUSUAL EARTHENWARE CROCK OR GLASS JUG

VINTAGE WINES, INC.
NEW YORK 19

In Acapulco
HOTEL las brisas



Plus the exclusive LA CONCHA BEACH CLUB

The world's most unusual hotel, by the sea, yet at 1000 ft. above sea level, on a breeze-swept bluff.

SUMMER FAMILY PLAN

From $8 a day per person

Double occupancy. Thru Dec. 15th.
No charge for one or two children
in same room with their parents.

Ask about our attractive HONEYMOON PLAN

FOR RESERVATIONS call your favorite Travel Agent or: NEW YORK TN 7-1450 • CHICAGO FR 2-4383 • BOSTON CO 6-1370 • DALLAS LA 8-2730, or 3309 Royal Lane • BEVERLY HILLS, Calif. BR 2-9551 • SAN FRANCISCO EX 2-7277 • HOUSTON 8807 Bunningham Lane • NEW ORLEANS 414 Gravier Bldg. • MIAMI 146 Biscayne Blvd. • LONDON, Eng. Hyde Park 9802-3 • SYDNEY, Australia 4-6 Bligh St. Or write or wire: Hotel Las Brisas, P. O. Box 281, Acapulco, Mexico.

Innkeepers

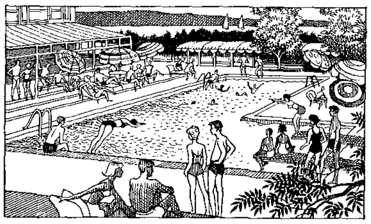
Perez Blanco's
Liborio
Exotic Latin Cuisine
Luncheon • Dinner • Supper
Spanish Revue Nightly
150 West 47th Street · JU 2-6188

shows them as a group apart but also as individuals. His peasants are not a bit like his readers, but they are not beasts in a fable—excuses for his readers to think of something else, as is the case with the peasant in Markham's "The Man with the Hoe" and the Millet painting that inspired the poem; these works assume, mistakenly, that a wretched man is no longer a personality. Renard does not. His peasants are themselves, like Philippe, who "had tears in his eyes only once in his life: he was watching the hail come down."

What Renard tried to do was to tell the truth. The problem of "truth" recurs throughout his "Journal": "Every moment my pen drops because I tell myself: 'What I am writing here is not true,' " or, more optimistically, "I always stop at the brink of what will not be true," or, despairingly, "Truth exists only in the imagination." Despite such alternations of self-assurance and self-doubt, he convinces us that he is telling the truth, though it is no easier to determine the reliability of a writer than it is to determine the reliability of a candidate on television or of a defendant on the stand. In fact, it is harder, for a writer who is worth thinking about usually raises some unsolved problems, and Renard has raised two rather knotty ones. The first is: Is there a reality we can know and tell the truth about? The second is: What is the language of truth? Renard was always particularly concerned with his language. As for the epistemological problem, he lived with his doubts, which worried him intermittently. Philosophers have tended to rely on God to guarantee that human perceptions and ideas generally correspond with reality, but Renard, as a Republican of the Third Republic and a passionate anticlerical, was not exactly overflowing with religious certitudes. Nor with any other certitudes, for he did not replace prayers with politics or nationalism. His references to God, to socialism, and to his country are alike in their unaggressive skepticism: "God does not believe in our God." Or "It is left to us to repair His injustice. We are more than gods." Or "To the socialists: 'Yes, let's share! But let's also share loyalty, courtesy, wit!' " Or "At the bottom of all patriotism there is war: that is why I am no patriot."

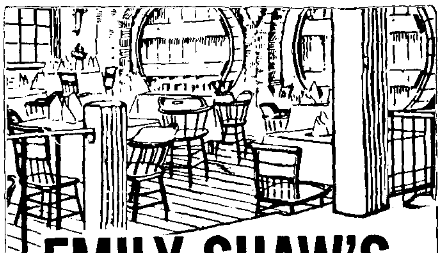
When Renard was young, he wrote, "I should like to see a man suffering from doubt as he would suffer from an infected finger, and screaming with rage," but his "Journal" also contains such passages as "One could say of Maupassant that he died of fright. The

Brand-new pool at Basin Harbor!



Our 75-foot pool has twin diving boards, temperature control, and special poolside luncheon daily. There's also 18 holes of uncrowded golf, tennis, supervised children's programs, and 126 lakefront miles of lovely Lake Champlain for water sports and fine fishing. Victuals are famous, as are the Club's snug lodgings. For reservations and details: N. Y. Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West. LT 1-6595.

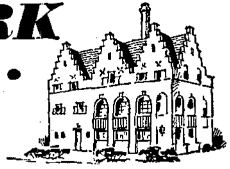
BASIN HARBOR CLUB
Robert H. Beach, Manager
VERGENNES • VERMONT



EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR

RESTAURANT FRANÇAIS
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY
14 EAST 52nd
RES 421-7588
le mistral

KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S
FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



sense of the void . . . killed him. Nowadays we are less preoccupied with the void. We are getting used to it, and this evolution within our lives is a literary revolution." No one would deny that the dissolution of old philosophical assurances has powerfully affected literature, but it is not clear that anybody, including Renard, has ever got used to the void. (In French, *le néant.*) At any rate, six months after this entry, Renard writes, "A man who would have an *absolutely clear* vision of the void would kill himself immediately."

Perhaps Renard went on living and working because he didn't have that vision, or perhaps because he was brave, or both. He tended his multifarious responsibilities and, ever more intensively, cultivated his prose, trying successfully for the great literary achievement described in his own statement "What is exact cannot help but be subtle." And yet it is not—or not primarily—his unique style that makes Renard so convincing. His language does bear some of the marks we associate with truthtelling; it is, for instance, simple and concrete. But a simple, concrete style may be used sentimentally, as Hemingway used it, and an elaborate style, like Proust's, is also compatible with veracity. Renard's "Journal" seems truthful because it is full of other people—and animals and plants, too—who are not reflections of Renard. They are not metaphors for his moods. They are not steps in his argument. They are as close as he can come to describing being someone or something not Renard: "The cat asleep, all buttoned up in its fur," "Trees with the rough hide of a rhinoceros," and—speaking of Toulouse-Lautrec—"The oftener you see him, the taller he grows." Renard's truthfulness is the truthfulness of a scrupulous, disinterested witness. You trust him as you trust a Quaker, who doesn't swear on a Holy Book, either. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

STONER, by John Williams (Viking). The absence of love throws the events of William Stoner's life into mild, sad relief, and Mr. Williams gives us a masterly portrait of a truly virtuous and dedicated man who is cheated by the world from birth to death, and who acquiesces in the cheating by his painful humility and his doglike sense of responsibility to everyone except himself. Stoner is a martyr, but a touching, likable,

Buying Life Insurance?

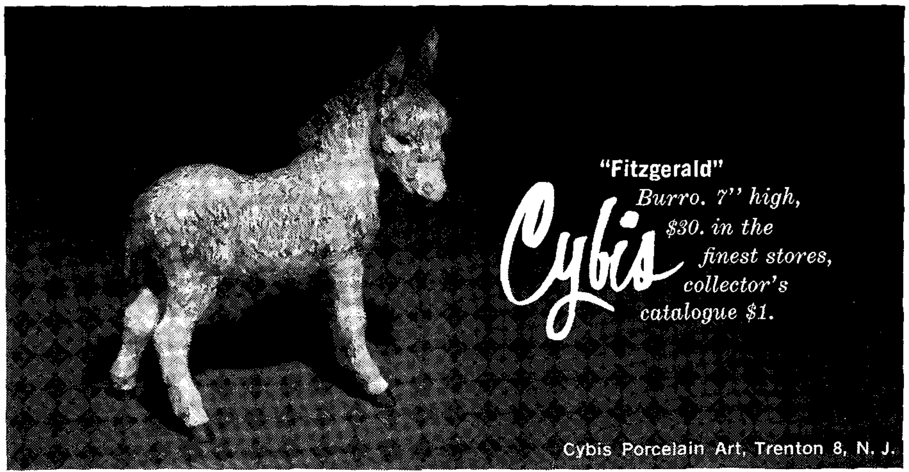
Put a computer to work for you

Your Mutual Benefit agent can take the information you give him and put it into an electronic computer. The result is an impartial set of answers to your specific problems. This helps both of you to evaluate your goals, develop a plan to meet them, and alter it when needed.

This service is one of the reasons why we feel that, dollar for dollar, you cannot match the combination of benefits, safeguards and guarantees—plus performance and service—that Mutual Benefit gives you. High quality insurance at low net cost.

For the complete story, write today for our new free brochure, "A Special Kind of Life Insurance." Better yet, call your Mutual Benefit agent.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE
THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEWARK, NEW JERSEY SINCE 1845



"Fitzgerald"
Cybis
Burro. 7" high, $30. in the finest stores, collector's catalogue $1.
Cybis Porcelain Art, Trenton 8, N. J.
© Cybis Inc. 1965
On Exhibit - World's Fair - Pavilion American Interiors

ARISTOCRATIC LUXURY
In one of the
choice spots of—**ITALY**
COOPERATIVE APARTMENT
(6 rooms, 2 baths) for sale.
Approximately
$90,000.00
Box KAF
The New Yorker Magazine Inc.
25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y.C.

DEDICATED TO YESTERDAY'S CHARM
. . . AND TOMORROW'S CONVENIENCE
Hampshire House
150 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, NEW YORK 10019
DISTINGUISHED RESTAURANT, BAR
and BANQUET FACILITIES
LUXURY HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS
Dial (212) CI 6-7700

Shhh. This is a quiet vacation.
The informal life.
Charming cottages on beach
or hillside.
The sporting life.
(We provide sloops, sailfish, pool
and tennis court).
White secluded beaches. (So private
you can almost forget your bikini).
People.
(Nice people. Fun people. Single
or married. Want to be or just were).
A central hotel.
(Just a short stroll or surrey ride
from your cottage). Superb service.
Great food. Music. Dancing.
A nightly change of pace from the
lazy golden days.

Do you love all this? We're for you.
Grapetree Bay. (What a beautiful
name). Warning: the entire area is so
magnificent you might go home a
property owner. Many do.

Want a color brochure?

Get in touch.

G B **Grapetree Bay**

John A. Burgess, General Manager
Grapetree Bay
Christiansted
St. Croix, Virgin Islands, U.S.A.

SUBSCRIPTION
ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription
to The New Yorker,
payment for which
is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8
☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(*Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; other foreign—$3.00 per year.*)

NAME

ADDRESS

(*Please include ZIP code*)

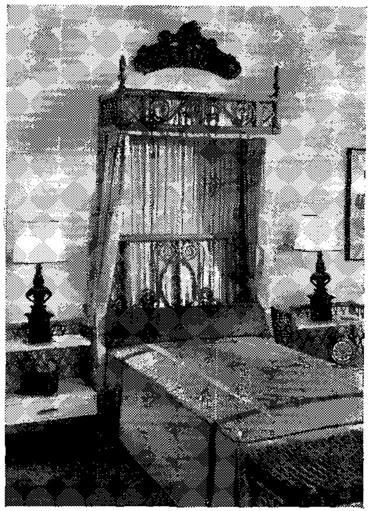
generous-hearted one. He was born in 1891 on a very poor farm in Missouri, worked his way through the University of Missouri, and then spent the rest of his life there, teaching in the English department. His wife was insanely malicious, and his only child, a girl full of affection, deteriorated as he watched. His hopes, and his trust in the world, came to an end when his one true love—a pretty, serious-minded graduate student—was driven away from the campus by threats of scandal and professional ruin, and he died, unprotesting, in 1956. Mr. Williams shows extraordinary control and discipline in telling this extremely difficult story of the life of an ordinary, almost an invisible, man.

VISA FOR AVALON, by Bryher (Harcourt, Brace & World). A marvellously innocent and sophisticated short novel that begins in a quiet English harbor village called Trelawney and ends on the shores of Avalon, the legendary island of the Celts in bygone days and of some sailors even at the present time. Bryher's story is told so straightforwardly and concerns itself so thoroughly with the details and problems and pleasures of ordinary life (cups of tea, packing in a hurry, snarled traffic, tired feet, money, clothes, friendliness) that it is never a fantasy; it is a stubborn dream that is finally coming true for a tiny group of people who love their country but are determined to escape from increasingly brutal state interference in their lives. Short as it is, and it is much too short, it is full of all the best things—character, hope, honest indignation, good humor, and tension, the fearsome suspense, that attends on a desperate escape.

NIGHT OF CAMP DAVID, by Fletcher Knebel (Harper & Row). Here we have a triangle—a young man who has a wife and children is sleeping with his secretary. But the scene is Washington, the young man is a first-term senator from the Middle West, there is a Presidential campaign coming up, and a visit from a Russian grandee is imminent. Mr. Knebel wraps up this tired material in prose that is constricted and pale except during romantic moments, when it becomes coy. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

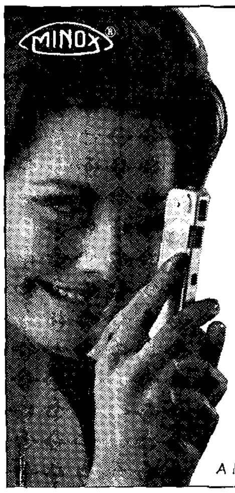
TAKEN CARE OF: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDITH SITWELL (Atheneum). Dame Edith in her



RATTAN FURNITURE . . . EXCITINGLY DIFFERENT

Willow
&
Reed

315 East 62nd Street, New York
Showrooms in all major cities. Write to us for name and address of one nearest you.
Available thru your interior designer or architect



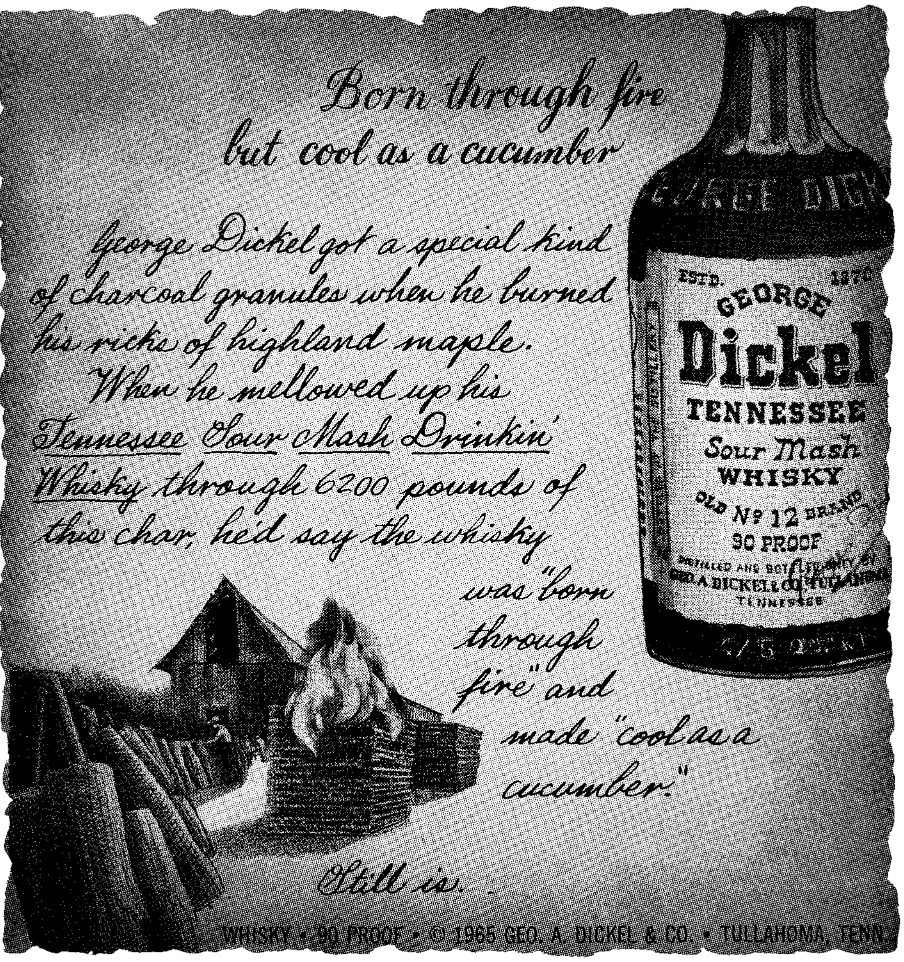
MINOX®
Hate
Cameras?
Love
Pictures?
Get the 3¼ oz.
Minox—world's
easiest-to-use
picture taker!
At fine
camera stores.
minox
corporation
257 Park Avenue South
New York, N.Y. 10010
A Berkey Photo Company

RIZZOLI
International
Bookstore
Peter Novelli, Director
Books • Periodicals • Records • Objets d'Art
from around the world
712 Fifth Avenue, New York 19 • 245-0400
Open six days a week until midnight

MORE THAN A RESTAURANT...
Reuben's
6 E.
58 ST.
PL 9-5650
A meeting, and eating landmark
for celebrities since 1918.
"We ship Cheese Cakes all over the World"

later years more or less abandoned her repertory of early roles—poetic avant-gardist, serious though somewhat impressionist historian, and eccentric woman of letters in general—to assume the robes of the sibyl. Her early poems, especially those expressing nostalgia for a vanished childhood, were often original and moving. She became, however, as time went on, more and more touchy and cantankerous, and her tendency to quarrel with other writers and with members of her audience at large became more marked as her years and honors increased. Her generous intention, as stated in a short preface to the present book, which was finished just before her death, in 1964, at the age of seventy-seven, is to spare the living from direct attack, but this wish is sometimes lost sight of in the general stream of vituperation that encompasses the living and the dead. A good deal of the submerged pathos in this life and career is never allowed to come to the surface. Interesting photographs of the poet, her family, and a chosen set of her contemporaries.

BARBAROSSA: THE RUSSIAN-GERMAN CONFLICT, 1941-45, by Alan Clark (Morrow). The best book on the worst—or, at any rate, biggest—war in history. Mr. Clark, an English historian, writes with scholarship and style. In his earlier book "The Donkeys," about the British Expeditionary Force, he made heavy-irony jokes, but here his thoughtful judgments on such controversial topics as Hitler's military ability and the quality of Russian matériel are convincing and original. He explains why it seemed to both combatants and observers as if the Russo-German campaigns were taking place in a world apart. Yet he never gets so involved in the details—hideous brutalities, tactical innovations—of this immense struggle that he forgets to



Born through fire but cool as a cucumber

George Dickel got a special kind of charcoal granules when he burned his ricks of highland maple. When he mellowed up his Tennessee Sour Mash Drinkin' Whisky through 6200 pounds of this char, he'd say the whisky was "born through fire" and made "cool as a cucumber."

Still is.

WHISKY • 90 PROOF • © 1965 GEO. A. DICKEL & CO. • TULLAHOMA, TENN.

Exhilarating living . . . hospitality at this informal, luxurious resort, where the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers meet.

Heated swimming pool, golf, tennis, dancing. 9 well-stocked fishing lakes. Pollen-free air. From $14.50 a day per person, American Plan. (Less Canadian exchange discount of 7%.) Reached by steamer or highway from Montreal.

Apply F. L. Abel, Mgr., Dept. A, Box 100, Montreal 3, Que., or Canada Steamship Lines, offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, New York, Phila., Montreal, Toronto, Quebec City or your Travel Agent.

HOTEL
TADOUSSAC
and FISHING LAKES
TADOUSSAC, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, CANADA

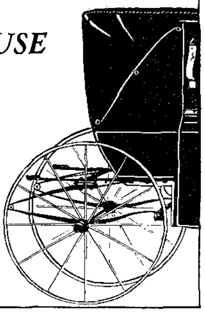
Season mid-June to September

A DIVISION OF CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

Great idea! Spend a weekend with us.

You'll remember everything, because we have forgotten nothing that could make a remarkable experience of your stay at the
CARRIAGE HOUSE HOTEL
of New York.

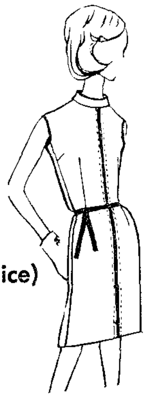
Reservations:
661-2100 200 E. 38 St.



SUMMER CHOICE

Irish linen sheath, contrasting belt & inset: coffee/hot pink; beige/coffee; hot pink/navy; pale pink/navy; emerald/navy; white/black (give 2nd color choice)
Sizes 8-18 $29.95
add $1.00 for postage

Janet Sloane
136 E. Putnam Ave.
Greenwich, Conn.



This woodland trail is only 100 miles from New York and Philadelphia

It's at Buck Hill, Pennsylvania's largest resort estate, where there's always something new happening. Enjoy our new West Wing with 80 guest rooms, enlarged dining area and additional cocktail lounge. The same old-fashioned hospitality. Come for the riding, golf on a 27-hole course, tennis and other sports. Movies. Only 2½ hours away. Air charter service available.

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
IN THE POCONOS OF PENNSYLVANIA.
For reservations and information: New York—30 Rockefeller Plaza, W., CI 5-5620; Phila.—PE 5-2433

Wherever she goes she'll know what to do thanks to

THE seventeen BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND ENTERTAINING
by Enid A. Haupt
The ideal gift • $6.95 • McKAY

SCRIBNER FIRST EDITIONS

HOWARD MOSS
FINDING THEM LOST AND OTHER POEMS

The new and finest work of a writer who holds a select position in contemporary poetry. The volume includes a magnificent translation of Paul Valery's "The Cemetery by the Sea."

A Scribner First Edition
$3.50; paperbound, $1.65
SCRIBNERS

Many of these poems appeared originally in The New Yorker.

place it in its context as part of the Second World War, and as a link in a painful chain of past, present, and future events, the history of Eastern Europe. Ten dollars.

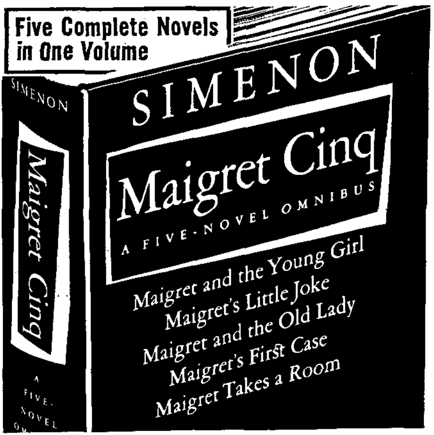
The Kimono Mind, by Bernard Rudofsky (Doubleday). Architect, editor, historian of clothing, and tireless practitioner of the difficult art of travel, the author, who was born in Vienna, has lived in half a dozen countries, and is now an American citizen residing, between sallies, in New York (where he has been serving as a designer of exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art), here provides a witty handbook on how to survive and perhaps even enjoy the many rigors, physical and emotional, of contemporary Japan. Mr. Rudofsky makes a practice of, as he says, immersing himself in the ooze of a country's culture; his observations are therefore never those of a mere tourist, and as he takes up one aspect after another of Japanese life, his writing is so brisk and cheerful and offhand that one is scarcely aware of its profundity and occasional beauty—as when, for example, he contrasts the solid outer doors of Japanese houses with "the frail slatted porte-fenêtres of Mediterranean countries which distill the light into a sort of optical liqueur." Mr. Rudofsky regards the Americanization of Japan as an aesthetic disaster, not in the least mitigated by the fact that most Japanese appear to be enjoying it immensely.

The Valley of the Latin Bear, by Alexander Lenard, with a foreword by Robert Graves (Dutton). It is no surprise that the author, who is known as the translator into Latin of "Winnie the Pooh," should reveal himself as an original personality. Nearly everything else he has to tell us in this book is surprising. He lives in a hamlet in southern Brazil, where he practices medicine, plays Bach, reads Latin poetry, and observes his neighbors. They are the descendants of German and Italian colonists who, surrounded by beautiful land of nearly unbelievable fertility, have never been forced into cities and have remained members of "the almost extinct species *Rusticus agricola*, the peasant." Dr. Lenard's book, an account of life in his vicinity, is the product of a cultivated, subtle, witty mind, one that is happy enough with generalizations but can also entertain itself with particulars. Perhaps the credit belongs

DO YOU KNOW
. . . that common potatoes contain, in their greenspots and sprouts, the deadly poison, solanine?
. . . why it is safe to cook and eat the stalks of rhubarb, but highly dangerous to use the blades?
. . . how to distinguish jimsonweed, which may cause delirium, convulsions, or insanity?

Protect yourself and your family by learning about the deadly plant poisons around us! In an urgently important new book, a botanical expert for the first time provides the facts: which plants are dangerous, how to identify them, what precautions should be taken. Don't go off to the country this summer without . . .

DEADLY HARVEST
A Guide to Common Poisonous Plants
by JOHN M. KINGSBURY
Illus. • $4.50 at bookstores
HOLT, RINEHART AND WINSTON, INC.



Five Complete Novels in One Volume
SIMENON
Maigret Cinq
A FIVE-NOVEL OMNIBUS
Maigret and the Young Girl
Maigret's Little Joke
Maigret and the Old Lady
Maigret's First Case
Maigret Takes a Room
A HELEN AND KURT WOLFF BOOK
$5.95 HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

A novel of the deadly power struggle between the emperor Nero and the philosopher Seneca, in the debauched and degenerate court of imperial Rome.

Vincent Sheean's
BEWARE OF CAESAR
$4.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

to the poet who coexists with the doctor. Pen-and-ink sketches by the author.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT, by Violet Bonham Carter (Harcourt, Brace & World). The author, who is at once a *grande dame* and a nice old lady, tells us that she "first met Winston Churchill in the early summer of 1906," when she was nineteen and Churchill, as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was a junior colleague of her father, H. H. Asquith, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Liberal Ministry of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. During the ensuing years, while Churchill was a Liberal star, Lady Violet saw him constantly, but their confidence was adjourned in 1915 when he left the Asquith Government because he was blamed for the Allied failure at Gallipoli. Though Lady Violet stuck by her father, she never lost her admiration and sympathy for Churchill, a man she regarded as unique at times when others regarded him merely as odd. She pleasantly describes their friendship against early-in-the-century backgrounds that were familiar to her (and to him) but that are almost impenetrably exotic to a generation like ours, which finds it easier to imagine Churchill in the midst of the Boer War than among the elegancies of Edwardian house, garden, dinner, and luncheon parties. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

LOCKOUT, by Leon Wolff, with a foreword by Roger Butterfield (Harper & Row). The Homestead, Pennsylvania, strike and lockout (or vice versa) of 1892 was an appalling incident in American labor history. The Carnegie Steel Company, managed by Henry Clay Frick, set out to break a union—the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers—and did so. The battle was brutal almost beyond belief. Mr. Wolff, who tells the story, makes several other points: that, for example, "exploitation" is the only word that describes the treatment of labor in the Carnegie mills; that, for another example, American unions should have accepted earlier the pattern of industrial, rather than craft, organization; that, for a third point, property had so compelling a legal status in 1892 that the Pennsylvania state militia was called out to protect the corporation's plant—in effect, to break the strike. Mr. Wolff makes use of a good many vignettes of in-

Your college dictionary is too old.

Funk & Wagnalls STANDARD® COLLEGE DICTIONARY is the newest college dictionary. It includes words, expressions, information you won't find in your present college dictionary.

It's more complete, too. Over 150,000 entries. (That's thousands more than you'll find in your old college dictionary.)

It has so much special information that it's been referred to as the "Instant Encyclopedia."

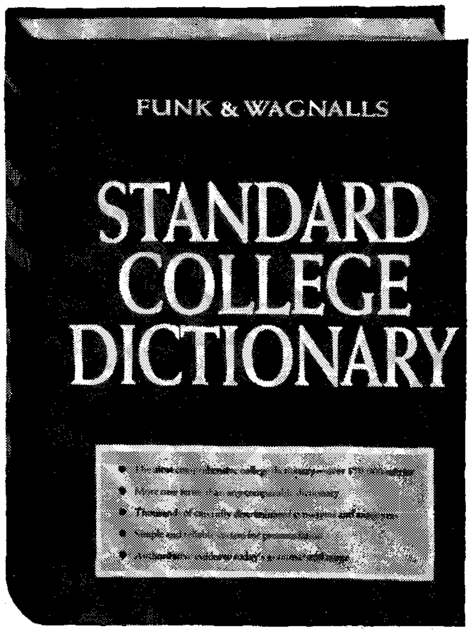
It's been acclaimed and bought by educators, colleges, and school systems all over America.

Get Funk & Wagnalls STANDARD® COLLEGE DICTIONARY.

$6.50 plain, $7.50 with thumb index.

At your bookstore.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, Inc.
360 Lexington Avenue, New York 10017.



WE STILL HAND SEW OUR NECKWEAR

ENGLISH HAND BLOCKED ALL SILK FOULARDS

Reis of New Haven

75 DAGGETT ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN., 237 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

write for the store nearest you

In exotic Bangkok would she finally learn the truth about her brother's shocking death—and life?

MONKEY ON A CHAIN

by CHARITY BLACKSTOCK

The superb new novel of suspense by "one of the really prepossessing practitioners in the genre . . . with characters that can walk off the page."
—Virginia Kirkus' Service

$4.95 • COWARD-McCANN, INC.

For the trip of a lifetime

Plan with **OLSON**
Travel with **OLSON**
Tour with **OLSON**

Let Harvey Olson and his staff of 27 professional travelers share with you their knowledge and experience. It's all there in the two most complete travel guides available:

OLSON'S ORIENT GUIDE by Harvey S. Olson $6.95

OLSON'S EUROPE, Aboard and Abroad by Harvey S. Olson $6.95

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Dreams

"The center of every man's existence is a dream," said G. K. Chesterton. And judging by our experience, he was probably right.

Financially speaking, sometimes the dream is a modest one — a cottage small by a waterfall or a book of verses underneath the bough. More often it's a dream about a comfortable standard of living plus college for the children and security in retirement, with an occasional spree thrown in for good measure. And occasionally it's a dream of what Dr. Johnson called "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

If your dream is just a modest one, you don't need—and probably wouldn't take — any help from us. But if your dream is somewhat more extravagant, as most dreams are, maybe we can help you realize it — by suggesting an appropriate investment program for you.

We make no guarantees of profit, of course, since stock prices go down as well as up. But we have a sizable Research Division sorting and sifting facts and figures and analyzing the prospects for industries and companies wholly for the benefit of investors.

If you'd like a sample of their work, drop in at your nearest Merrill Lynch office and ask for *"Guide for Investors."* It contains a discussion of business prospects and the investment outlook, plus a list of securities selected for various investment objectives. Reading it may be the first step in turning your dreams into realities.

Joseph C. Quinn

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

dividual action, hard luck, sorrow, and suffering. If he were a more original prose stylist, his book would be intolerable. As it is, the clichés deaden the pain.

THE ROAD TO NUMBER 10, by Anthony Howard and Richard West (Macmillan). Two English reporters, writing with the cheeky gusto that can make political journalism utterly fascinating, tell the story of last fall's British election. They have plenty of lively material—to begin with, leadership battles in both parties. Neither Wilson (Labour) nor Home (Conservative) was the unanimous choice of his party, and they both survived some nasty back-room brawls before they (officially) began to fight. The authors follow the campaign to its somewhat indecisive decision—Labour by a scanty margin—reporting both its excitements and its dull periods, and mentioning some extraneous factors that affected the outcome. They believe, for instance, that an exceptionally fine summer cut the Labour vote—the sun, they think, favored the Ins, who pointed with pride, over the Outs, who viewed with alarm while the voters lay on the beaches. The authors close with a sympathetic portrait of Mr. Wilson which may persuade doubters that everything happened for the best.

•

Town Counsel John P. Sylvia, Jr., represented the town and George H. Lebherz, Jr., Mr. Rigoli, the two defendants, in whose favor the case was decided. Case was heard partly on evidence and partly on facts.—*Falmouth (Mass.) Enterprise.*

And partly on Thursday.

•

All this is a thin outlining of an impending predicament in which, lastly and most disastrously, exhibitors will find themselves if a back-up in negotiations results in a back-up of product. It is less likely to happen than to happen, but there it is.—*William R. Weaver in the Motion Picture Herald.*

Yes, sir, there it is.

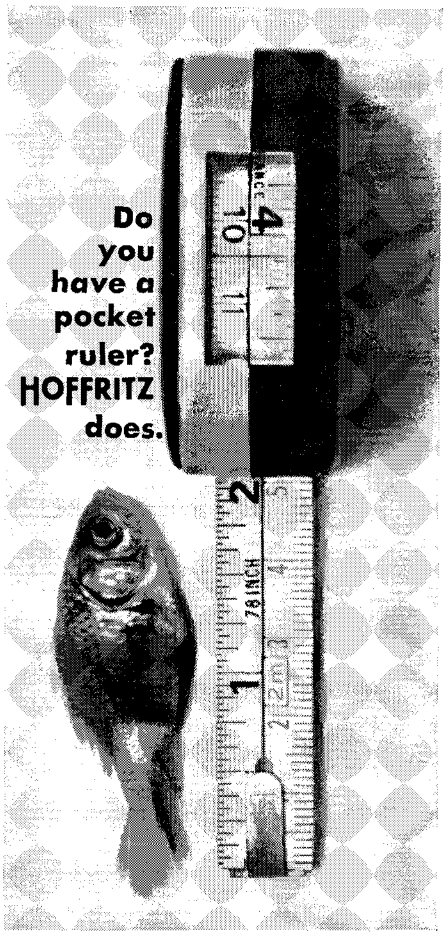
•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the San Diego (Calif.) Union*]

OCEANSIDE—An atomic-like explosion will mark a Space Age ground breaking tomorrow for Oceanside National Bank's new building.

Use of gasoline will create a mushroom cloud of black smoke amid flying dirt and rocks, said bank president Elmer Glaser. The explosion is scheduled for 10 a.m.



MEASURES IN INCHES AND CENTIMETERS. READING WINDOW, LEATHER CASE. SEND 4.50 WITH 35c POSTAGE TO 39 E. 34 ST. OR POP IN HOFFRITZ.

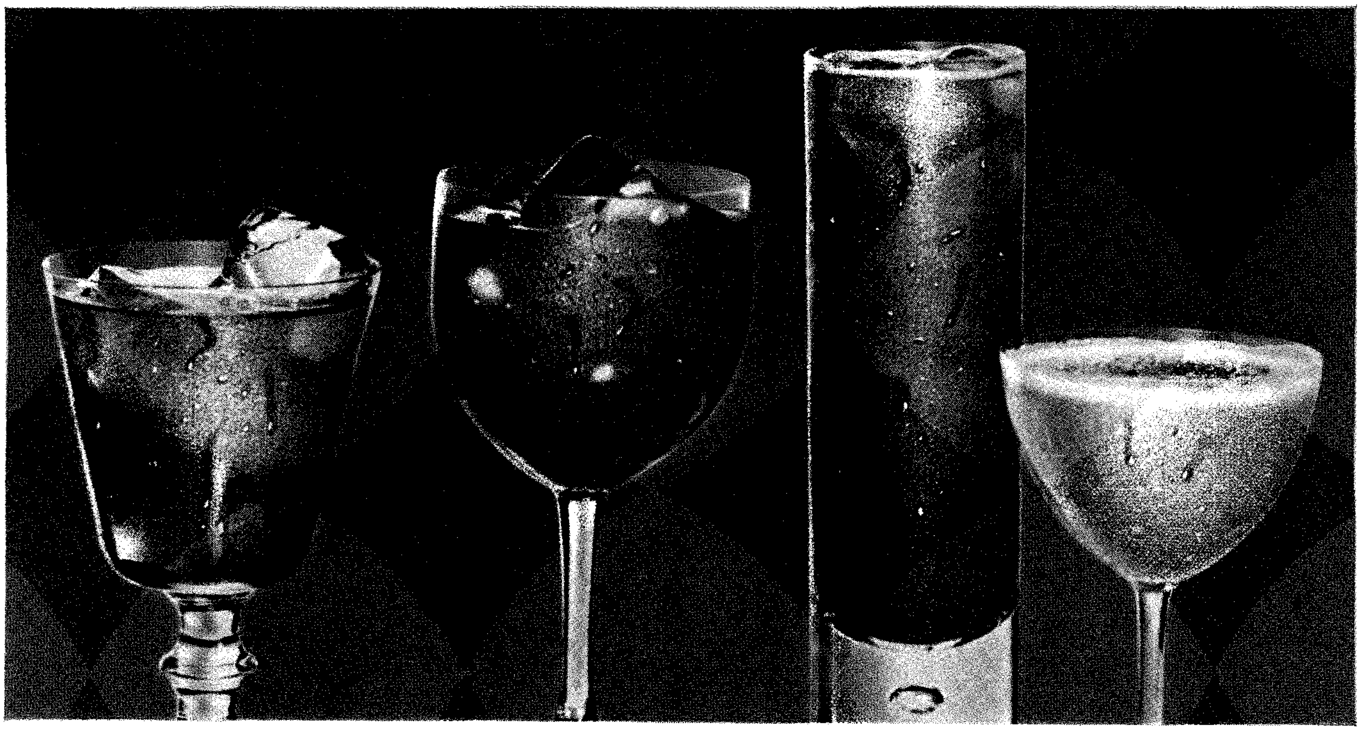
JOHN GARY
is your vacation in the
PERSIAN ROOM
June 2 - June 26
Performances at 9:15 & Midnight
For reservations, call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WINDJAMMER CRUISE
CAPE COD and Southern NEW ENGLAND
Aboard the NEW TOPSAIL SCHOONER
SHENANDOAH
$150 per week
For illustrated folder, write
THE COASTWISE PACKET CO.
DEPT. 24, VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS.

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

Tonight in Naples, Florida

they're serving Hiram Walker Cordials



HIRAM WALKER
CREME de CACAO
HIRAM WALKER
BLACKBERRY FLAVORED
HIRAM WALKER
CREME de MENTHE
HIRAM WALKER
SLOE GIN

The sun is almost level with the Gulf. A fishing boat is coming in at Gordon Pass. It's growing cooler.

An evening to sit out and watch the light fade. To welcome guests with Hiram Walker Cordials.

Perhaps Singapore Slings (1 oz. Hiram Walker Sloe Gin, 2 oz. Hiram Walker London Dry Gin, 1 oz. Hiram Walker Cherry Flavored Brandy, 1 oz. lemon juice, 1 tsp. powdered sugar. Shake well with cracked ice, pour without straining into 12 oz. glass, fill with seltzer. Decorate with a slice of orange or pineapple.)

After dinner, enjoy the coolness of Green Creme de Menthe or Blackberry Flavored Brandy on the rocks. Perhaps Alexanders (1 oz. Hiram Walker Brown Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Hiram Walker London Dry Gin, 1 oz. fresh cream. Shake with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass. Dust with nutmeg.)

A wind has sprung up in the palmettos. There's no hurry. It's a pleasant time to be in pleasant company with Hiram Walker Cordials.

Creme de Menthe, Sloe Gin, 60 proof; Creme de Cacao, 54 proof; Blackberry Flavored Brandy, Cherry Flavored Brandy, 70 proof; Distilled London Dry Gin, 90 proof, distilled from 100% American grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

HIRAM WALKER CORDIALS

A RAINBOW OF 21 DISTINCTIVE FLAVORS

PARLIAMENT HAS THE FILTER THAT'S IN...

RECESSED IN

AND
TOBACCO
TASTES BEST
WHEN THE
FILTER'S
RECESSED

Parliament
Parliament
FILTER MOUTHPIECE